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MARKET DULLNESS NEW YORK BOND MARKET NEW YORK CURB MARKET

Table with multiple columns for bond and stock prices, including sections for New York Bond Market and New York Curb Market.

Sugar Stocks Strengthened by Steady Rise in Price of Cane Product. By H. R. LAWTON, Vice President of the American Sugar Refining Co. The face of general optimism...

RAILROADS STRONG. Eastern sugar bonds, including Union Pacific, Santa Fe, and Great Northern, have been strengthened by the announcement...

LAST DAY WATER. The important new issues of the East Bay Water Company, including the \$100,000 Los Angeles and Electric Corporation...

Table with multiple columns for stock prices, including sections for New York Stock Market and various commodity prices.

COFFEE AND SUGAR. The California and Hawaiian Sugar Refining Corporation quote "C and H Sugars" per 100 pounds as follows: C and H Sugars, 1922-23...

DAVID BERCOVICH SUCCESSOR TO J. A. MUNRO & CO. ORIENTAL & CHINESE RUGS AUCTION SALE Tuesday, March 20th, at 1 p. m. 1017 Clay Street, Near 11th Street, Oakland

COALINGA SHOWS NOTICEABLE DROP IN PRODUCTION. West Side of Fields of Kern on Other Hand Indicate Much Activity. By ROSS C. MILLER. Special to the Tribune. BAKERSFIELD, March 17.—Production of petroleum in the Coalinga field of Central California...

Society and Women's Section

NEWS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN
OF THE GREAT EASTBAY DISTRICT

Oakland Tribune

Sunday, March 18, 1922

Wild-Flower Fete to Start Something in Bay Terrain

By Suzette

Central California the wild-flowers exceed in variety and beauty the flora of any other of America," said a distinguished botanist of McGill University some years ago, on the occasion of the convention on the peninsula of the botanists of America.

Therefore it is that the California Spring Blossom and Wild-Flower Association has been organized to tell the world—which should know. Selfishness isn't a virtue.

The introductory activity of the new society will be a Spring Blossom and Wild-Flower Show and Wild-Flower Fete in San Francisco—the heart of the natural garden that greets each spring about the bay with the colors that inspire palettes of painters.

The fete is to be planned for the bay terrain, even as the Rose Festival of Pasadena and the affairs of the state.

Tables will be reserved in the Court of the Rose Bowl and concert rooms of the Palace, where twelve hundred can be taken care of—but says Mrs. Elmer M. Woodbury, president, "First come, first served. Reservations may be made after April 5th."

As for the new organization, Mrs. Woodbury says that every county in the state has responded to the invitation to join in the enterprise that will project an annual Spring Blossom and Wild-Flower Fete in San Francisco—the heart of the natural garden that greets each spring about the bay with the colors that inspire palettes of painters.

The fete is to be planned for the bay terrain, even as the Rose Festival of Pasadena and the affairs of the state.

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)



Spring Fashion Show Plans Mapped by Soroptimist Club

By Edna B. Kinard

From the days when a woman of aids to feminine loveliness as might become self-supporting with interpreted by 1923.

This is by way of announcing that the modern woman and her activities as witnessed in Alameda county is to be introduced in the Ivory ballroom of Hotel Oakland on Tuesday evening by the Soroptimist Club. Perhaps the grandmothers—aye even the mothers—of some of the members would have gasped could they have but foreseen the independent path their daughters were to follow, but, even so, all of them must have rejoiced in the broken tradition which had bound them.

Soroptimist Club women are offering in compliment to their friends a members' program and fashion show, drawing upon their own numbers for a notable entertainment which will be followed by an informal dance. As many of

(Continued on Page 5, col. 1.)



With genial spring comes the "Parthenia"—one of the esthetic expressions of California that has become a tradition, not only of the University of California, where, in the verdant Faculty Glade it is staged, but of the coast. It is to women's participation in dramatics what the Bohemian Grove Play is to men's. At the top is a quartet from one of the ballets. Next below are (from left) Miss Dorothy Damjanovich, Miss Eileen Eyre, Miss Anilla Avila, and Miss Dexter Harding (center) is one of the "Pleasure" group. Miss Dorothy Damjanovich is "Freedom"—and looks it. Miss Eileen Eyre (left below) is likewise in the group symbolizing "Pleasure." Miss Anilla Avila, an "Alpha O," is "Adventure" in the masque "A Thing of Dust"—that on April 5th and 6th will transform the romantic glade into a theater whose "props" are made in Heaven or thereabouts.

MOTOR SOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hotelling are now motoring south on their honeymoon, following their marriage, a simple service of Thursday morning with St. Paul's Episcopal church the background and the immediate family of the bride in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Moore of this city (Mrs. Moore is a sister of the bride) were the attendants upon the bride.

The wedding breakfast was served at the Moore home at high noon. Mrs. Hotelling was Mrs. Margaret Williams Welch, daughter of the late William Henry Williams, a pioneer resident of Colusa county, and of Mrs. Williams of this city. Upon their return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Hotelling will establish their home in

FROM SPOKANE

In honor of Mrs. Robert Rogers (Alma Thane of Spokane, Wash.) the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thane, Mrs. Austin Sperry entertained at an informal bridge party a few days ago at her home in Franklin street. The guests included the messdames John J. Melgs, Hamilton Murray, Shepard French, Harry Wilkins, Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., Empey Robertson and Miss Linda Buchanan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Mills Easton and Miss Jane Easton of the Fairmont have closed their apartment and gone to their ranch in the Mt. Diablo country, where they will follow their custom of spending the larger part of the year.

William, George, and Harry, the bridegroom is a prominent merchant.



WOMEN and THEIR WORK

Soroptimists Plan Spring Fashion Show

(Continued from Page 1)

The business and professional women as it has been possible to assemble in the ambitious project have been pressed into service.

Even spring models in men's garments, for formal and informal wear, will not be omitted from the pre-Easter parade of fashion. Hats, gowns for morning, afternoon and evening, for seashore and mountain, top coats, sweaters, blouses, lingerie, hosiery jewelry will be worn by living models which will not overlook the rounded as well as the slender figure.

An artist has been recruited to the designing of the stage whose properties will be loaned by members dealing in art goods, rugs, furniture and similar enterprises. Even the musical instruments are to be the contribution from the roster.

"Our Petticoated Ancestors" will lend prologue to the program. The costumes will be done by one member, the posing by a second.

Musicians and dancers who are affiliated with the Soroptimist Club will present the numbers which will vary the unique spring exhibit. The Arion Trio is lending its gifts for the occasion.

No detail of feminine conceit which the clubwomen can supply is being disregarded. The newest in coiffures, the latest in combs and fancies will be introduced. Even the world's final degree in rose blushes will be supplied for the guests' inspection.

A grand march of models, entertainers and exhibitors through the audience will bring to a finale the pageant of fashion.

Presidents of all the clubs in Alameda county—both of men and women—are being made special guests for Tuesday evening. The invitation is extending to several hundred friends of the business and professional women.

Mrs. Allen Sulling will be the speaker Tuesday afternoon before the members of the Pre School Age Study Circle, the newest development in Parent Teacher Association work, meeting at the home of Mrs. Ray D. Jones, 635 Montclair avenue. She will discuss "Natural Mothering."

Mrs. Lloyd Stetson is president of this newest organization which is giving attention entirely to the child of pre-school age. A regular course in practical scientific child training is being studied, the mothers experimenting with its application to their own sons and daughters.

MRS. CAROLINE EAGER, Los Angeles clubwoman and globe trotter, declares American moving pictures are revolutionizing the world. She tells an interesting story of how housewives in South Africa and Paris are copying interior furnishings of American homes along with styles in feminine raiment, hair dress, manners and customs as shown on the screen.



Mrs. Caroline Eager, Los Angeles clubwoman and globe trotter, declares American moving pictures are revolutionizing the world. She tells an interesting story of how housewives in South Africa and Paris are copying interior furnishings of American homes along with styles in feminine raiment, hair dress, manners and customs as shown on the screen.

Oakland Club Plans March Luncheon

St. Patrick and his traditions are lending inspiration to the March luncheon of the Oakland Club on Wednesday. Hostesses will appear in quaint costumes suggestive of the Emerald Isle. Mrs. Porter Mickle will preside as chairman of program.

Irish dances, songs and readings will contribute to the after-luncheon program. The numbers are announced as follows: Address, "Spreading of the Christian Faith by St. Patrick," Beryl Mickle; violin, Miss Victoria Hartman; baritone, Harry Berchard; Harry Wadsworth, accompanist; "Irish Washerwoman," Miss Clara Berton; Mrs. William Root, accompanist; soprano, Miss Hazel Van Halgren; Mrs. William Root, accompanist.

Hostesses for the day have been named as follows: Mrs. Charles Fraser, Mrs. George C. Brown, Mrs. Reece Scott, Mrs. John Ronald, Miss Abi Robinson, Mrs. George Robinson, Mrs. J. L. Rosefield, Mrs. J. P. Plante, Mrs. Gay A. Rosenberg, Mrs. O. F. Olson, Mrs. Carrie Peake, Mrs. William Morton, Mrs. Bessie Wood Gustason, Mrs. V. O. Lawrence, Mrs. Peter Hannan, Miss Mary Lambert, Mrs. J. W. Potter, Miss Alice Wood.

Capwell cup and to McChesney association, the Hotel Oakland cup, presented for the largest percentage increase in enrollment during the year. The Hotel Oakland Cup is awarded only in schools offering six years course.

Announcement is made that the Technical High School association is the largest in the United States with a registration of 1082 members. Its membership last year was 865. It held the Capwell cup during the past year. Lakeview club under Mrs. Charles G. White, raised its membership from 335 to 308, taking the honor away. Fremont High School association, Mrs. D. W. Rogers, chairman, reported the second largest gain, raising the 127 enrollment to 254.

McChesney club has now an enrollment of 264, 54 of which names are fathers. It entered the campaign with 75 names. Mrs. W. Dunn and Mrs. E. S. Briggs divided the responsibility as chairmen.

A program and tea will assemble the members of the local branch of the American Association of University Women in their headquarters, 233 Post street on Saturday at 2 p. m. Mrs. Frank P. Deering will be the speaker of the hour. She will describe "Easter in Spain" and offer some "Echoes of European Travel." Mrs. Hazel Pedlar Faulkner of Oakland, president, will preside as program chairman.

Rockridge Club Prepares Program

The annual program offered by the various sections in friendly rivalry, will attract a large number of guests to Rockridge Women's Club Tuesday afternoon. The various study groups have been at work for weeks in preparation for their part in the day's entertainment under the general direction of Mrs. L. S. Stanford, general organizer.

Only the vaguest whispers of what promises a notable vaudeville have reached outside the particular casts which have been chosen to appear.

The numbers will be presented in the following order: Rockridge choral, Mrs. M. C. Holman, curator; current events, Mrs. L. A. Gray, curator; philanthropic, Mrs. P. D. Parsons, curator; music history, Mrs. Ella F. Towell, curator; literary, Mrs. Bernhard Schreiber, curator; parliamentary law, Mrs. L. G. Leonard, curator; ex-service department, Mrs. J. W. Eaton, chairman; child welfare, Mrs. H. Berton, chairman; California history and landmarks, Mrs. W. E. Nevills, curator; Rockridge choral. Receiving hostesses will be: Mrs. Lynn A. Schloss, Mrs. L. G. Leonard, Mrs. W. A. Kirkwood, Mrs. W. O. Johnson, Mrs. L. S. Hotchkiss, Mrs. A. J. Griesche, Mrs. C. M. Piles, Mrs. M. C. Ford, Mrs. W. H. Cohen, Mrs. Frank Butler.

Presiding at the tea tables will be: Mrs. Edwin Higgins, Mrs. Theodore Hughes, Mrs. A. R. Angell, Mrs. J. C. Espejo, Mrs. Mary Gilbert, Mrs. E. L. Bertaud, Mrs. L. H. Handy, Mrs. W. H. McCabe, Mrs. C. J. Pfang, Mrs. M. H. Lapham, Mrs. Jay Gould, Mrs. Harry Chandler, Mrs. J. H. Nash.

A Mills College Day will be observed in the Twentieth Century Club on Tuesday. Dr. Antella Reinhardt, president of the women's institution of learning, will deliver the address before the Berkeley club and its guests. She will discuss "Elementary Education."

The Mills College choral, Mrs. L. V. Sweeney, director, will render the musical numbers. Mrs. S. W. Truesdell, Mrs. H. A. Jackson and the classes of '08 and '09 will preside as hostesses.

Dr. Tully C. Knowles, president of the College of the Pacific, will be the principal speaker before Berkeley League of Women Voters' meeting in Unity hall (Bancroft way and Duane street), on Thursday at 2:30 p. m. He has announced "The Sterling-Townsend Bill" as the subject under discussion.

A business meeting will precede the program. Mrs. H. N. Herrick is president of the center.

Spanish Day to Be Observed

A Spanish Day will be observed tomorrow by Park Boulevard Club, meeting in the original club house which it presented to the recreation department at Park boulevard and Newton avenue. Spanish drama, Spanish music, Spanish dances and reminiscences of the days when California was ruled by Spain will be the feature of the colorful program. Even the tea which will conclude the hour will be suggestive of the Spanish art of cookery.

Joseph T. Knowland will be the speaker of the hour, presenting in review the early history of this state and what is owed to the Spanish dominion.

"El Santa Gregorio" will be presented in pure Castilian by the following cast: Lucile De Villio, Hugh Berniche, Mabel Evans and Don Dimes. Costumes brought from Spain will be worn by the actors.

Miss L. Vernard will direct the production. Dances will be offered under the direction of Mrs. Grace Borroughs. Mrs. F. F. Carter will be chairman of program.

A business meeting is called for 2 p. m. at which a nominating committee to present the official ticket will be elected.

Women Voters To Hear City Candidates

Municipal Day will be observed on Friday by Oakland League of Women Voters. The candidates whose names will be presented on the primary ticket to be voted April 17, have been invited to be the guests of honor according to a time honored tradition of the club. The men and women seeking the positions of commissioner or member of the board of education in Oakland will be given a brief time in which to present their claims for consideration. Mrs. H. J. Flatts will be chairman of the program, which has been moved forward to the hour of 2 p. m.

An important business meeting for members is called at 1:30 p. m. Election of the nominating committee which will present the official ticket before the annual meeting is scheduled. Mrs. C. E. Wilson, president, will preside.

Senor Antonio de Grassi, violin, and William Debe, cello, will present a notable musical program before Town and Gown Club tomorrow. Mrs. William Olney is chairman of the committee on arrangements.

Assisting her are: Mrs. Philip R. Roome, Mrs. Walter Morris Hart, Mrs. Walter Yale Kellings, Mrs. Ralph S. Miner, Mrs. Horatio Stephens, Mrs. Howard E. Wright.

A sketch of the life of Andrew with excerpts from "The Who Goes Slapped" will contribute to the success of Russian literature, with which the literary section of Lakeview Club will concern itself tomorrow. Reviews and discussions of "Joseph Greer and His Daughter" (Henry Knell Webster), and "The Judge" (Reuben West), will conclude the hour.

Mrs. Martin Kinney, 335 Park boulevard, will be the speaker of the hour, presenting in review the early history of this state and what is owed to the Spanish dominion.

"El Santa Gregorio" will be presented in pure Castilian by the following cast: Lucile De Villio, Hugh Berniche, Mabel Evans and Don Dimes. Costumes brought from Spain will be worn by the actors.

Miss L. Vernard will direct the production. Dances will be offered under the direction of Mrs. Grace Borroughs. Mrs. F. F. Carter will be chairman of program.

A business meeting is called for 2 p. m. at which a nominating committee to present the official ticket will be elected.

Mrs. Albert B. Carter is the club president.

From the South Rim to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon Through the Zion Country

The subject which has been announced for a stereopticon lecture which Mrs. Edward H. Kemp will present on Wednesday before Laurel Hall Club. A special program of music has been arranged. Mrs. John C. Manning will be the soloist. A business meeting will precede the lecture.

FIRMER ICES

Your sherberts and water ices will have more body if a little gelatine is used in the mixture.

A LITTLE DIFFERENT

Since the jelly roll and serve with whipped cream. This makes a pleasant change for dessert.

FREE Bottle to try on one lock of hair

Gray Hair Greasy, sticky hair?—no indeed. Your restorer is clean as water. You are mistaken when you think that only gray, mossy, dry color gray hair. While there are many offered, you need not use them. Instead learn the safe, sure, duty way to restore the original color to your gray hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. It leaves your hair clean, soft and fluffy, with absolutely nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and natural in all lights, no streaking or discoloration. Faded or discolored hair just as surely restored as hair naturally gray.

Mail coupon for my airtight patented "Trial Package," which contains a trial bottle of the Restorer and directions for making the convincing "single lock" test. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

MAIL COUPON TODAY Please print your name and address: NAME: MARY T. GOLDMAN, 610 California Street, St. Paul, Minn. (Free and four patented Free Trial Packages which contain a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing "single lock" test. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.)

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Pre-Easter GLOVE Sale—

Long Gloves—the glove of the moment —in all the wanted Spring shades

Suede of course, also French Kid for those who prefer—

\$3.95 and \$4.95

These gloves will all be fitted at our glove counter to insure proper care and satisfaction.

8-button French Suede, fancy embroidered backs, pique sewn, wanted spring shades in mode, beaver, brown and gray— **\$3.95**

12-button French Suede, silk embroidered backs, all sizes, colors of mode, beaver, gray— **\$4.95**

Also French Glace Kid, overseam sewn, Paris point and embroidered backs, black, white, mode, beaver— **\$4.95**

Glove Shop—Main Floor

A Sale Tomorrow—One-Day Event!

1000 Better-Kind House Frocks

resultant very special purchase **\$3.95** Women's and Misses' styles and sizes

Beautiful Gingham, fresh, crisp and new. The House Frock Shop offers this exceptional event.

New checks in the lovely Spring shades of orchid, green, blue, raspberry, red, etc. Great DREPP hems. Prettily finished and trimmed, some with organdy, others with poplin, pique—cashed and belted, fluffy, dainty frocks for home and country wear.

Women's House Dress Shop—Second Floor

\$3.95 \$3.95 \$3.95 \$3.95 \$3.95

CITY OF PARIS DRY GOODS CO., San Francisco

WOMEN and THEIR WORK

Artist Will Tell of Trip Through Europe

Miss Calthea Vivian, whose Claremont studio is a center for art life on this side the bay, will be the speaker on the Members' program of the Soroptimist Club at 10:30 Oakland tomorrow. Miss Vivian went through Europe during the past summer with eyes which saw many humorous and some pathetic things. She will offer "Europe Through An Artist's Eyes" to her fellow club women at their weekly luncheon.

The Soroptimist Club is giving support to the project of Music Week in Alameda county in May, and is studying the plan of a water district for the Eastbay cities.

The club women who have endorsed the Community Chest will participate in the April campaign.

"Modern Russian Art" will receive attention from the College Women's Club at the regular meeting on Wednesday evening in the Twentieth Century Club house. Alexander S. Kaun, affiliated with the University of California, will give the lecture, which will be illustrated with stereopticon views. Mrs. Louise Phillips Conrad will be chairman.

Mrs. Frank Cornish will review "Old Crow" (Alice Brown) before the section section tomorrow afternoon.

A. E. Anderson, University of California, and Mrs. Ethel Gillette Whitehorn have been named judges in the short story and scenario contest being conducted under the

Mothers to See Marin Beauties

The Marin County Lions Club has extended an invitation to the members of Second District, California Congress of Mothers, for a motor trip and barbecue at Point Surview as an entertainment feature of the annual convention to be held April 12 and 13 in San Rafael.

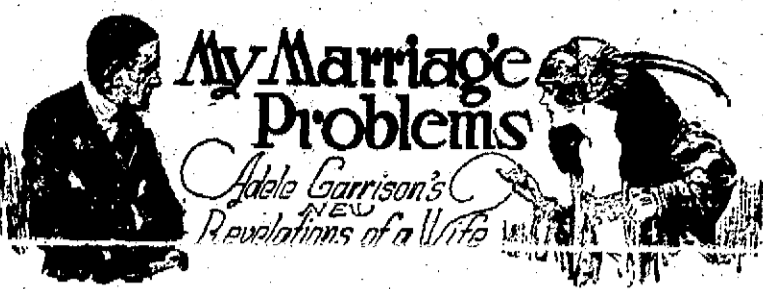
The itinerary will extend over the Mount Tamalpais Ridge boulevard, taking the guests through those picturesque districts which have won for this county the name of "Marvellous Marin."

The hosts are planning their all-day hospitality following adjournment of the session. Saturday, April 14, will be given over to the trip.

Election of officers and constitution revision will come before the April convention during the important business sessions.

One amendment which will be offered for vote would create the following departments of work: American citizenship, child hygiene, child labor, country life and good roads, education, emblem and magazine, extension, finance, founders' day, high school, home, juvenile court and probation, kindergarten, legislation, membership, patriotism, printing, publicity, philanthropy, reciprocity, recreation, speakers' bureau, scholarship, thrift.

Mrs. H. G. Tardy, Oakland, is chairman of the constitution revision committee.



My Marriage Problems

WHY HARRY UNDERWOOD ASKED MADGE TO DO TO HIM.

The idea of Harry Underwood asking a father to any girl was so ludicrous that I nearly choked in the effort to suppress a laugh, and still a look at him to see if any possibility he expected me to take seriously the baldheaded he had been uttering. But as I caught his eyes he exploded into a loud laugh which sent the resentful blush to my cheeks.

"Very nearly put one over on you that time, Lady Fair," he chuckled. "For a second or two I had you groggy. However, his voice lost its mirth—don't get me wrong on this. I'm using that family. I'll admit it. Yes, I expect to use them some more. But the old pop-gun father deserves anything that can be done to him, including a nice boiling oil bath. Every dollar he speaks. Her subject will be: 'Bits from Two Interesting Cities.'"

Miss Thelma Gilman of the Textile Studio of Berkeley will give a talk on the handicraft in textiles before the household arts section on Thursday.

Miss Edith Ilhberd, soprano; Mrs. Harriet C. Jonsson, mezzo; Ernest McCandlish, tenor; John Nicholson, bass, will render the Friday program of music. Arias from Haydn's Creation, Mendelssohn's St. Paul and other well-known oratorios will be given. A paper on the Haydn composition will be read by Mrs. Elbridge Gerry Smith.

won't be gone more than a few minutes, and—I can put a steamer trunk in the tonneau, can't I?"

"Of course," I said quietly, although I did not exactly relish the prospect of driving through the streets of Southampton with a trunk in the tonneau, and so striking and bizarre a figure as the pseudo Don Ramon Almiraz sitting beside me.

"I know it's a miserable thing to ask you to do," he said contritely, "but I can't afford to let any of those dubs get a line on where I'm going. I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you an awful lot, but your father seems to think it necessary. I don't want to take the train from this station. Could you get me to the Shelter Island ferry to Greenpoint without attracting too much attention?"

I considered his question a minute. Then I answered slowly: "Yes, there is a wood road from Southampton to Sag Harbor, and I can drive you around the back streets there to North Haven, and from there to Shelter Island. Many of the summer people have gone away."

ABOUT WOMEN

English women have become so interested in weaving their own tweeds that many of them have installed costly looms in their homes.

Mme. Alexandra Kollantay, the most aggressive feminist in Russia, has been appointed by the soviet government as Russian Minister to Norway.

Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, an American, president of the Band of Mercy, has been adopted by the city of Havana in recognition of her services during the last twenty years

for the relief of children and defenseless animals.

Mrs. Lena L. Forrest, the new president of the National Federation of Professional and Business Women's Clubs, which has a membership of 43,000 executive women throughout the country, was for years associated with her husband as a member of the Michigan Board of Corrections and Charities. She now is one of the most successful insurance underwriters in the United States.

All kinds of queer little creatures, from monkeys to tiny green lizards, have appeared at one time or another as pets of the society women in London.

One of the rules for financial success as laid down by Mrs. E. M. Abernathy, Oklahoma's only woman bank president, is "get in debt and work hard to get out."

Ebell to Hear Passion Play Talk

Stereopticon pictures will illustrate the talk in which Mrs. H. G. Chappell will present "The Spirit of the Passion Play of Oberammergau" before Ebell on Tuesday. Mrs. Samuel Breck will preside as hostess.

Biographies of Edward Bellamy, Alice Franch, Frank Leslie and Henry Ward Beecher will be given before the modern authors' section. Mrs. W. W. Blair, curator, on Wednesday morning. Roll call will be answered by quotations from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

Mrs. W. G. Ferguson is announced as the local author whose work will be presented before the auspices of the section devoted to these forms of original writing and which will close on Wednesday.

original writers' section on Thursday morning.

Romantic stories and facts of the Mission San Jose will claim the attention of the California history and landmarks section on Thursday morning also. Mrs. J. E. Thane, curator of the section and a pioneer of Alameda county, will be the principal speaker.

The Adelphi Club of Alameda has before it a strenuous week beginning tomorrow with the March luncheon for members, followed by the regular business meeting and concluding with a program of sacred oratorio presented by the music-history section on Friday.

The current events and tourist sections are claiming the important place on the Tuesday calendar with Mrs. James Higgins, the

DR. PETTIT PASSES BY.

"Yes, I know," he returned with a sardonic grin. "My hosts would have been gone long ago only I persuaded them that the real aristocracy lingered late in the autumn. Well, that's settled then! But what about this saw-bones you are supposed to send back to the palpitating Mr. Smythe-Hopkins? I suppose it's dear old Herbie Pettit. If so, you don't catch this child near the telephone. It's my private belief that bird could spot me over it without my uttering a word."

I involuntarily broke my rule of keeping my eyes on the road ahead and gave him a quick, astonished glance.

"There's nothing claretworthy about it," he said. "Herbie, dear, is your family physician, and I know he's down here. Ergo—I saw him the other day in his car, and shivered behind my glasses, but he was looking the other way. By the way, there comes a car away down the road. I'll just put the things on again. Never can tell who might be traveling this way. Police! How I hate these things! I haven't had 'em off so long before in weeks."

"Will you tell me," I said, voicing a question which had been in my mind since the accident, "how the glasses escaped breaking in this collision?"

"They didn't," he answered. "The glass is strewn over the floor of the car. But I always carry an emergency pair with me. I say, Lady Fair, talk of the devil. If that wasn't Herbie who went past us then I'm a ring-noser oriole."

I had swerved my car to avoid the car which had flashed past us at a terrific speed. But it is very seldom that I am able to see the driver of an approaching car, to say nothing of recognizing him.

The next instant we heard a auto horn signalling furiously behind us.



Lovely Easter Modes

Easter—the day of glorious new apparel—is but two weeks away. Our preparations for this all-important event have been most bountiful.

The varieties now offered are practically innumerable. From every corner of the shop intriguing new Spring frocks and wraps beckon you.

Gay betrimmed modes flashing the new season's colorings—subdued tones relying upon their simplicity for approval—each embodying that much desired element—exclusiveness.

And withal, the prices are indeed reasonable for modes of such individuality.

Tongue Twisters

By C. L. EDSON
(To Be Read Aloud)

THE CHARMING IRISHMAN

Chauncey Clancy did a dance. He did a dance that sure was fancy; In France he did this dance at And if you'd see a fancy dance, Oh, Man, see Chauncey Clancy!

In Nancy, France, dwelt Nancy Gants. And Clancy's dance caught Nancy's glance, And Chauncey married Nancy; For, Nancy Gants of Nancy, France, And all the Nancy clan, see?— Said Chauncey took their fancy. The fancy dance he did in France Made Nancy fancy Clancy. (Copyright 1923 George Matthew Adams.)

Formal Spring Opening

Featuring authentic masterpieces from the latest Paris Openings

WE INVITE YOUR PRESENCE AT OUR FORMAL PREMIERE SHOWING OF EXCLUSIVE MODES FOR DAYTIME, AFTERNOON, EVENING AND SPORT WEAR. INCLUDING REPRESENTATIONS FROM THE MOST NOTED FOREIGN AND AMERICAN DESIGNERS.

- | | | | |
|----------------|-------------------|-------------|-------------|
| Jean Halle | Brandt | Agnes | Boue Soeurs |
| Molymieux | Philippe & Gaston | Chanel | Callot |
| Bernard | Doeuillet | Jean Lanvin | Fenny |
| Jean Patou | Miler Soeurs | Paquin | Vionnet |
| Stain & Blaine | Milgram | Bendel | |

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
March 19th, 20th and 21st

I. MAGNIN & CO.
GRANT AVE. AT GEARY
SAN FRANCISCO

SALE OF LAYING HENS AND BREEDING STOCK TODAY

SEE "POULTRY AND SUPPLIES" IN CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Apartment house sold in one day by a Tribune Want Ad. The ad— AA—MUST SACRIFICE Apt. house, first class cond.; rent \$40, inc. \$100; lg. library, new piano, beaut. pictures, good rugs, beds, gas ranges, linen, dishes, silverware, china, cut glass, vacuum; good grounds; 16 min. ride; \$1400. Must be sold. Lark 3332.	NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES The uncare for back yards of hundreds of East Bay homes can be turned to account for pleasure or profit by devoting them to the raising of fine-strain poultry. There is a ready sale at advanced prices for settings of pedigreed eggs. Virtually no capital is required beyond the neglected back yard, and no long preliminary business training. Read the classification, "Poultry and Supplies" (No. 71) in the Classified Want Ad section of today's TRIBUNE.	Residence is sold in two days by a Tribune Want Ad. The ad— Nice Little Home Bargain \$1850—House, 4 rooms, gas, bath and electric lights; lot 19x112; fruit trees and berry bushes; half block to car. Terms \$500 cash, balance \$25 per month. See this one today. Rudell Real Estate Co., 2229 E. 14th Street.
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What Will She Do With It? The woman, untrained in the business world, left to manage her own affairs, and with but a small sum of money, faces a very grave problem. Left in the bank or invested in conservative bonds and stock, her capital will not yield enough to meet her needs. She can, however, invest her money in a rooming or apartment house, not the real estate but the furnishings and business. This will assure her a home and an income and if well managed will increase her principal. Of course, as always, before investing one should investigate. There are many excellent opportunities but there are as well many doubtful offers. For a complete list of apartment houses, hotels and rooming houses now for sale in the East Bay Cities, turn to "Lodging Houses" (No. 65) in the Classified Real Estate Section of today's TRIBUNE.	Own Your Own Home in 1923 And, if you wish to assure the permanent value of your property, own that home in Oakland. Tracts and separate lots are being sold as rapidly as they go on the market, and are being covered by the homes of the buyers as rapidly as they are sold. Many of these builders are moving from older houses, the excellence of whose construction is proved by their present condition after going through several summers and winters (weather is the real test of building). The man who does not wish to incur the worry of home building and who wishes to be sure of the quality of construction, has a wide choice of such houses in today's TRIBUNE in the Classified Real Estate Section under Class 41—"Houses For Sale."
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Musical Program

Arranged at Church
ALAMEDA, March 17.—A musical program of unusual merit has been arranged by the choir of the First Methodist Episcopal Church for tomorrow night and will be

given in conjunction with the Sunday night sermon, according to the following program:
The choir will be under the direction of Roy Brown, musical director for the church, with Miss Fern Frost at the organ. The service will begin at 7:30 o'clock. The selections for the evening

will be entirely from the compositions of Charles Gounod and will be as follows:
Chorus, "By Babylon's Wave," choir; cantata, "The Gallia," choir; violin solo, "Serenade," Mr. Philip Tait; soprano solo, "O Divine Redeemer," Miss Ethel Gibson.

Services Arranged At First Baptist

ALAMEDA, March 17.—Services to be held in the First Baptist Church in this city tomorrow as announced by the Rev. L. I. Hansen, pastor, are as follows: The regular session of the Sunday

school will begin at 10:30 o'clock. All children not affiliated with other Sunday schools are extended an invitation to attend.
"Partnership with God" will be the subject for the morning sermon, which will be given at 11 o'clock, with the Rev. Hansen occupying the pulpit.
At 12:30 o'clock a deacon's

meeting will be held in the church parlors. At 6:30 o'clock the Young People of the church will hold a social hour to be followed by the regular meeting of the Young People's Society at 6:20 o'clock.
Evening services at 7:30 o'clock with the Rev. M. Zimmerman of Melrose occupying the pulpit.

Playgrounds Are Being Renovated

ALAMEDA, March 17.—Among the parks to need play apparatus is the recently acquired Franklin Park at Morton street and San Jose avenue. Points out. Today he ordered six swing outfits, four seesaws, a children's slide, rings and a complete gymnastic outfit for installation in this playground.

apparatus is the recently acquired Franklin Park at Morton street and San Jose avenue. Points out. Today he ordered six swing outfits, four seesaws, a children's slide, rings and a complete gymnastic outfit for installation in this playground.

The One-Price Store

No Extra Charge for Credit

JACKSON'S

Easy Terms at Standard Cash Prices

Refrigerators

Special Terms—All This Week—

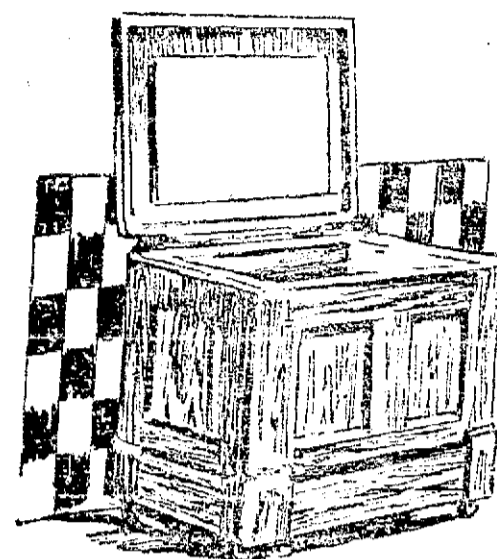
No First Payment Down!

On All Models and Sizes of Refrigerators That We Sell

---at the end of thirty days start payments of one-tenth each month

No deposit—3.00 month **30.50**

A splendid size for the average family—neat style. Golden oak finish—white enameled provision chamber with wire shelves. Stands 43 inches high, 16 inches deep and is 26 inches wide, outside measurements. Top feed and holds about 75 lbs. of ice.
Larger size—95 lbs ice capacity, for 39.50
(No deposit—4.00 month)

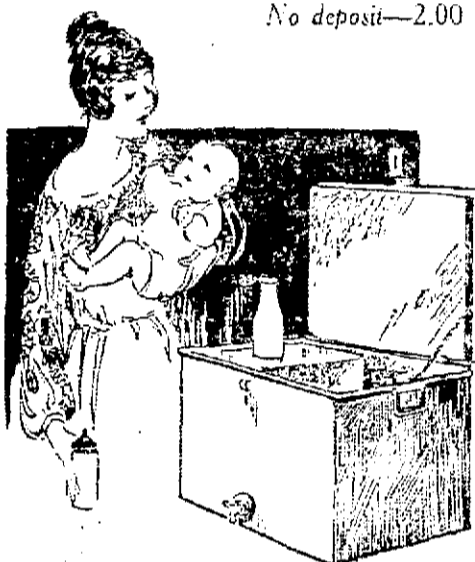
**17.50**

No deposit—2.00 month

For a small family. Hardwood in golden oak. Galvanized sheet-steel lined. Tinned wire shelves and rack on the bottom for the ice. Outside measurements are—29½ inches wide, 18 inches deep and 25 inches high. Holds about 35 lbs. of ice.

Nursery Refrigerator---

No deposit—2.00 month

6.50

Size—16 in. long, 11 in. deep and 11 in. high. Made of sheet iron, white enameled on the outside. Galvanized provision and ice chamber—has faucet for draining off water.

Two other sizes—Same Terms.

19 in. wide, 13 in. deep, 13 in. high 7.50
23 in. wide, 13 in. deep, 13 in. high 9.00

Refrigerator time is just beginning. Take advantage of our Special Terms all this week and install one in your home. We have a size and style to suit every need.

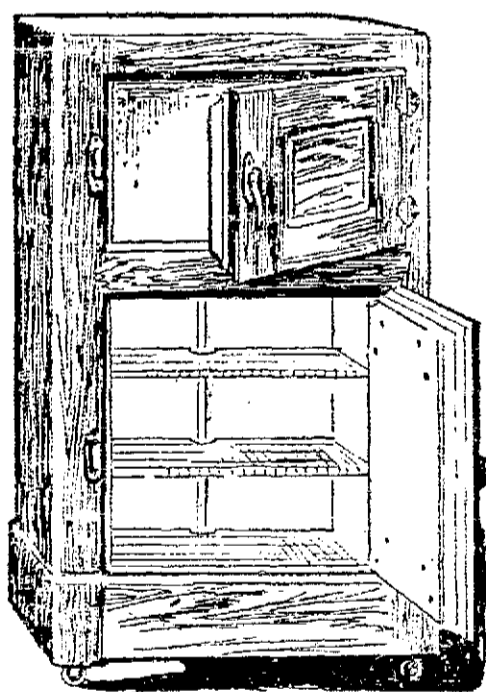
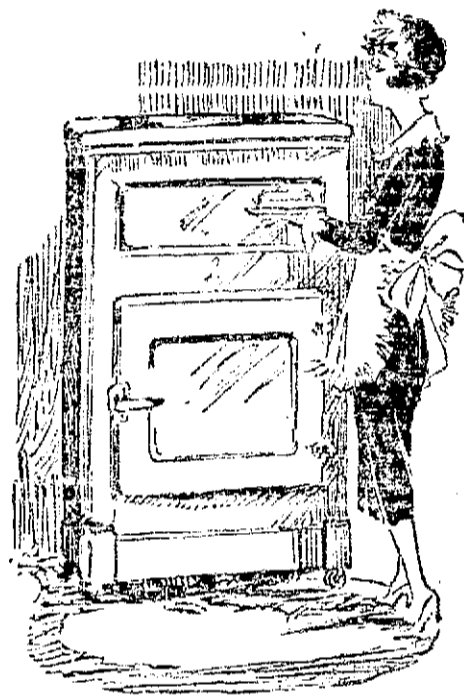
A good refrigerator is a protection to your food against any sudden rise in temperature—you'll have no loss of flavor or spoilage.

We have illustrated only a few from the new shipments that have arrived and are now arranged on our floor. There are many different styles and sizes in several finishes.

—Jackson's Household Section, basement.

In All White---No deposit 4.00 month **37.50**

Ice capacity—75 lbs. Top feed and a large provision chamber with wire shelves. White enameled outside and inside. Stands 43 ins. high, 16 ins. deep and is 26 ins. wide. A splendid refrigerator for a family of medium size.

**41.50**

No deposit—4.00 month

A refrigerator that is built for service. Hardwood, golden oak finish. White enameled provision chamber with wire shelves. Has the front ice feed. Measures 27 inches wide, 18 inches deep and stands 47 inches high. Holds about 70 lbs. of ice. Especially well constructed.

Two larger sizes at—49.50 (no deposit—5.00 month)—and—59.00 (no deposit—6.00 month). Priced according to size.

**A popular model---****47.50**

No deposit 5.00 month

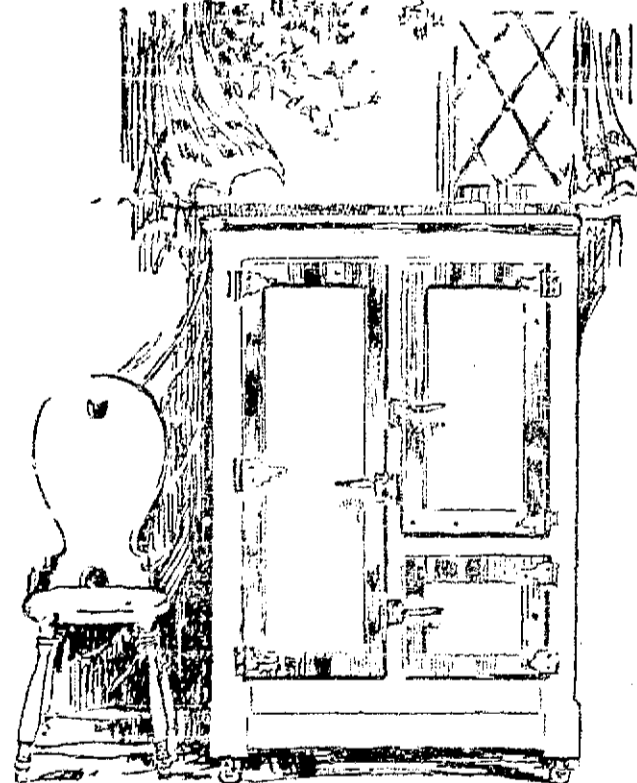
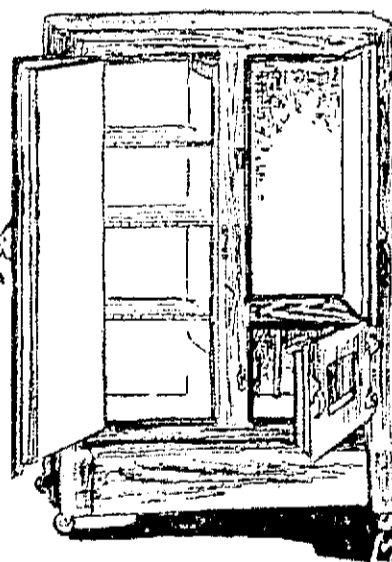
Built for service—a properly constructed, durable refrigerator of hard wood. Golden oak finish—white enamel provision chamber with wire shelves. An ice saver. Stands 47 inches high, 19 deep and is 30 inches wide. Convenient top feed—ice capacity, 95 lbs.

A smaller size---

No deposit 4.00 month

37.50

Ice capacity, 45 lbs. A splendidly built refrigerator that stands 41 inches high, 16 deep and is 29 inches wide. Golden oak finish with white enameled provision chamber—has wire shelves. Front ice chamber with small extra provision space below. For the average small family.

**215.00**

No deposit—21.50 month

White enamel—all metal—nickel-plated trimmings. 53 inches high, 21½ deep and 36½ inches wide.

For a large family. White porcelain provision and ice chambers and wire racks. Ice chambers lined with wire netting. As sketched. Ice capacity, 135 lbs.

Larger size for 240.00—

(No deposit—24.00 month) Ice capacity 150 lbs.

For a small Kitchen---**16.50**

No deposit 2.00 month

35 lb. ice capacity. Galvanized provision chamber and wire shelves—golden oak finish.



Stands 39 in. high, 14 in. deep and is 20 inches wide. The same style with white enameled provision chamber for 19.50—same terms.

"Hot Point" Electric Household Appliances

Percolators, Toasters, Grills, Irons and Waffle Irons—Special Terms all this week and sold at the standard cash prices. All "Hot Point" appliances are fully guaranteed.

No first payment down!

—in thirty days start paying 2.00 a month on any appliance.

Electrical Section
—main floor**Waffle Iron 15.75**

No deposit—2.00 month

No smoke, no grease, no odor. Makes crisp waffles right at the table.

Grill 12.50

No deposit—2.00 month

complete kitchen range in miniature. Two different dishes can be prepared at the same time.

Toaster 8.00

No deposit—2.00 month

The popular turn-over style. Makes golden brown toast and turns it over without handling, by a simple turn of the wrist.

"Hot Point" Percolator**6 cups 12.00**

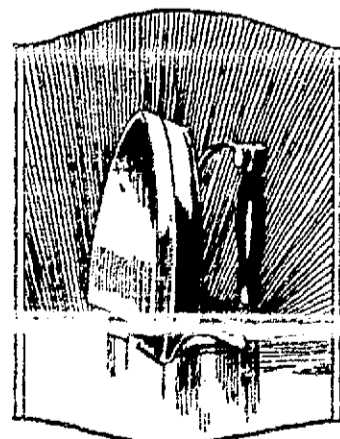
No deposit—2.00 month

A highly polished, nickel-plated percolator—6-cup size. Voltage, 110-120. Has ebony handle and guaranteed heating element. Complete with six-foot cord and attachment plug.

"Hot Point" Electric Irons**5-pound size 6.50****6-pound size 6.75**

No deposit—2.00 month

The best known item in the "Hot Point" family. Scientifically constructed to yield the maximum of heat with a minimum amount of current. The cantilever handle takes the strain off the wrist and makes ironing a matter of guidance rather than of heavy exertion.

**The Apartment House size---****39.50**

No deposit 4.00 month

A dandy style and size for an apartment—it occupies such a small space. Hardwood—golden oak finish. White enameled provision chamber with wire shelves. Stands 54 in. high, 17 in. deep and 24 inches wide. Front feed—about 95 lbs. ice capacity.



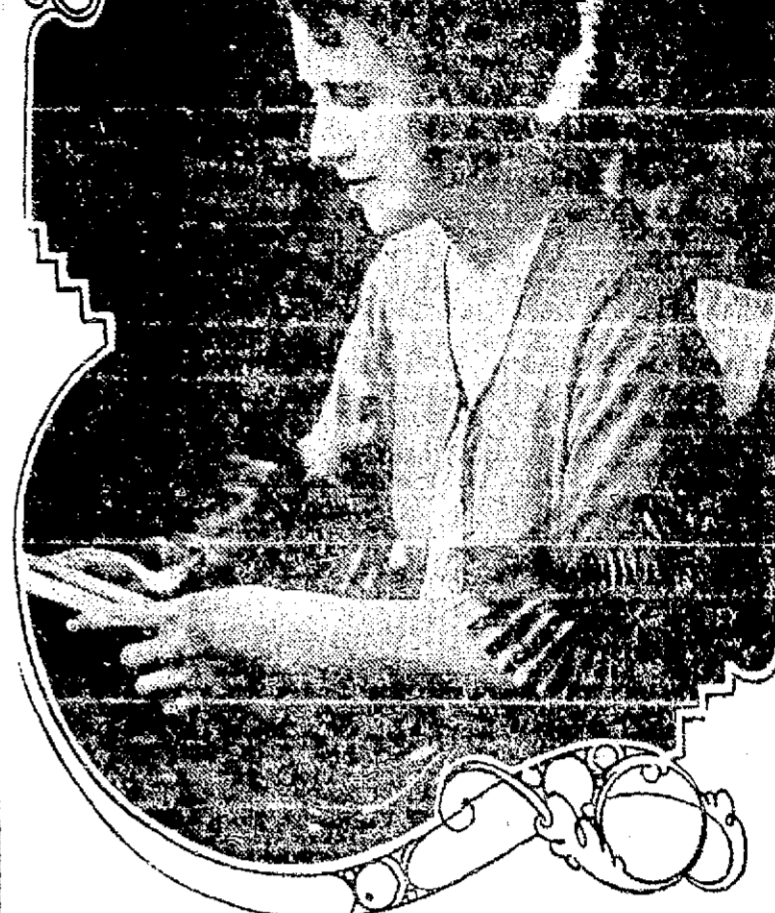
The One-Price Store

Clay Street
14th Street**JACKSON'S**Complete Home Furnishing
Department Store—OaklandTelephone
Lakeside 7120

The One-Price Store

REPORT FAVORS POWER PROJECT NEAR MANTECA

Chamber of Commerce Committee Says Community Would Be Benefited.



MANTECA, March 17.—A highly favorable report in the proposed Melones dam and power project was made at the last forum meeting of the Chamber of Commerce by J. D. Dean, chairman of the joint investigating committee recently appointed by the chamber and the Lions club. He declared his committee was convinced the project would be a great factor in building up the entire district and asked that the people give it careful and unbiased study. He pointed out the benefits to different sections of the state which had accrued from such large water and power enterprises owned by the people.

Within a short time the Melones project will come before the residents of the district for vote. It has already met with much opposition, but his friends say they believe it will carry.

W. E. Spares, secretary of the project, said that the Nite Garbana cannery would be ready for operations next July and employ 200 hands. It has laid idle for two seasons.

A committee, composed of Mrs. E. W. Wilson, Miss Alice Preuss and W. S. Rainer, was appointed to learn if the Big Sreckels beke sugar factory at this place is likely to operate again, and if not, to endeavor to create a new industry.

ING COUPLE
F CHICAGO
IN SACRAMENTO

W. B. A. REVIEWS
WILL BE GUESTS
OF OAKLANDER

The members of Vallojo an

On March 17, Miss Betty Snyder, daughter of Mr. Snyder, of Chicago, received the bride of Edward W. Osborn at the ceremony performed Thursday afternoon in the Lutheran Episcopal church at Madison. Rev. W. R. Hornum officiated.

Battle was attended by Miss Krikorian, of Chico, while Davis, also of Chico, acted as organist. The ring ceremony was performed by Mrs. Owen is a charming society the younger set in Chico, a graduate of the local high school. She is a member of the Nu and Alpha C. L. sorority, and a former student at the State Teachers' College. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. Mrs. L. B. Owen, of Battle and formerly lived in Marysville.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of Ben Snyder, brother of the bride. The newlyweds will res-ide in Chico to make their home, a honeymoon to be spent in Northern California.

Education Board

The continuance of the drill

Election Contested

CY, March 17. — An immense crowd in the development of Side Irrigation was taken by the filing of an action in Superior Court at Stockton during the recent election of Richetto to the board of directors of the Butte-Carson Irrigation District. The plaintiff is Reynier, who seeks to set aside the election of Richetto and win from the board.

It is the second election process in the district, and the first week having filed a suit on 12, challenging the election of Richetto.

Reynier's suit is based on the fact that the election was not counted for John Richetto, which was not intended for the election, and if there is a 16, Mr. Reynier will be elected.

The board of directors for the March 17th meeting will be held in Los Angeles on March 29, will be held at Alameda Review No. 78, on Monday evening, March 26, with Captain Maude Dean in charge. The meeting will send over 62 members as guards, as well as a large number of color-bearers and others for special features of the meeting, to be held at the Alameda Hotel on May 29. Special transportation arrangements have been made for a 400 delegation from the Berkeley cities. Three days of end-of-the-year and entertainment will follow the meeting.

Captain Myrtle Brown has spoken for the 1st and 2nd of the Alameda Review guard team to be present at the meeting on April 4.

BERKELEY CAMP OF NEIGHBORS GAINS MEMBERS

Annals K. of C.

MEETING, March 17.—The father William P. Sullivan, Cathedral's Cathedral, San Francisco will come here tomorrow to which the Stambians Knights of the Order are expected to be present.

The mass the members will to the new parish church of St. Stanislaus church, Berkeley will be joined ladies of the parish.

All the prominent persons will be present. M. P. Sullivan, secretary; Frank Michael, District of Sacramento, and J. O. East grand knight.

Several applications for membership received at the last regular meeting of Berkeley Camp No. 2442, Celtic Neighbors Association, Mrs. Eva Wilson of Dublin was welcomed as a transfer member. Mrs. Mary Watson was an honored guest.

Berkeley Camp will join with their Woodmen of Berkeley for a social evening.

Neighbors Bertha Carle, Maudie Haefer and Laura Kennedy will meet with Maple Camp in Richmond on Monday evening, March 18, perfect hosts for a joint picnic to be held during vacation weeks.

The sewing club will meet with Neighbor Mary Starr, 2338 Mc-

als Do Damage
Recreation Farm
TOGA, March 17.—Van-
nered four buildings at the
Cutting Farm, conducted
by Mrs. Bertha Rice, re-
and did considerable dam-
the most vicious sort. The
lice and her son, Roland
planning to conduct a
Woodcraft for the benefit
youngsters. The Cutting
Incorporated for the bene-
Francisco boys of the
classes, who would be un-
the social service.

The sugar plant cost \$1,000,000 but has not been profitable owing to unfavorable beet growing conditions in the district, although some individual acreages have produced splendid crops of high sugar content.

War veterans, in a special train, consisting of two coaches and a baggage car. The men are mentally disabled war veterans who have been under treatment at the Talmage state home and are being removed under the direction of the United States Veterans bureau. It is reported that the disabled war veterans will be removed from the Napa state home within a few days.

Louis Lazzaro suffered a bad scalp wound, minor bruises of the legs and arms and a fractured rib late yesterday when his motorcycle was struck by an automobile driven by N. S. Englebritt. The accident is said to have occurred when Lazzaro cut across the highway here directly in the path of the approaching machine.

Campbell School to Purchase Equipment

CAMPBELL, March 17.—The Campbell Union grammar school will be obliged to use about 650 square yards of cork carpet for the corridors of the new school building, and bids will be advertised for in the near future. The school trustees' board also plans to buy cooking room and restaurant equipment for the school.

'FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH' IS FOUND BY SCIENCE

Those who suffer from nerve weakness and lack of vigor will be interested in a European discovery which restores full physical power quicker than gland operations. It is a simple home treatment in tablet form, absolutely harmless and yet the most powerful invigorator known. Acting directly on important nerve centers, glands and blood vessels, it often produces amazing benefits in 24 to 36 hours and gratifying results within a week. Physicians say it gives speedy satisfaction.

reatment. Elderly people declare it is a real "fountain of youth." Distributed under the trade name of "korex compound," the discovery has been tested thoroughly in America and the manufacturers have received a veritable flood of letters of praise and gratitude from civilized men and women in every State. Patients past 60 testify that the compound quickly restored to them the vigor of the prime of life.

knowing that this news may be "too good to be true," the distributors invite any person needing the preparation to take a double-strength treatment, sufficient for ordinary cases, with the understanding that it costs nothing if it fails. If you wish to try this guaranteed Investigator, write in strict confidence to the Meiton Laboratories, 2310 Massachusetts Building, Kansas City, Mo. You may inclose \$2.00, or simply send a check for \$2.00, and we will pay the postman \$2 and postage on delivery. In either case, if you report "no results" after one week, the laboratories will immediately refund your money. This offer is guaranteed by money bank deposits, so nobody need hesitate to accept it.—Advertisement.

Berkeley Branch of The TRIBUNE now located at 2121 Shattuck avenue. Phone Berkeley 180

Alameda Branch of The TRIBUNE is located at 1401 Park street. Telephone : Alameda 528

San Leandro Office of The TRIBUNE is located at 1200 E. 14th st. Phone : San Leandro 120

A corner of the
Court, Mission
High School



John Reid, Jr.,
Architect
Mahony Bros.,
Contractors
E. Hogberg,
Mason

The New Mission High School Will Defy Fire

THE old MISSION High School was destroyed by fire, fortunately with no loss of life. The new structure will defy fire. The west wing, the first unit under construction, has curtain walls of DICKEY MASTERTILE.

In scores of schools, hospitals, apartment houses, garages and industrial buildings, under construction in central California, where fire safety and permanence are important considerations, DICKEY MASTERTILE is being used.

It is the most economical of all permanent building materials because of its low unit cost and the speed with which

it is erected. Its walls, honeycombed with dead air spaces, are insulated against the cold of winter, heat of summer, moisture and sound.

DICKEY MASTERTILE is unequalled for home construction. Its first cost is so low that it is within the reach of everyone who can afford to build at all. And its first cost is practically its last cost. It defies fire, time and weather. It never requires exterior repainting. Its upkeep cost and deterioration are negligible.

Send for our free, profusely illustrated book, "MAKING THE BUILDING DOLLAR DO MORE."

DICKEY MASTER TILE

The Standard Hollow Building Tile

MANUFACTURED BY

CALIFORNIA BRICK COMPANY

664 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

BUILDERS EXCHANGE, OAKLAND

with an unexcelled view. This sub-

he rent. Lovely large living room containing beautiful fireplace, is separated from the unusual and ar-

istie dining room by French doors. Beautiful built-in features. The kitchen is the last word in cleanliness, with the coziest breakfast nook imaginable. Two large spacious bedrooms and in addition a commodious combination bedroom

and sleeping porch. Hardw. floors throughout. The interior finish is in French gray and the wall coverings and fixtures are specially designed and selected. Fine laundry and basement. A real garage, and the lot is a large one. One block to street car 5 min. to Key Route and

near schools. All for the unheard
of price of \$6850, and on easy terms.
L. A. Youngman, Mutual Realty Co.,
437 Broadway, Lakeside 4800.
No. 4242-D.

A CLAREMONT HOME

OWNER MUST SELL.
Attractive 2-story cement home of seven rooms, all in oak floors, large living, dining and bkfst. rm., 3 sunny bed rms., glassed porch; basement; furnace and garage; view of bay and hills. This home has many

Price Only \$8750
Here is a real bargain. E-523
Exclusively by
H. W. McINTIER CO.

523 Franklin Street, Oakland 2412

A- 8 ROOMS-\$6000
Beautiful 1½ story home 6 years old, perfect condition, large liv. and din. rms., den off liv. rm., hdwd. floors 2 fireplaces 1 bed rm. down

hairs, 2 and sleeping porch up.
nice kitchen, cement basement, big
lot. Located in beaut. Steinway
Terrace, near high and grammar
schools, cars, S. P. and Key Route
trains. Beaut. garden, fruit trees,
grape vines, berries. \$3000 cash
offer.

A REAL OPPORTUNITY
\$4750. terms. 6 rm. new cement
ung., all oak flrs. restricted dist.,
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CITY CHICKEN RANCH
6-rm. house, lot 86x137, fully
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Allow me to prove this ad.
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4th Avenue Heights Home
1459 Hampel St., near Park Blvd.
Beautiful 5-room; high basement,
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tile finish, instantaneous water
heater; sun all day; \$6900; terms
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DERRYSHIRE & MAIN, Inc
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beaut. Stainway Terrace; nice
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stov., hrdwd. flrs., cabinet kitchen,
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garage; nr. cars, trains and schools.
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Fruit, 2674.

A REAL HOME
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With every modern convenience in
the heart of Fruitvale.
\$100 CASH, \$35 MONTH
Modern 4 rm. cottage on the Blvd.
Bob Reeves & Son,
Owners, 3536 E. 14th st.

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 \$900—4th Ave. Heights; new 7-rm.
 cement; gum finish mahog.
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000—Excelsior Heights; nearly
new 6-rm. cement; oak flr.
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ncester Heights; built like East-
rn home for owner; 2 stories, 8
rge rooms, breakfast room; double
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5 Spruce street.

A REPRESENTATIVE
Will be at 1351 to 1427 Excelsior ave.
1 day Sunday to give you informa-
tion about our new 5 and 6-rm. ce-
ment bungalows. 1 blk. to cars, 4

to K. R. Priced from \$3550 to \$4400, for 5 and 6 rms. and brkfst. book. 10 per pct. down, bal. less man rent.

\$250 DOWN
Balance like rent. Beautiful 5-

room bungalow, oak floors, bk.
cook, French doors, large garage,
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and S. P. See today.

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111 E. 14th st. Open Sunday.
AN OWNER'S SACRIFICE

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 Inquire owner, 1964 28th ave.
 CHANCE FOR EVERY PERSON.
 BY PAY BETTER OWN A HOME!
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Shady, S. R. and K. R., nr. Tele-
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d El Centro. Merritt 4229.

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Sem. Sta.

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1 r. hdwd fl., built-ins, furnace.
S. P. \$5250. Monroe. \$233 Bond

Sem. Sta. _____
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 Best buy in Lake section; charm-
 ing new 6-room sem. bung.; view;
 good for furn.; large garage. Key
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Continued.

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by house painter: must be ex-

Spectacleman; good mechanic.
 Give particulars. Box M 1719.
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Inventor in connection with
 placed in Neptune Beach, Fla.
 INVENTORS desiring to secure pa-
 ents should write to our bank.
 "How to Get Your Patents." Good
 model or sketch and description
 sent free. Write to the patent
 nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 361,
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INVENTION

Young inventor has article with
 unlimited possibilities; purely as in-
 vestment, no jobs for sale. Personal
 view; no agents. Inventors wanted.
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ICE CREAM, candy, pastry, glass
 stores; good location; good teas-
 for selling; no agents. 3523 Shatt-
 leworth, Berkeley.

HUNCH place downtown; doing \$40
 a day; no lease; owner sick;
 will agree to any terms to man
 who knows the business; \$500
 handles. 1007 Broadway, room
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INVENTIONS commercialized. What
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JEWELRY business, fine location,
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 Box M66761, Tribune.

KUNCH corner, \$200; near amuse-
 ment park; good trade; rent \$25.
 Room 17 Bacon bldg., 12th and
 Lexington.

LADIES' and children's furnishings,
 cheap stock, excellent opportunity,
 small investment required to take
 over going business in good loca-
 tion; full stock of children's living
 rooms. Box S22823, Tribune.

LUMBER corner, fine for two
 women or man and wife; excel-
 lent proposition; must get away.

UMBER yard, well stocked, new and second hand material; sell cheap; long lease. 1272 E. 12th st.
UNION counter for sale, bargain, 10 cents, \$26 mo.; lease, 1706 San Pablo Ave. Across American theater.
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MILLINERY, well established; excellent income, low rental; owner retiring. A bargain for quick sale. Box M 39021, Tribune.
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MASSAGE Institute, well equipped, steady clientele, Physio-Therapy

Institute, 355 Sutter, R. 301, S. F.
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 MILLINERY — Excellent location,
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Oil Station to Lease
 Have good location, all equipment
 new, on main highway. Option to
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See Faustina
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PARTNER WANTED
 \$1000+ each will handle a half
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 Have plans; also 105 delivery cus-

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 have good, active man.
Wanted With \$2000
 to buy half interest in a well estab-
 lished, well equipped; working 13 men.
 man to take active part. Will
 handle the business. Money maker
 night party. References
 exchanged.

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 we are at your service at any time.
 We have one of the best locations
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 Blank. Send model or sketch and
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 free opinion. No charge. Patents
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 J. EVANS CO., Hobart Bldg., San
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PLUMBING—Equal partner in a well established, plumbing bus. is offered man who will attend shop and other trade details; exper. not required if steady and honest; \$6000 will handle. 5822 E. 14th st.

PARTNER wanted in cigar stand; J. C. P. waiting rm.; hours: 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. 1000 E. 14th st. Mr. Davis, 408 15th st. room 202.

RESTAURANT—Splendid location on business street in one of busiest centers of Berk., catering to high class transient. Also permanent staff. Good location. Can be secured secure suitable lease. Cash or terms. Owner to retire. For full particulars write Box 345, Danville, Calif.

RESTAURANT—Excellent opportunity for man and wife, fully equipped; a sacrifice. Peter E. Anderson, Danville, Calif. Box 345.

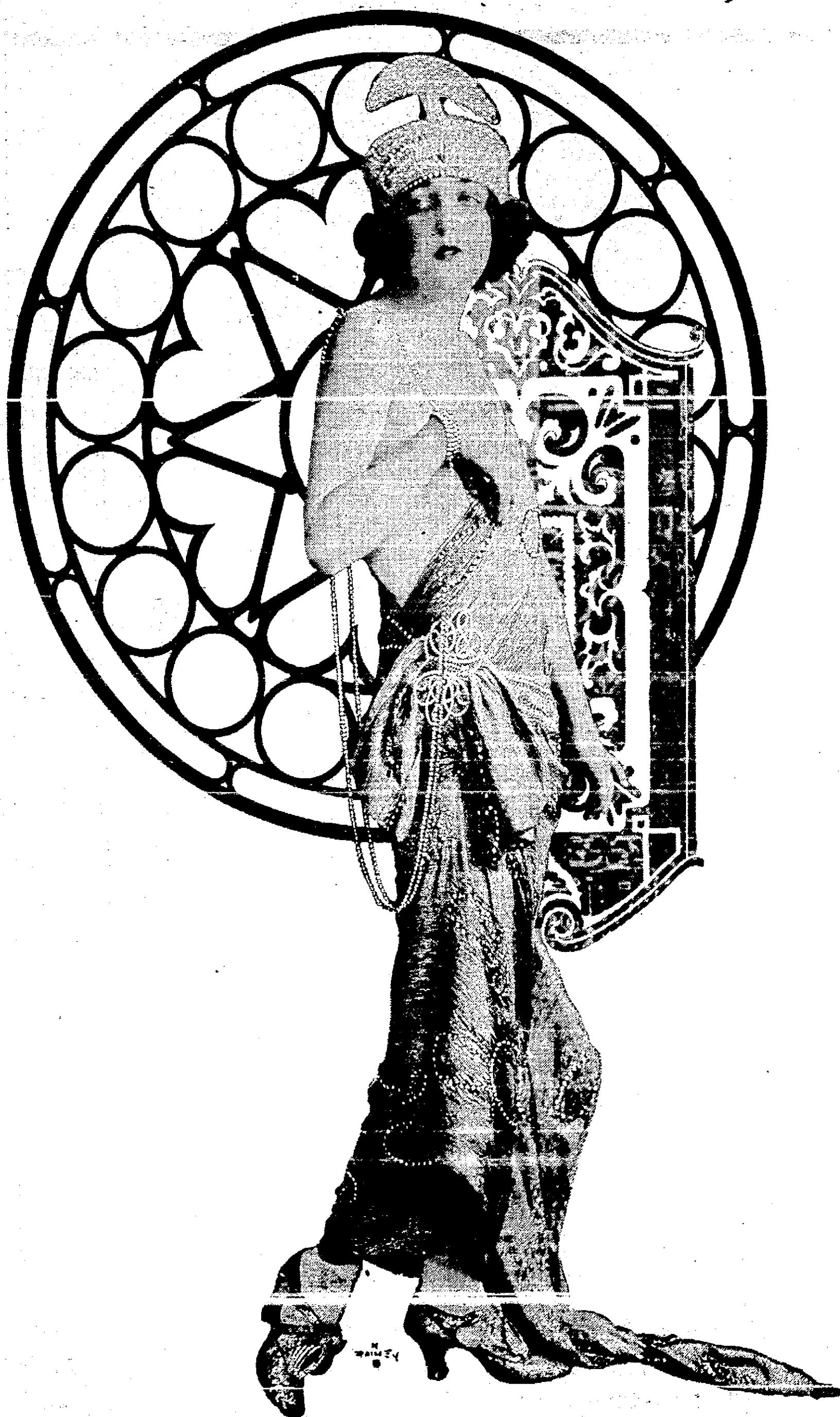
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REPAIR and sales shop, good partner
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RESTAURANT, cheap, sell 500
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SCHOOL STORE, 3 R.M. Apt.
On very busy street near large
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rent. 2000. Good supplies, neighbors
good. nice fixtures, 3 lovely
rooms and bath, completely furnished.
Rent \$20.00. Mr. Nease: 745
S. 10th St. 10 to find out more. SPANISH
Cafe, Room 267, 1416 Broadway.
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room, excellent. Callaway, 1416
Broadway. Phone 1000.
rent \$20.00. 3 living rooms,
bath, 1007 Broadway.
MOB Shine stand, rent \$30 month,
all equipment.
Call 1007 Broadway.
(Continued on Next Page)

OAKLAND TRIBUNE

SUNDAY MAGAZINE
SECTION

MARCH 18
1923



Selling A Beautiful Girl.

Omar Mott

Berkeley Court Unfolds Amazing Incident in Which Mother Used Her Daughter in Swindle

ANNA LEE ADAMS, swarthy queen of the California tribe of Adams Gypsies, never told a stranger fortune in all her twenty-five years of forecasting than the remarkable chain of events in her own life—a chain of events beginning in far-away China and coming to a climax in the courtroom of Police Judge Robert Edgar of Berkeley.

No more amazing series of events could have been predicted than the events subsequent to Anna Lee Adams' attempt at "hokkano baro" upon the credulity of Lim Sam, once a prosperous merchant prince of Hongkong, now the aged and broken fruit merchant in a little, dingy shop in Berkeley.

It was love of the excitement of the "hokkano baro" which brought about the downfall of this Gypsy queen and led her into the grip of the Berkeley police. Hokkano baro, in the idiom of the tribes of Rommany, is literally the "big trick," or fraud which, by Gypsy law and tradition, must be practised at every opportunity upon the unsuspecting and gullible "gorgios," people of races different from the blood of the Rommanies.

This fantastic tale, which graphically illustrates to the people of the Eastbay the workings of the Gypsy fraud games, is a story of a hokkano baro which went wrong, and cost its perpetrator years of sorrow and despair and threatened for a time to wreck her eminence among the Gypsies of California.

Anna Lee Adams is the wife of Prince Adams, only son of the late King John Adams, for whom a manuscrolum was erected by the Gypsies of California in Sacramento several years ago. By her marriage to Prince Adams, Anna Lee became queen of the Adams tribe of Gypsies pending the election of a successor to the late King John, and as queen she wields a vast power in the affairs of the Rommanies of this State. It required all the prestige of a queen, however, to offset the guilt of one big mistake in hokkano baro in far-away China.

But to go back and tell the story which amazed Berkeley police and Judge Edgar and which caused consternation and loss to Lim Sam, erstwhile merchant prince of Hongkong.

It should be known that no desert is too dreary, no land too broad or beset with dangers and difficulty, no ocean too wide to halt the tribes of Rommany in their migrations.

Fifteen years ago Anna Lee and her tribe left California to try their fortunes and work their arts of deceit and fraud in China, where they had been told lived a race of yellow men susceptible to the blandishments of fair fortune-tellers. In time Anna Lee and her tribe arrived in China and soon made their way into Hongkong. Anna Lee had a daughter, Mary, a pretty Rommany maiden of 14 years, whose olive skin, raven hair, sparkling eyes and lithe grace made her the belle of the tribe and the magnet for the eyes of many gorgios, or white men.

Anna Lee had guarded her daughter zealously from suitors of the tribe, and was convinced that her daughter was trained well enough in the Gypsy code of morals and traditions that she would guard her "bacha," or personal chastity, from any gorgio. In this belief, Anna Lee prepared for hokkano baro.

One day Anna Lee encountered Lim Sam, a fat, prosperous merchant, whose advancing years had not bereft him of appreciation for the eyes and the fine figure of a young maidenhood.

"Here," thought the wily Anna Lee, "is a fine, fat gorgio with a purse as fat as his own big stomach. He is a fat gorgio and good plucking."

She led her daughter into the bazaar of Lim Sam. She wished to tell the Chinese merchant's fortune, she told him, but all the while she was holding his pudgy hand and reciting the events of happiness in store for him, she kept her pretty daughter before his eyes.

In China, as it is well known, a girl is not held in great esteem or value and it is a custom to sell them occasionally. To Lim Sam it was in line with custom to offer to buy the Gypsy girl.

"He's ready for plucking now," said Anna Lee. "I'll bleed



him well, and Mary can escape after he has paid his money."

There was much haggling over the price—a custom of the Orient as well as among Gypsies—before Anna Lee was satisfied with the offer of 6000 yen, and pocketed 2000 yen as the first payment for the girl. Anna Lee left Lim Sam's bazaar with 2000 good yen, certain that before nightfall Mary would escape and rejoin the tribe.

However, Anna Lee, skillful fortune-teller as she was, could not foresee the trick which fate was to pay her in return for her years of fraud and deceit. The police of Hongkong, enraged because of the pilfering activities of the strange tribe, drove the Gypsies from the city and forced them to flee for protection in Peking. Mary, the pawn in the hokkano baro, was left behind to the mercy of Lim Sam, her buyer.

Lim Sam was wise in the way of women; he had experience with several other wives and he guarded his Gypsy bride with such care that no opportunity was given her to escape.

It was just at this point that the reign broke out. The Gypsies were forced to board a ship for America. Lim Sam fared no better; his wealth was confiscated and he was forced to flee also. With his Gypsy wife he made his way to California and settled in Berkeley, where years before he had lived as a youth and had gained his first start to wealth.

Anna Lee never forgave herself for the failure of her big trick on the Chinese merchant. From this country Anna Lee sent letters to Gypsies in China to find her daughter, and finally she received word that Lim Sam and his Gypsy wife had fled to America. Then began a country-wide search for a Chinese merchant with a Gypsy wife. All tribes of Gypsies joined in the search. The search came to an end in

Berkeley in dramatic fashion.

Recently Anna Lee, now the wife of Prince Adams, came to Berkeley with her tribe. The women of the tribe scattered to the stores of the city to tell fortunes to the gullible and to steal whatever they could put hands to. It was a peculiar trick of fate that led Anna Lee into the store of Lim Sam, now a fruit stand merchant of Berkeley. The woman, trained Gypsywise to remember faces, recognized the Chinese immediately, but he failed to recognize the woman who had sold him her daughter fifteen years before.

Anna Lee summoned all her wiles and cunning to her aid. The hokkano baro yet could be saved from utter failure! She offered to tell his fortune, and as he had done before, he did again. He complied. He crossed the Gypsy's palm with a \$20 bill and presto!—it disappeared, but straightaway Lim Sam forgot to protest in his amazement at the truth of the story the Gypsy was telling him. She recalled to him a day in Hongkong when he had bought a Gypsy girl and had failed to pay the full price.

Let drop the fact that the girl he had purchased was in his house a block away from the store, at Grove street and Dwight way, Berkeley.

Before the Gypsy left the store a handkerchief containing several dollars had been plucked from his pocket and the contents of his cash drawer had been juggled greatly to his loss. Before he could recover from his astonishment the Gypsy had disappeared.

Anna Lee hurried to the Chinese residence and found her daughter. No time was lost in a sentimental reunion; Anna Lee knew the police would be on her trail. Hardly had the mother and daughter rejoined the tribe and begun preparations for the caravan to leave Berkeley when Police

Fate Tricks Woman by Putting Girl Into Hands of Chinese Victim of Her Theft Conspiracy

man H. P. Lee arrived to arrest the woman on a charge of fortune telling and of defrauding the Chinese of \$20.

Anna Lee told the strange story in court before Judge Edgar. She charged that Lim Sam owed her 4000 yen, and the Oriental counter charged that she had robbed him.

Expressing his amazement, but his inability to take action in regard to the daughter, Judge Edgar fined the woman \$250, which was promptly paid by Prince Adams, who sold one of his automobiles to do so, and forced her to make restitution of the money she had stolen from Lim Sam.

Mary, the wife of the Chinese, was spirited from the county by Gypsies before the trial. Lim Sam was satisfied with the return of his money, for he is no longer so wealthy and no longer has an appreciation of olive skin, raven hair and sparkling eyes. And he did not wish to pay the balance of 4000 yen.

Which brought a satisfactory climax to the remarkable series of events.

In practicing the hokkano baro, or big trick upon Lim Sam, Anna Lee was keeping within the traditions of the Rommanies. Gypsy women are always alert to practice fraud, for they seek their livelihood by methods more or less deceitful.

La Baki, or fortune-telling, known also as "penaw dukkerin," the most common way of extracting money from their dupes, is of all the methods practiced by the Gypsy women the readiest and easiest.

Gypsy women are clever enough in the accomplishment of this, and in most cases afford perfect satisfaction to their dupes. Their practice lies among women chiefly. To young girls they promise sweethearts and husbands, handsome invariably and sometimes rich; to wives children, and perhaps another husband, for their eyes are so penetrating that they seem to develop occasionally one's secret thoughts and wishes; to the old, riches—and nothing but riches, for they have sufficient knowledge of the human heart and the psychology of the ages to be aware that avarice is the last passion to become extinct.

It is the boast of the Gypsy fortune-tellers that the best houses are open to them; and perhaps in the space of one hour they will tell the fortune of the wife of the wealthiest man in the city and to half a dozen of the washerwomen of the poorer section of the city. Though some of the Gypsy women contrive to live by fortune telling alone, the majority of them merely make use of it as an instrument toward the accomplishment of greater and more remunerative things. The immediate gains are scanty; a few dimes and quarters being the most which they receive from their customers. The Baki is an excellent passport into houses, and when they spy a convenient opportunity, they seldom fail to avail themselves of it, as Mrs. Rosa Vaid, of 652 Redwood street, San Francisco, discovered to her sorrow.

Falling a victim to the pretended occult influences of a Gypsy woman, Mrs. Vaid was defrauded of a diamond wedding ring upon which she placed a value of more than \$200, according to her report to the San Francisco police. Mrs. Vaid said that she and her husband, recently arrived from England, knew nothing of the evil reputation of the Gypsies here. During the absence of her husband from home, she said, a Gypsy woman called and insisted upon telling

Among other things, Mrs. Vaid said, the Gypsy woman told her that her two-year-old baby would die within a few days.

The statement was so shocking, Mrs. Vaid said, that she became hysterical. The fortune-teller then explained that the death of the child could be avoided if the mother would produce some valuable article to be blessed and to be used as a charm.

The unsuspecting and thoroughly frightened woman handed the Gypsy woman her wedding ring and the latter left the house, promising to return later with the charm fulfilled. When she failed to reappear and when the child failed to die, Mrs. Vaid came to the conclusion she had been duped.

OAKLAND TRIBUNE MAGAZINE AND FICTION SECTION

Sunday, March 18, 1923

\$10,000 For Savant's Cigarettes by Richard Andrews

Students Give \$10,000 to Professor With Proviso He Must Spend It on Cigarettes Alone

STUDENTS and former students of Professor James Perrin Smith of the Stanford University geology department "threw a party" for him recently. The boys gathered in the courtyard on the Stanford Quad with an old-fashioned "bonfire" in the center. The party was nominally to celebrate Professor Smith's retirement as a college head of the department of geology and to congratulate him for his new opportunity to return to study and leisure.

Nominally, it was for that purpose. But the boys exhibited a different spirit once the meeting gathered together. They seemed more carefree than usual, more ready for an evening of fun. It was more like an evening of long ago, when "J. P." as this world-famous man has come to be known to his boys, entertained his students at camp-fires on the Stanford campus.

The teacher and friend to young men was called upon during the festivities to stand, and take part in some fun of the evening. Instead of having to answer some foolish toast, much to his surprise, he was presented then and there with a check for \$10,000, the gift of his former and present students, with no proviso attached, other than that he must spend it on cigarettes—\$500,000 of them, enough to do a good many men during their lifetimes.

This memorial to the famous man came as a result of long sacrifice and devotion by him to the boys of the geology department. To the outside world, through the columns of "Who's Who" and the press, "J. P." is known as Professor James P. Smith, professor and world's authority on ammonites. He has attained eminence in his chosen profession since coming to Stanford as one of the first professors after the founding of the institution by devotion to his work. But with the success and fame, he seems to have grown closer to his students, to retain his eternal jovial and boyish spirit which has drawn him so close to the students.

The reason for this unusual gift was explained, in part, by some of the "old-timers" who gathered about the fire that night—Professor Theodore J. Hoover of Stanford, Professor R. S. Holway, University of California; J. P. McLaughlin and E. B. Kimball, geologists of San Francisco, A. M. Strong and Ralph Arnold, consulting geologists at Los Angeles—when they expressed a wish that "J. P." should have plenty of years to study and smoke, and smoke and study.

Prof. Cyrus F. Tolman, Jr., professor of economic geology, was master of ceremonies during the evening. He engineered the presentation of the gift to "J. P." He eulogized the work and life of the eminent savant, paying particular tribute to him "as a man."

"Dr. Smith," said Prof. Tolman, "is recognized as the greatest authority on ammonites, not only in the United States, but in the world; he is a great teacher, as shown especially by the en-



J. P. rolls his own—always has, with one hand. Here he is conversing with a student on the campus at Stanford, with the inevitable smoke in hand. J. P. won't have to roll 'em any more, for the fortune given him by the students will buy him pills until he is 100 years old, and then some.

thusiasm created among his old students. But of all he is a great man. Dr. Smith's laboratory office is technically on the second floor of the geology building, but his best teaching is done on the road opposite the building where college tradition compels the geology and mining men to smoke and discuss affairs of the world with "J. P."

all his students during his thirty years at Stanford, and on one occasion, he even picked a wife for one boy who didn't know which of two girls he loved better. Now he spends the larger part of his time to more serious pursuits than finding wives; he is engaged chiefly in research.

"J. P." undoubtedly has become world-famous, as famous in his one line as Herbert Hoover, who was once his student, is in several. He has one trait never before discussed in print, however, which

has made him more than famous at Stanford. He is an authority on double-wrapped cigarettes.

Years ago, so tradition has it, "J. P." acquired the habit of rolling his own. "Tailor-made" were not consumed in such quantities then as now. One day, while talking with a student outside his laboratory, he placed a bag between his lips. It had been a long time, however, and flakes of tobacco slipped into his mouth. He made a wry face, it is related, threw his "smoke" to the ground, and "rolled" another. Thereupon he extracted two cigarette papers from his pocket and with one rolled a fresh cigarette. That done, he took the second paper and carefully rolled it around the end of the other, and placed the mouth-piece between his lips, and has thus smoked ever since in comfort. Always, he constructs his double cigarettes so, and it has been the subject of frequent comment and admiration,

Gift Will Buy Five Million Smokes, Enough to Last Many Men Entire Lifetime of Puffing

for he does the entire job with one hand.

Professor Smith, the object of perhaps the most generous gift ever bequeathed a teacher by his students, has led an interesting life since a more-or-less uninteresting boyhood. He was born at Cokesburg, South Carolina, on June 27, 1861. He was the son of a minister, Rev. James Daniel Smith. His family moved to Spartanburg for better educational facilities, and there Smith's education commenced. His early training, under his brother, consisted of thorough drills in Latin, Greek and German. He had to be letter-perfect.

Young Smith graduated from Wofford College, South Carolina, in 1881, and then took his master's degree at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. While there he played with the Vanderbilt baseball team during the springs of 1883 and 1884, winning for them in both seasons. The Nashville Southern League club was hard pressed in the spring of 1884, so Professor Smith relates the story, and he was called upon to pitch for them. Nashville had won nine games, but needed the tenth to win the pennant. He consented to chance nine innings on the mound, under an assumed name, and he won the game—and the story is talked about in Nashville to this day. He has never played baseball since, he had taken time in college for it, but dropped it then for the more serious purposes of life.

Professor Smith joined the Arkansas Geological Survey after graduating from Vanderbilt. For two years he worked under Dr. John Casper Branner, later president of Stanford. He acted as postmaster, doctor and minister for the natives of that country during those years, but never once was a "revenooer." Whenever he saw the smoke from a still curling above the trees, he would approach on the crest of a hill, careful that he was seen. Fortunately he spoke with a decided Southern accent, which fascinated him in his work.

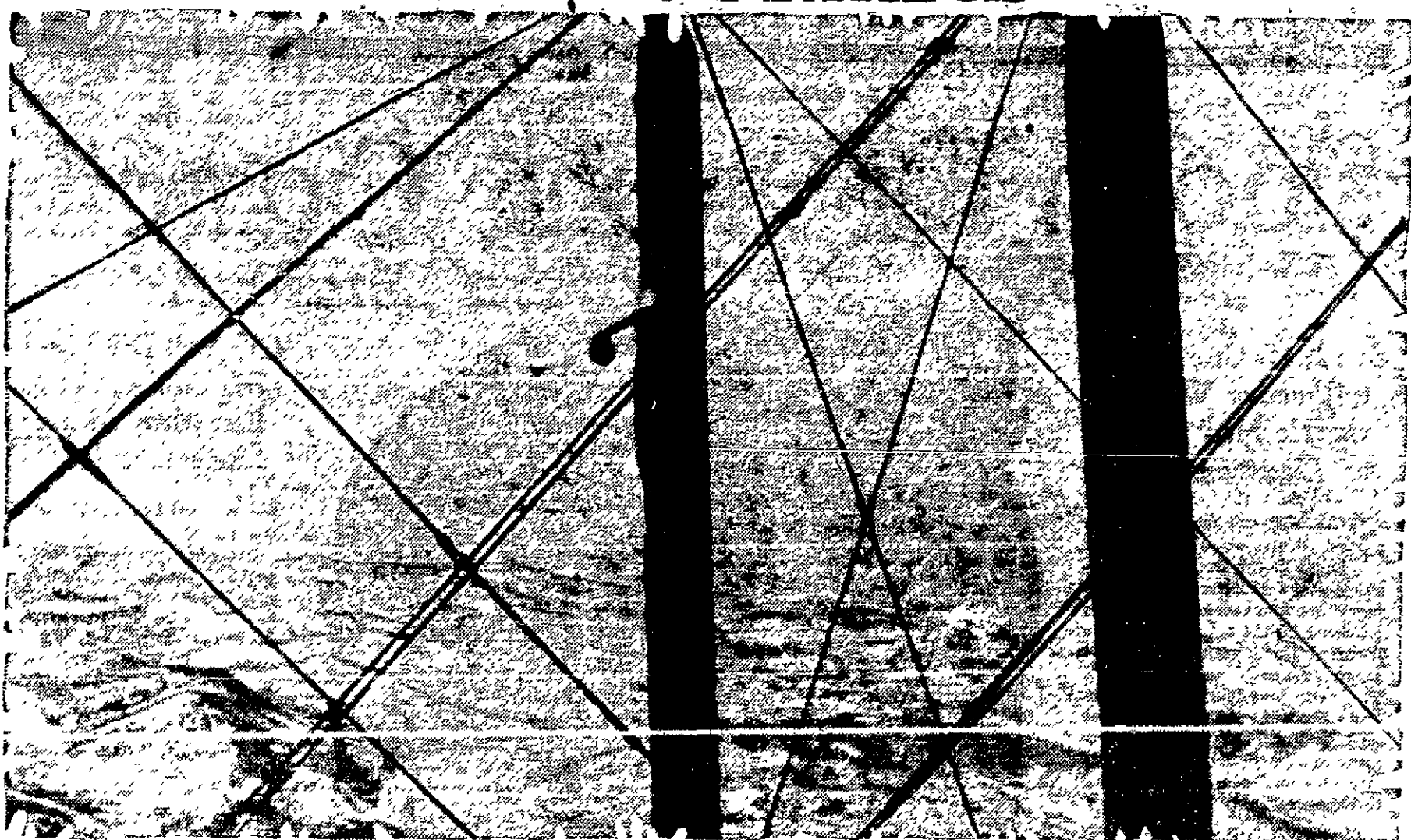
Later Professor Smith went to Germany to study for his doctor's degree and was graduated from the University of Göttingen in 1882 after giving every moment of his spare time to a study of the fossil record of the ammonites, would present the best history of life development available to a paleontologist.

On coming back to the United States he came to Stanford University, where Dr. Branner had, in the meantime, become another of the "old guard." Since then he has taught historical geology, conchology, paleontology and

Now that he has twenty years to study ammonites, "J. P." is the world's authority. He is a great teacher. This is shown by the love his old students bear for him. The list of great people he has taught—containing Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Theodore Hoover, Frank M. Alexander, Ralph Arnold, Luther Rahney, Carl Beal and David M. Folsom—fills a goodly sized book. But he continues to do business at the old stand, content with the quiet life of study instead of the riches that have been offered him. And at Stanford he'll be until he retires to a still more quiet existence.

Settin' 'er Down On the Hump

by Jack Bell



For the First Time Air Mail Plane Cannot Go Over Peaks in Face of Blizzard; Forced Down

FEBRUARY 26, 1923, is a date on the log book page at the Reno and San Francisco United States Air Mail fields that is embossed in red ink with marginal notes setting forth the records of duty done under stress and under weather conditions that vie with those surmounted recently by Pilots Winslow and Vance.

For the first time in history a landing has been made on the Sierra "Hump" itself.

February 24 was a beautiful, bright, warm day down upon the terrain. Pilot Clare K. Vance took on the San Francisco field at 2:20 p. m. for his run over the Hump to Reno to meet the fast Overland Limited mail train, the first day's saving of the Air Mail for Nevada, Utah and the West.

He was serviced carefully with gas. His load of mail weighed 300 pounds. There had been a new motor installed, and the ship went away into the "upstairs" in perfect resounding rhythm, of the incomparable Liberty.

The dreaded Hump, that passageway in the Sierras at an altitude of 10,000 feet, where all the ships of the Air Mail make their crossing between California, is a dangerous place for the fliers when there is any unusual disturbance in atmospheric conditions. With a heavy snow there is one chance in a thousand that the pilot can land his ship, crack up or crash or get away with his life.

In the very lap of the Hump are numerous snow lakes. Their outlets are dammed artificially to hold the water supply for California points. There are 18 such lakes scattered in a radius of 50 miles over and among the nipples of the saddle where the mail ships make their crossing.

The usual altitude down to make this passage safe in all kinds of weather is 12,000 feet, but ordinarily this time of year the pilots take more altitude and many times keep their birds up to 16,000 feet. This is a feat in itself and shows the power and construction of the Air Mail planes.

For the first time in the history of the Air Mail a ship was landed in the bosom of the thousand and

and has been in service for almost three years and this is the first time that a pilot and his ship have been forced to make the attempt to "set 'er down" in this area that looks from the air like some hungry beast awaiting a victim.

When the scene below is viewed from the air there is a terror indescribable that assails the senses and makes the passenger draw down into the cockpit. One is torn between the dangers and the beauty of the pictures along the top of the ranges, including the magnificent body of water, Lake Tahoe, encompassed by high, jagged mountains and peaks and timber-covered slopes.

Savage and as terrible as a moun-

Remarkable photo of the "Hump," crossing point for Air Mail on the Sierra, photographed from Air Mail plane just as it was over the summit.

tain cloudburst came the first blasts of the cyclonic gales that rocked Ship 164 as Pilot Vance left the Marina field and headed up into altitude for his run to Reno.

He tried the different altitudes. He went slap into a 30-mile head wind as he drove the ship toward Sacramento. When he reached Sacramento he was at 13,000 feet and against a 60-mile wind.

On he struggled, the new motor whanging its song in defiance. The time was one hour from take-off at Marina—just double time for the run in ordinary flying weather.

Still Vance, taking advantage of the different altitudes, thought he would make the Hump in some one of the levels where the hurricane had abated somewhat.

Over Placerville at 13,000 feet he met the full force of the wind-swept spaces. Ninety miles it registered. His speed against the wind tide dwindled down to 20 miles an hour.

He knew that his new motor was consuming nearly thirty gallons of gas an hour. The minutes were climbing up into tens, twenties and into half hours, and that's true consumption in the flying manual. He would stand still for a minute or two and then when there was a lull of a let-up the motor would bang away at maximum and the propeller would whirl in a halo at nearly 1600 revolutions a minute.

He reached Colfax, that pocket hellhole that is always rough sailing, even in fair weather. His speed was reduced to 15 miles an hour. The motor labored, the propeller bit into the oncoming gale. The wires howled in frenzied accompaniment to the screeching, whistling forces of the rushing winds—winds that seemed to be preparing their victim for the sacrifice to their gods, the elements.

Now he had almost reached the Hump, up there where the American river and the hundred and one little streams that go to make the great river have their birth and start westward. He was just on the slopes of the mountains and the piled terrain, with masked death down there underneath.

His altitude was 13,000. In the space of time that it takes to look from one instrument to another an overhead down current crashed against the top of the ship and it was pressed down to 9000 in split seconds.

When the pilot made a sudden check his altimeter showed that he was rising with the same terrific velocity that smacked him down. And still his speed was only between 15 and 20 miles an hour.

Three times this never-before-heard-of rise and fall obtained, during all this time the winds, coming broadside in angry impact, threatened to break the fuselage in two, now one side, now another. And at the same time the typhoon hammered on the ship's nose.

At last he gained a point over the Hump. The day was bright and beautiful. Reno could be seen in the far distance. All the thousands of the earth's beauties unfolded before him. He was over the great snow fields, in another world from

that of the green of the fields in far perspective. Over a white world he almost hung stationary, his gaze noting the far northern icebergs and their towering, scintillating prismatic beauty. All this Vance saw as he struggled for life.

Then with an additional splurge the wind backed him down and back westward from the Hump.

His extraordinary initiative, his natural superlative knowledge of the feel of the ship and his courage took him again over the Hump.

Now he had fought for three long hours, a lifetime of danger, with death lurking for any false move he might make. He was over the Hump at 5:40 p. m. The stunning, racking fact was borne back to him that the gas supply was just about exhausted. Sputter, sputter, and with a cough the motor went dead.

The gas supply had been used to the last drop.

Then the game little pilot turned in the "gravity"—the fifteen-minute reserve that is carried on the ships.

Ahead was death in the dark spots and little black spines that protruded from out the glare of the ice fields. Over to his left was, as he had remembered, a small natural snow lake that had been dammed artificially as a water reserve. He nosed the silvered beauty for that spot as near as he could make out the circle that denoted the little pond.

He was not positive. It was just the intuition of the airman. Then he noted the little telegraph office that he had marked from the air many times as a point to be remembered in event he was lucky enough to make the ground in emergency.

Down like a bird that had folded its wings he came with momentum as swift as light. Leveling off, he touched the ice field that covered the little pond.

The great ship remained level. Then he "set 'er down" and along upon the crust of ice that covered the 14 feet of snow the big ship glided. Then a soft spot turned it to one side. The intrepid flying man was still at the controls, watching, waiting, hoping. The plane began to settle. He thought that he had laid her down fair. But just as she was about to stop one of the wheels struck a soft spot and then the other landing wheel did the same and up went the tail of the ship until it stood almost vertical, and propeller and nose buried down in the snow through the heavy crust.

Vance alighted just 300 yards from the little telegraph station where two young women were stationed. He dragged his mail to the flag stop. Then he went back to his ship and looked it over, expecting, of course, that there would be a damage that would mean that his pride bird would have to be all overhauled. He dug about the propeller and went all over the plane.

There was not a thing found to have been damaged, showing that his master hand at negotiating his ship had saved it from destruction. There was not even a scratch upon the beautiful bird.

He knew that his motor would

How Pilot Vance Faced Queer, Unheard-of Air Currents that Almost Tore His Ship Asunder

be useless, of course. There was no way to save that. It would be frozen up long before the Motor Macks would reach it and dismantle and ship it to its home hangar at San Francisco.

"It was the very worst experience I have ever had in the five years that I have been flying," said Pilot Vance when he arrived at Soda Springs at 9:30 in the evening. "I have come near the final washout once before. I have had many a struggle with the winds, with stalled motors, with other accidents to the ships I have flown. But never before was I called upon to such exertion, to such steady application to every control as I was on this trip. It was, indeed, the peak of every fight I have had to save my life."

Vance was a tired, worn-looking young chap when he alighted from the Overland Limited. His face was still drawn and showed gray under the tan of the winds and weather. His movements were indicative of a lassitude of terrible strain. But Vance told his story:

"On February 2, 1923, Harry W. Huking came into the office at Frisco field. He was telling Superintendent LaFollette that he had had a strange experience with the winds between Colfax and the Hump. When he had finished his story I was rather skeptical. He said that he was driving into the gale head-on at 13,000 feet, when suddenly his ship was dropped to 9000 in time that could not be reckoned. He went on to tell that he was carried up again almost instantly to the level he had left. Again and again he was pushed down and then slammed up with a speed that was almost breathless. This was new to us all. None of us had even been through anything like this. Then at the same time the winds came at him cross-wise and with such force that he imagined the smashing of the winds against the fuselage would press it into smithereens. At the same time the gale was crashing and moaning against the nose of the ship. The wind came with untold velocity from three different directions and apparently with the same awful

"This was the day that Huking was in the air for three hours and seven minutes fighting the hurricanes. Well, I had almost forgotten that. But, Lordy, how it was brought home to me when I had this same uncanny experience and in the identical place.

"I felt the Frisco (Marina) field at 2:20 p. m. I had a new motor—a smooth-running, wonderful engine. I was supplied with plenty of gas, 100 gallons. Everything was just fine, and Boggs, who had tested out the new motor, said it was a beauty. I took right up into the altitudes from the field, I leveled her off at 11,000 and struck a fine lot of wind from the east. I paid

(Continued on Next Page)

The "Souped" Orang-outang

Katherine Wheeler

Frank H. Buck Tells of
Capture of Big Simian;
Pink Elephants Among
Freaks Encountered

PROHIBITION has not yet extended its long arm to Borneo, and even the ferocious orang-outangs have sometimes sipped native gin and water, according to Frank H. Buck, who has traveled far to bring man-eating tigers, pythons and the largest king cobra in America to the zoo here. He passed through Oakland the other day on his way to India to bring back snow leopards, Indian rhinoceros, three or four hundred birds, including the gorgeous birds of paradise, and three or four young orang-outangs from the Malay countries.

The larger orang-outangs are far more desirable than the younger ones, but they are so ferocious that it is almost impossible to catch them. The full-grown beast weighs from 250 to 300 pounds and is a dangerous animal to meet in the jungle—Tarzan to the contrary. The natives fear the sharpness of their long teeth and their long muscular arms.

So, Buck was surprised on a recent trip to find the natives had a full-grown orang-outang for him, snugly packed in a long box. The native boys explained gravely that they had trapped him in a new way. They had found his favorite tree, where he made a kind of platform of boughs and leaves to sleep upon, and at the foot of this tree they put a large tub half full of water and half full of native gin.

It was the dry season, and water was difficult to find, but the great ape did not drink the gin the first day. He sniffed it suspiciously, and tasted it, making a wry face and backing away. Then he hunted through the jungle for water, but there was none. The next day he sniffed and passed by, but at the end of four or five days his Sahara thirst proved too much for him and he started lapping up the drink.

As he felt the fiery liquor slide down his parched throat, new life surged through him. He felt capable of tremendous deeds that would make even the monkeys stop chattering in awe. He danced a little on his great ungainly feet, then he took another drink. The natives found him sprawled on the ground, dead to the world. They lifted his great body and rolled it into the box without even disturbing his dreams. And so he came eventually to make his bow before the public in an American circus.

Much has been written about the power of the human eye. It is sometimes considered the deadliest weapon in the world. A man who can outstare a lion is said to be safe from an attack from him. Buck has spent many years in close association with tigers and boa constrictors whose very names make the blood run cold. When asked what he thought of the power of the human eye, he said: "There's nothing to it. You might as well attempt to control a wild woman as a man-eating tiger with only your gaze."

However, he believes in the efficacy of a strong rope for tigers of course. He proved his theory by lassoing a tiger, rampant on a ship on the high seas, when the waves had set him free from his cage.

A "white elephant" has come to be something of a joke, and Buck states that there is no such animal. But he has seen pink ones. These elephants are very rare and perhaps for this reason are considered sacred in Siam and in Cambodia, French Indo-China.

It is only once in ten or fifteen years that natives hunting through the green twilight of the great jungles see one of these pale, Albino elephants flitting like a ghost through the tangled vines and trees. Then they gather their wisest men and hunt the pink elephant till finally, after many days, they capture him and escort him down triumphantly to the king's palace.

Here he lives a life of eastern magnificence and is treated to give him in the height of condition. He lives a royal though cloistered existence, seeing little of the world around him except on state occasions, when he marches in the parade in all his gorgeous panoply. Even his feet are manured and his hide is as highly polished as ivory. Not even the king rides him. He is covered with silken robes woven of silver and gold threads and embroidered with jewels that would make a modern crook's mouth water, for they are no ordinary gems.

These jewels date back for centuries into the dim and distant time of Jenghis Khan. Rubies and emeralds and sapphires flash from his robes like precious stones



Frank H. Buck, wild animal trapper, as he appeared on ship-board leaving San Francisco for the Orient on game quest recently.

straight from the Arabian Nights. Each stone has a history behind it that would make that story of "The Moonstones" pale as that very stone compared with a great pigeon's blood ruby. Joy, beauty, secret love, murders and sudden death have touched those gems that sparkle so gaily from the elephant's robe. It is only through the graciousness of the king that foreign notables are allowed to see this magnificent sight. There is no fear of robbery, for the jewels are at all times guarded by a hundred

are mysterious. On this particular trip Buck is planning to return with two or three pairs of live birds of paradise from New Guinea. These birds are only "ornamental crows," according to Buck, but they wouldn't speak to their plain feathered country cousins should they meet them.

It is very difficult to catch the full grown birds of paradise. The best method is to take a red berry, of which they are fond, and put it on a small twig like a toothpick on a tree without leaves. Then when the vivid bird alights to peck the dainty titbit, a noose tightens about her slender leg. This method proves precarious, however, as they

are shipped with thirty or forty birds packed in one cage and they are apt to beat each other to death. It is better to catch them as fledglings. They are not the only birds to dote on this red berry, for all soft billed birds like it.

Snow leopards are little known in America. Instead of the usual orange background for the black spots they are as white as the snows of their native Himalayas. They have thick long hair like a fox's fur. These snow leopards are uncommonly wise animals. They will not fall into the usual traps set for wild game. Their dug for them are dug in vain. They will perhaps sniff warily the edges of these traps, but they will never venture close.

To catch them for zoos it is necessary for the Hindus to find the cubs in some cave or rock crevice and bring them up personally until they are sent to the big zoos over the water. As cubs they make delightful pets, but as they grow older their hunting instinct is aroused and they dream of the vast stretches of their homeland, the highest mountains in the world. Two or three pairs of these shy creatures are to be brought to America this spring, and two Indian rhinoceros.

The usual rhinoceros, familiar to every small boy who steals under the canvas to see a circus, come from Africa and weight only about two and a half tons, while the Indian variety are great monsters weighing from five to six tons. Buck will go to Nepal, India, to find them. It is a wild town in the jungle with no telegraph connection with the outside world. For one hundred and ten miles these great rhinoceros must be dragged in bullock carts to the railroad and then shipped to Calcutta.

Two or three pythons, eighteen to twenty-five feet long, will be among the spring shipment. These monster snakes are captured when they are dormant after shedding their brilliant skins or after a hearty meal of a plump pig, perhaps. Then there will be two young elephants, seven or eight years old and only five to seven feet tall, weighing about a ton apiece. Three or four sprightly young orang-outangs will also enliven the voyage with their presence.

But the three or four hundred feathered creatures must not be forgotten. They will include the great pied hornbill, and many varieties of cranes and storks. The hornbill is about the size of an

his body. He is black and white in coloring and has an odd way of nesting. The mating birds build their nest together, in the hollow trunk of a tree. It is lined with leaves and when everything is shipshape the male brings mud and plasters the nest over one to two inches thick, only allowing his mate's great bill to protrude through the mud. Here she remains during the sixty days of seclusion, her mate dropping her food into her expectant bill. This is done to protect her from the many beasts who sink past her nest looking for supper. Only one egg is laid and the only fledgling is protected as are other only children. Buck has broken

Leopards as White as
Snow Found in Hima-
layas; Make Delight-
ful Pets When Young

through the muddy wall and taken one of these fluffy fledglings out into the light of day.

Upon his return from this expedition, with his Noah-like collection of wild animals, Buck will be the director of the San Diego zoo in Balboa Park, San Diego. Although this zoo is comparatively small the plans now being made for its expansion will mean much to the coast.

Landing on the Hump

(Continued from Preceding Page)

no attention to the 30-mile wind. I held the ship there.

"When I was over Sacramento the windage increased. It arose up to 60 miles an hour. I then tried the different altitudes up to 14,000 feet. The same condition was through it all. I came down again to 13,000 and headed for the Hump. The day was perfectly beautiful. The air was clear as crystal, and the visibility was above normal in every direction. I was able to see ranges and peaks that had never before come into the view from any elevation before.

"Over Colfax I received the first warning of what might be expected. The wind increased until it reached better than 90 miles an hour. It was steady—steady as could be. All at once in that minute space of time not to be reckoned the ship ran into an extra heavy bump. Believe me, it jarred me and strained the bolts. Then another bump, but not quite so hard. Then down she went, a sheer drop, a few hundred feet, and stopped just like landing from the air kerplunk.

"Gee, but that was a hard bump. I then looked at the timer and saw that I had dropped from 13,000 down to 9000. While I was looking at the altimeter it began to rise and went up with a flash back to 13,000 feet. I was struck on one side by a blast that made me think that she would capsize, although the hurricane was hitting me square on the nose. My speed was reduced to about 20 miles an hour.

"Three times I experienced the feeling of going down like a plummet and then rising with the same incalculable speed, and always within 13,000 and 9000. It was then that the unheard-of battle that Pilot Hiking had come to my mind. He was right. Never before had such a thing occurred that there is any record of, here in this country or anywhere else.

"What was the cause? The only reason we can give is that the gales had generated far, far away to north and south and from the east, and that the north and south blasts converged in the holes coming through the thousands of miles of valleys that merge in that pot hole between Colfax and the Hump.

"Below were the snow-covered rocks, trees and canyons. It is very difficult to pick out the little snow pounds and lakes when all is covered with a foot ice crust. Everything looks about the same in the great sweeps of glistening snow-packed country. I had to make a landing. Just as she was gliding and with tremendous speed I noted the little shack where Soda Springs is situated along the snow sheds.

"I made a fine landing, but fear was in my heart that I would soon crash against some obstacle. Then one wheel of the landing gear dropped through the snow crust, then the other. The propeller disappeared, and the 164 raised her tail and stood absolutely vertical. I almost bumped my face against the windshield.

"The two young women at the telegraph station, Soda Springs, were outside waving their hands. That was the most cheerful sight that has greeted me in all my life—human habitation and real humans in that world of sparkling white fields under the hurricane."

at Reno field, met Vance at the depot on arrival of the Overland Limited that carried him and his mail. In a few terse sentences Vance outlined the position of the ship and where it could be dismantled for shipment.

Caldwell was acting manager of the field in the absence of Major Tomlinson. Caldwell called Motor Macks Johnson, Bogard and Case. They went to the field to assemble their kits and equip themselves with snowshoes. They took the westbound Overland Limited at 4:20 a. m. and went to Soda Springs and, dismantling the ship, had it ready to ship to its home hangar at Ft. Price the next day.

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The Airacle Quake of Kansu

by Grace Allen

Oakland Woman Brings News of the Killing of Mohammedans on Eve of Christian Massacre

BRINGING to Oakland first detailed news of the great earthquake of Kansu province, Tibet, which cost 100,000 lives, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moseley, the only Oaklanders in that far corner of the world, tell for the first time the amazing story of a miracle that will go down in song and story of the orient for many generations.

The miracle, if such it be, is a matter of pure fact, and while the Moseleys, who are Christian missionaries, do not vouch for the supernatural aspects of the happening as attributed by native Christians, they point to it as illustrating how the stories of miracles may have their inception, based on actual occurrences.

Mrs. Moseley, only white woman ever to invade that far district of the globe, told her story in Oakland a few days ago.

"At the time of the great earthquake," said Mrs. Moseley, "the Mohammedans were preparing a raid on the Christian natives with the savage intention of massacring them all. When the Christians learn, as they sometime do, of the intentions of the Mohammedans, they at times will drown themselves in wells or streams and will kill their own children and eat them rather than see them tortured and murdered by the cruel Mohammedans.

"On the night when the earth rumbled and the mountains walked a certain Mohammedan priest, Ma Shengren, with a number of his followers, entered a cave to pray to their heathen gods, preparatory to summoning the rest of the tribe for a holy war on the Christians. As they were kneeling with their heads bowed low in the cave the first shock came.

"Mr. Shengren and his three hundred followers were killed instantly in the cave. The doorkeeper was the only one to escape death.

"The land from the mountain side slid down and buried the cave deep in the ground. Up to this day their bodies have not been discovered by their Moslem comrades. The native Christians believe this catastrophe to be a message from heaven against their enemies, the Mohammedans.

"For many years the natives undoubtedly will tell the story of the wrath of the Christian God at the conspiracy to take their lives. Perhaps—who knows?—there may have been divine intercession. At any rate, even if the death of the plotters in that cave were purely a natural visitation, the minds of the native Christian will not accept it so. They will tell the story of the miracle of Kansu to their children and their children's children."

The great earthquake occurred December 16, 1920. One and a half years had passed before the news of the disaster reached the outside world. The first shock was felt between 9:30 and 10:30 at night, after the people had retired to their homes. This shock was tremendous, lasted from three to four minutes and was followed by smaller ones that lasted through the night until daybreak the next morning.

The earthquake covered from 100 to about 300 miles of land. This area included a few large cities and numerous small villages. At conservative estimates 100,000 of the natives were killed. Tibetans, Chinese and Mohammedans being the victims. The greater number of deaths were caused by falling cave dwellings, buildings and landslides.

The landslides were probably the cause of most of the deaths and destruction to the country. The loose earth slid down the moun-

and killing everyone living in them. In some of the villages one or two persons would escape death. Many months following the earthquake the bodies of people, cattle and horses were still lying in the streets, the people too busy re-establishing themselves to dispose of them.

After the shock the people had to rebuild temporary homes, flimsy of construction. Thousands perished that winter due to the severe weather. This brought the number of deaths up to almost 300,000.

Multitudes of people were left without homes; thousands of children were left orphans with no place to go and no one to take care of them. Left to shift for



Mrs. Moseley and two children

themselves the best they could, they were only able to keep themselves alive by begging from house to house, getting relief from actual starvation from those who were fortunate enough to have anything to eat. Many of the orphans were adopted by those whose children were killed. The girls were adopted so they could be sold. In this way some of the natives made money enough to live through the hard year that followed.

seven years and all of their married life on the border of Tibet. Mrs. Moseley is a former Oakland girl. An interesting fact is that their little daughter is able to speak only a few words of her parents' native language. She speaks the language of the natives of Tibet fluently. The Moseleys have had many strange experiences. They were living on the border of Tibet in Titao at the time of the earthquake. Titao was just on the outskirts of the earthquake zone and only the smaller shakes were felt there.

To reach Titao was very slow traveling. It took twenty-six days travel on mule from the nearest railroad.

There are no white people living

in this country except the missionaries. During the seven years the Moseleys lived in Tibet they saw only one white man, an English army officer.

An interesting account of native life in Tibet is given by Mr. and Mrs. Moseley, who among other things relate the story of the "fire beds" in which many natives were roasted alive. The natives go about very scantily clad. Their clothing consists as a rule of the skin of an animal tied with a girdle at the waist. The dress is not removed upon retiring at night, as they sleep with no covering over them. Their beds, called Kangs, are made of a layer of brick. Underneath this crude bed a fire is kept burning and in that way the people sleep in what they think is comfort. These beds were the cause of thousands being burned alive at the time of the earthquake. When the shock came it caused the beds to break and thus dropped the sleeper into the fire below.

Another terrible story of Tibet that the Moseleys bring to this country is the plague of the lungs. They were living in Tibet at the time of the plague. The stricken natives died in less than twenty-four hours. Streets of Titao were littered with people afflicted with the disease. They were dying so fast it was impossible to bury them all.

At the time of the plague food was scarce. The natives ate the diseased cattle to keep from starving and in this way contracted the disease. Mr. and Mrs. Moseley were fortunate enough to have four sheep, some chickens and other food sent them from the outside and it was all that saved them from starvation. Thousands of people died during this plague.

The natives of Tibet, the Tibetans, are not Chinese, but a distinct race. There are about 2,000,000 of them. They look somewhat like the American Indian, the high cheek bone being very prominent, the eyes small, the nose flat and the hair a coarse black.

people are friendly toward the missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Moseley were two years studying six hours a day before they had learned the language of Tibet.

Often times the missionaries are invited into the homes. The natives show their friendship toward one by an invitation to dine. This is not such a pleasant thing for the missionaries. Perhaps one will be offered a cup of tea with rancid butter floating on the top. This one is obliged to drink after the butter has been taken off. The dishes are never washed and neither are clothes.

The women of the country hold a low position. In addition to doing all the housework and the raising of the family, they do the

One Hundred Thousand Perish in Disaster in Tibet; Plague Adds to Horror Among Natives

men's work. It is not at all strange to see a woman ploughing in the field. When the father of a family is asked how many children there are in his home he will always tell the number of boys, but will never mention the girls, who are not counted.

When girls are born they are sold by their parents. When they reach the age of seven they are married to the man that bought them when they were babies. A girl is never allowed to choose her own husband.

The beautiful girl is not judged by her face, but by her feet, for the girl with the smallest feet is considered the best looking. Like the Chinese, the Tibetans' feet are bound when they are children. The girls take great pride in their small feet.

Many difficulties confronted Mr. and Mrs. Moseley. The lack of doctors was one of the great problems. The nearest doctor to Titao was two days travel on a slow going mule. When the people get sick or ailing they come at once to the missions and the missionaries give them all the care and treatment within their power. Mr. Moseley had two forceps for extracting teeth, and as the natives take no care of their teeth he has plenty occasion to use them. Not being an expert dentist, naturally his inexperience in extracting teeth caused his patients little pain. They never complained but were always grateful.

On one occasion a native came to Mr. Moseley with a broken leg. The man was suffering terrible pain, the bone was protruding out of the flesh. He could not have stood a two days' travel to the nearest doctor. Mr. Moseley was forced to do the best he could, with no instruments to work with,

geon. Taking a pocket knife he scraped the bone and dressed it the best he knew how. Two months later the wound had healed and the man was able to walk.

There was mourning among the Christians when the Moseleys left Tibet. On the morning they left Christians scattered along the road for a half a mile distant to bid Mr. and Mrs. Moseley good-bye. They were all weeping. The missionaries promised them that they would return.

In about a year the missionaries are going to return to Tibet, going farther into the interior, where no white man has ever been. This will be forty-six days travel from railroad and twenty days ride from the nearest hospital.



This is the second installment of Frederick O'Brien's latest South Seas book, publication of which began in last Sunday's Oakland Tribune.

(Continued from last Sunday)

The young Darwin's theory appealed even with these examples of resurgence. It was improbable that an elevatory force would uplift through an immense area great, rocky banks within twenty or thirty fathoms of the surface of the sea, and not a single point above that level. Where on the surface of the globe was a chain of mountains, even a few hundred miles in length, with their many summits rising within a few feet of a given level, and not one pinnacle above it? Yet that was the condition in these atolls, for the coral animal could not live more than thirty fathoms or so below the atmosphere, so that the basic foundations of the atolls, on which the mites laid their offerings and their bones, were fewer than two hundred feet under the surface. The polyp gnomes died from the pressure of water at greater depths. Just outside the reefs or between the atolls, the depths were often greater than a mile or two.

The vague science I possessed stimulated the memories of my reading of that oldest civilization in tradition, the immense continent of Pan, which a score of millenniums ago, according to the poet archaeologists, flourished in this Pacific Ocean. Its cryptogram attended in many spots the discovery of a new Rosetta stone. I myself had seen huge monoliths, half-buried pyramids and High Places, hieroglyphs and carvings, certainly the fashioning of no living races. Were these Panmotus, and many other islands from Japan to Easter, the tops of the submerged continent, Pan, which stretched its crippled body along the floor of the Pacific for thousands of leagues? There were legends, myths, customs, inexplicable absences of usages and knowledge on the part of present peoples, all perhaps capable of interpretation by this fascinating theory of a race lost to history before Sumer attained coherence or Babylon made bricks.

Over this land bridge, mayhap, ventured a Caucasian people, the dominant blood in Polynesia today, and when the connecting links in the chain to their cradle fell from the sights of sun and stars, the survivors were isolated for ages on the islands like Tahiti and the Marquesas. On the mountain-tops, plateaus beneath the water, the coral insect built up these atolls until they stood in their wondrous shapes splendid examples of nature's self-arrested labor, sculptures of unbelievable brilliancy.

To them came first Caucasians who had been spared in the cataclysm, and later the new sailors of giant canoes who followed from Asia the line of islets and atolls, fighting with and conquering the Caucasians, and merging into them in the course of generations. These first and succeeding migrations must have been forced by devastating natural phenomena, by terrible economic pressure, by wars and tribal feuds. It was not probable that any people deliberately chose these atolls in preference to the higher lands, but that they occupied them in lieu of better on account of evil fortune.

These eighty Panmotu islands averaged about forty miles apart, with only two thousand people in all of them, which would allow, if equally distributed, only twenty-five inhabitants to each. On more than half of them no person lived, and all the others were scantily peopled. Three or four hundred might occupy one atoll where shell and coconuts were beautiful and fish plentiful and good, while two score and more atolls were left for the frigate-bird to build its nest and for the robber-crab to eat its fill of nuts.

The sound of a coconut beside me stirred me from my reverie. I was



Woman of the South Seas in typical everyday native garb.

—Union Steamship photo

wet with the wading ashore and the sweet of my walk, and so I removed my few garments and plunged into the lagoon. Going down to test the declivity a yard or so from the water's edge I dropped twenty feet and touched no bottom. The water was limpid, delicious, and I could see the giant coral fans waving fifty feet below me.

As I loitered on my back in the water, and looked down into the crystal depths and at the cloudless sky, I had a moment's phantasm of a great city, its lofty trade battlements, its crowded streets, the pale, set faces of its people, the splendor of the rich houses, the squalor of the tenements, the police with clubs and guns, and the shrieking traffic. Here was the

hardly touched the primitive work of nature. It was long from Sumer, and far from Gotham.

I was floating at ease when I heard a voice. It seemed to come out of the water. It was soft and almost ethereal.

"Maitai!" it said, which meant, "You're all right."

I turned on my side, and by my garments was a long, great Nianan, with a loose mouth, leaning there, with his eyes fawning upon me. He smiled sweetly, and said, "Good-nights!"

As it was hardly seven o'clock in the morning, the sun a ball of fire, and the glare of the reef like the

shine of a boy's mirror in one's eyes, I argued against his English education. But courtesy is not correction. I said in kind, "Good-nights!" He came into the water and repaid me by shaking my hand, and with a movement toward the beach, said, "Damafina!"

"Maitai!" I corroborated his opinion, and then he beckoned to me to leave the lagoon and follow him. I dressed, all moist as I was, and we returned toward the village, I wondering what design on me he had.

"She canna fik (fix) you show Nian," my cicerone explained, as he waved toward the island.

"All right, good, number one," I assented.

He laughed with pleased vanity at my tongue and at the envious looks of the people on their tiny porches as we passed them, and I saluted them.

"Momuni! Momuni!" they called after him with scornful laughter, and beckoned me to leave him and join them.

"Huere mai!" they said, sweetly to me. "Come to us!"

My guide did not like either the name they gave him or their efforts to alienate us. He retorted with an impolite gesticulation, and cried, "Popoy! Popoy!" Momuni, though, was plainly nervous, and afraid that I might be won over by the opposition. He plucked me by my wet

alcove and directed me to a shanty of old boards set upon a platform of coral rocks four feet from the bed of the atoll. In its single room on a white bedspread were a dozen loaves of bread, crisp and white, and smelling appetizingly. He lifted one, squeezed it to show its sponginess, and put it to my nose. He sniffed, and said, "She the groats voo-ooka."

I guessed that he referred to himself as the baker. He pointed out toward the schooner and made me understand that this baking was a present to me. I was embarrassed, and with many flourishes explained that the Tahitian cook of the *Murara* could not be compared with him as a bread-maker, but that he was of a jealous disposition and might resent bitterly the gift. My companion was cast down for a moment, but brightened with another idea. Through a hundred yards more of coral bones we plowed to his oven, a huge, coral stove like a lime-kiln, with a roof, and bags of Victor flour from the Pacific Coast beside it. Proudly he made me note everything, as an artist might his studio.

Momuni then touched my arm, and said, "Haera! We can do."

We walked along the beach of the lagoon and found a road that paralleled the one we had come. It was lower than the other and the rain had flooded it. The water was brown and stagnant, even red in pools, like blood. Uncanny things shot past my feet or crawled upon them, and once something that had not the feel of anything I knew of climbed the calf of my leg, and when I turned and saw it dimly I leaped into the air and kicked it off. I heard it plop into the dark water.

Down this marsh we plodded and paddled, floundered and splashed for half a mile. The coconut-palms arched across it, but there was not a person nor a habitation in view. I wondered why "she the great cook" had led me into this morass. Momuni looked at me mysteriously several times, and his lips moved as if he had been about to speak.

He studied my countenance attentively, and several times he patted and rubbed my back affectionately and said, "You damafina." Then, slimy and sloppy as I was, covered with the foul water up to my waist, when we were in the darkest spot Momuni halted and drew me under a palm.

He would either seek to borrow money or to cut my throat. I thought hastily. Again he scanned me closely, and I, to soften his heart and avert the evil, tried to appear firm and unafraid. To my astonishment he took from his pocket five-franc notes, those ugly, red-inked bills which are current in all the *Etablissements Français de l'Océanie*, and held them under my nose. He smiled and then made the motion of pulling a cork, and of a bottle's contents gurgling through his loose mouth and down his long neck.

I shuddered at my thoughts. Could it be that in this dry atoll, with intoxicants forbidden, and prison the penalty of selling or giving them to a native, this hospitable Nianan had offered me his bread and shown me his oven, and the glories of the isle, and was displaying those five red notes to seduce me into breaking the law, into smuggling ashore a bottle of rum or wine?

I was determined to know the worst. I drew from my drawers (I had worn no trousers) an imaginary corkscrew, and from my undershirt an unsubstantial bottle. I pulled a supposition cork, and took a lone drop of the potent liquid. Momuni was transfixed. His jaws worked, and his tongue extended. He squeezed my hand with happiness and hope, and left in it five scarlet tokens of the *Banque de l'Indo-Chine*.

"Wina damafina; rumma damafina," he confided. The man would be content with anything, so it bit his throat and made him a king for an evil hour.

Tom was dealing out tobacco when we reached his store. His wife and baby, an Irish-Pennryn baby, were now eating a can of salmon and Nabisco wafers.

"Who is this gentleman, Mr. Eus-

(Continued on Next Page)

Frederick O'Brien's Latest Book

(Continued from Preceding Page)

about them, for later he asked me if all cow-boys were not Spaniards.

This was the first moving picture machine in these islands. Lacour had only had it a few weeks. He purposed taking it through the Group on a cutter that would transport the coconut receipts. Lacour, Niman, and I sat up late. These Frenchmen save for a few exceptions were as courteous as at home. Peasants or sailors in France, they brought and improved with their position that striking cosmopolitan spirit which distinguishes the Gaul, be he ever so uneducated. The English and American trader was suspicious, sullen or blatant, vulgar and often brutal in manner. The Frenchman had bonhomie, politeness. England and America in the South Seas considered this a weakness, and aimed at the contrary. Manners, of course, originated in France.

"This island is on the French map as La Chaine," said Captain Niman, "but we who traverse these seas always use the native names. Those old admirals who took word to their king that they had discovered new islands always said, too, that they had named them after the king or some saint. A Spaniard selected a nice name like the Blessed Sacrament or the Holy Mother of God, or some Spanish saint, while a Frenchman chose something to show the shape or color of the land. The Englishman usually named his find after some place at home, like New England, New Britain, and so on. But we don't give a *sacre* for those names. How could we? All those fellows claimed to have been here first, and so all islands have two or three European names. We who have to pick them up in the night, or escape from them in a storm, want the native name as we need the native knowledge of them. The landmarks, the clouds, the smells, the currents, the passes, the depths—those are the items that save or lose us our lives and vessels. Let those *vieux capitaines* fight it out below for the honor of their nomenclature and precedence of discovery!"

What recriminations in Hades between Columbus and Vesputi!

"Take this whole archipelago!" continued Niman. "The Tahitians named it the Poumotu or pillar islands, because to them the atolls seemed to rise like white trees from the sea. But the name sounded to the people here like Paumotu, which means conquered or destroyed islands, and so, after a few petitions or requests by proud chiefs, the French in 1852 officially named them Tuamotu, distant, out of view, or below the horizon. That was more than a half century ago, but we still call them the Paumotu. There's nothing harder to change than the old names of places. You can change a man's or a whole island's religion much easier."

Near the little hut in which we were, Niman's house, a bevy of girls smoked cigarettes and talked about me. They had learned that I was not a sailor, not one of the crew of the *Marana*, and not a trader. What as I was not an official, because not French? But I was not a Catholic missionary, for they wore black gowns; and I could not be Mormon nor Konito, because there in public I was with the Frenchmen, drinking beer. Two, who were handsome, brown, with teeth as brilliant as the heart of the auser, and eyes and hair like the husks of the ripe coconut, came into the house and questioned Lacour.

"They want to know what you are doing here," interpreted Lacour.

"I am not here to make money nor to preach the Gospel," I replied.

The younger came to me and put her arms about me, and said: "El



Native war dance ceremonial in the South Seas, an inspiring spectacle that still is occasionally seen in the islands.—Union Steamship Co. photo.

aha e reva a noho to nei". And that meant, "Stay here always and rest with me!"

After a while the acolyte joined us, and I put them all many questions.

The Paumotuans were a quiet people, dour, or at least serious and contemplative. They were not like the Tahitians, laugh-loving, light-hearted, frenzied dancers, orators, music worshippers, feasters. The Tahitians had the joy of living, though with the melancholy strain that permeated all Polynesia. The folk of the Dangerous Archipelago were silent, brooding and religious. The perils they faced in their general vocation of diving, and from cyclones, which annihilated entire populations of atolls, had made them intensely susceptible to fears of hell-fire and to hopes of heaven. The rather Moslem paradise of Mormonism made strong appeal, but was offset by the tortures of the damned, flimmed by other earnest clerics who preached the old Wesley-Spurgeon everlasting suffering for all not of their sect.

Had religion never affected the Paumotuans, their food would have made them a distinct and a restrained people. We all are creatures of our nourishment. The Tahitians had a plenitude of varied and delicious food, a green and sympathetic landscape, a hundred waterfalls and gentle rills. The inhabitants of these low isles had coconut and fish as staples, and often their only sustenance for years. No streams meander these stony beds, but rain-water must be collected in the brackish pools and shallow wells in the porous rocks or compressed sand, which ebbed and flowed with the tides.

To a Tahitian, his brooks were his club, where often he sat or lay in the laughing water, his head crowned with flowers, dreaming of a life of serene idleness. Once or twice a day he must bathe thoroughly. He was clean; his skin was aglow with the effect of air and water. No European could teach him hygiene. He was a perfect animal, untainted and unsexed, accustomed to lavage and massage, to steam, fresh and salt baths, when Europeans, kings, courts and commoners went unwashed from autumn to summer; when in the "Lola de la Calaverie," written for *beaux* and dandies in 1840, it was

enjoined that "every day one should take pains to wash one's hands, and one should wash one's face almost as often."

Environment, purring rivulets under embowering trees, the most enchanting climate between pole and pole, a simple die but little clothing, made the Tahitian and Marquesan the handsomest and cleanest races in the world. Clothes and cold are an iron barrier to cleanliness, except where wealth affords comfort and privacy. Michelangelo wore a pair of socks many years without removing them. Our grandfathers counted a habit of frequent bathing a sign of weakness. In old New England many baths were though conducive to immorality, by some line of logic akin to that of my austere aunt, who warned me that oysters led to dancing.

The Paumotu, before the white man made him a mere machine for gathering copra and pearl-shell and pearls, had a very distinct culture, savage through it was. He was the fabric of his food and the actions induced in him by necessity. Ellis, the interesting missionary diarist of Tahiti and Hawaii, recorded that in 1817, when at Afareaitu, on Moorea, he was printing for the first time the Bible in Tahitian "among the various parties in Afareaitu . . . were a number of natives of the Paumotu, or Pearl Islands, which lie to the northwest of Tahiti and constitute what is called the Dangerous Archipelago. These numerous islands, like those of Tetuaroa to the north, are of coralline formation, and the most elevated parts of them are seldom more than two or three feet above high water mark. Their principal, and almost only, edible vegetable they produce is the fruit of the coconut. On these, with the numerous kinds of fishes resorting to their shores or among the coral reefs, the inhabitants entirely subsist. They appear a hardy and industrious race, capable of enduring great privations. The Tahitians believe them to be cannibals. . . . They are in general firm and muscular, but of a more spare habit of body than the Tahitians. Their limbs are well formed, their stature generally tall. The expression of their countenance, and the outline of their features, greatly resemble those of the Society Islanders; their manners are, however, more rude and uncourteous. The greater part of the body is tattooed, sometimes

in broad stripes, at others in large masses of black, and always without any of the taste and elegance frequently exhibited in the figures marked on the persons of the Tahitians."

One who traveled much in the isolated parts of the world was often struck by the unfitness of certain populated places to support in any comfort and safety the people who generation after generation persisted in living in them. For thousands of years the slopes of Vesuvius have been cultivated, despite the imminent horror of the volcano above. The burning Paumotu atolls are as undesirable for residences as the desert of Sahara. Yet the hot sands are peopled, and have been for ages, and in the recesses of the frozen North the processes of birth and death, of love and greed, are as absorbing as in the Edens of the earth. Hateful as a lengthy enforced stay in the Paumotu might be to any of us, I have seen two Paumotu youths dwelling abroad for the first time in their lives, eating delicious food and hardly working at all, weep hours upon hours from homesickness, a continuous longing for their atoll of Puka-ruhu, where they had half starved since birth, and where the equatorial typhoon had raped time and again. Nature, in her insistence that mankind shall continue, implanted that instinct of home in us as one of the most powerful agents of survival of the species. Enduring terrible privation, even, we learned to love the scenes of our sufferings. Never was that better exemplified than in these melancholy and maddening atolls of the half-browned Archipelago.

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(Continued Next Sunday)

Censoring Oysters

Even innocent oysters, who surely had no part in the disfavor into which the grape and rye have fallen, have felt the keen edge of law enforcement. Oysters must be bone dry, is the ruling, and this despite the fact that they have no bones and must grow up to sturdy oysterhood in water. Despatches from Washington state that the Bureau of Fisheries, which recently published pamphlets to educate the public in food values of seafood and fresh water fish, ran afoul of the dry laws when it was determined to reprint the pamphlet contained recipes for cooking oysters.

The oyster pamphlet was published before 1918 and the recipes contained numerous suggestions for adding a bit of sherry, white wine, Burgandy or brandy to give a savory flavor and tickle the palate. The original issue of the pamphlet was used for the proposed second issue. The sharp eyed editor assigned to the task had read down only to recipe No. 11, Creamed Oysters, when he discovered the banned words, "one gill of sherry."

"What about this?" he asked his chief. "We can't send out a recipe calling for wine. It's against the Volstead law."

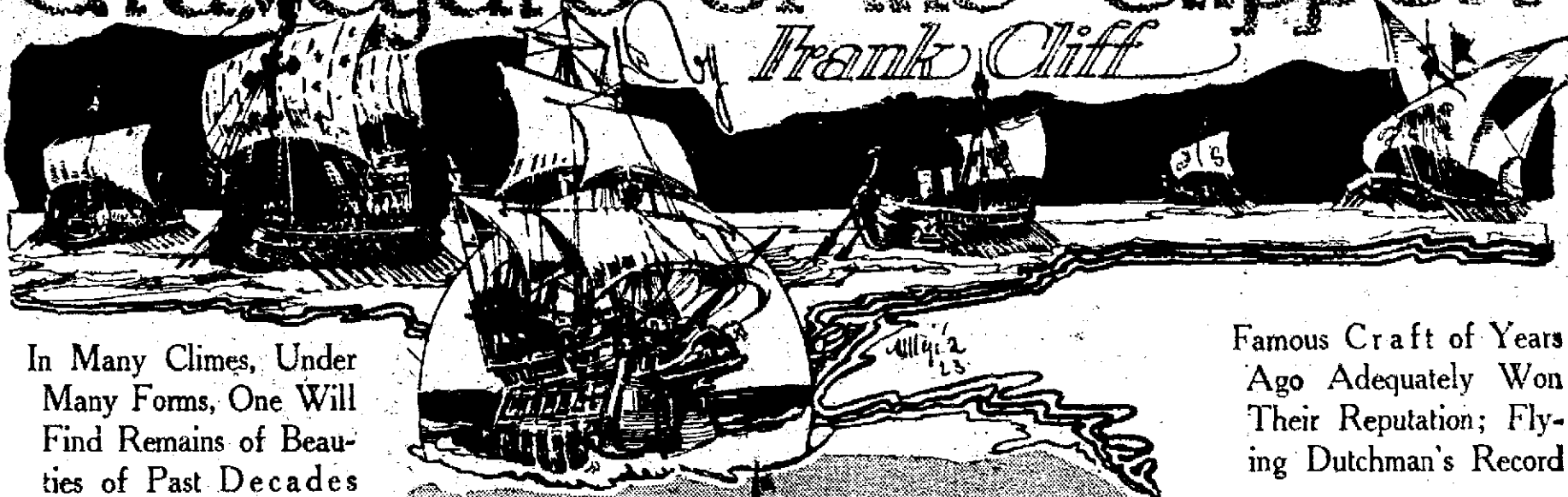
And so the blue pencil was called into use. Recipe No. 13 had to go out entirely. There was no chance for a kick to be left in it when the suggestions for the use of a gill of sherry and two table-spoonful of brandy were deleted. Oysters a la Newburg suffered the full of sherry and Oysters a la Reine lost a whole glass full of the same delectable pre-Volstead seasoning. Baked oysters were ordered baked minus the original suggestion of a glass of white wine. Yankee ingenuity came to the rescue of Yankee Oyster Pie when the recipe was changed to read lemon juice in place of sherry wine.

The deleting came to an end when No. 66, Oyster Casino, was reached. The knockout was dealt when it was found Oyster Casino must be braised in Burgandy. Only 34 of the original 100 recipes were left intact under the blue penciling of the Volstead enforcer.

"Well, we've dried up the oysters, anyway," said the editor.

Graveyard of the Clippers

Frank Cliff



In Many Climes, Under Many Forms, One Will Find Remains of Beauties of Past Decades

WHERE is the graveyard of the clipper? One will search for it in vain. A mouldering shell piled upon the reef of some rocky coast, slowly decaying hulls rotting away on the mud flats of the estuary or made over craft loaded with lumber like an overburdened donkey—these relate the fate of the lordly clipper ship.

The white winged pride of the old American sailorman has gone from the face of the sea. A few of the once stately craft still survive, but in a sadly altered state. Those of which are still doing duty are comprising fleets similar to the great fishing fleet which ties up each winter in the Oakland estuary, or rests for longer periods decayingly, on the flats, a prey to the teredo and bottom-destroying mud.

Others are ending an existence as coal hulks. Many of the old prides ended their careers on some South Sea or northern wind swept reef. In sailor belief that is the way that most of them would have desired to go.

The earliest records of the sailing ship are to be found carved upon the sandstone and granite monuments of ancient Egypt.

The heavier types of these early Egyptian boats were distinguished by the curving prow and lofty stem which persisted through the naval construction of even the Greeks and Romans three thousand years later.

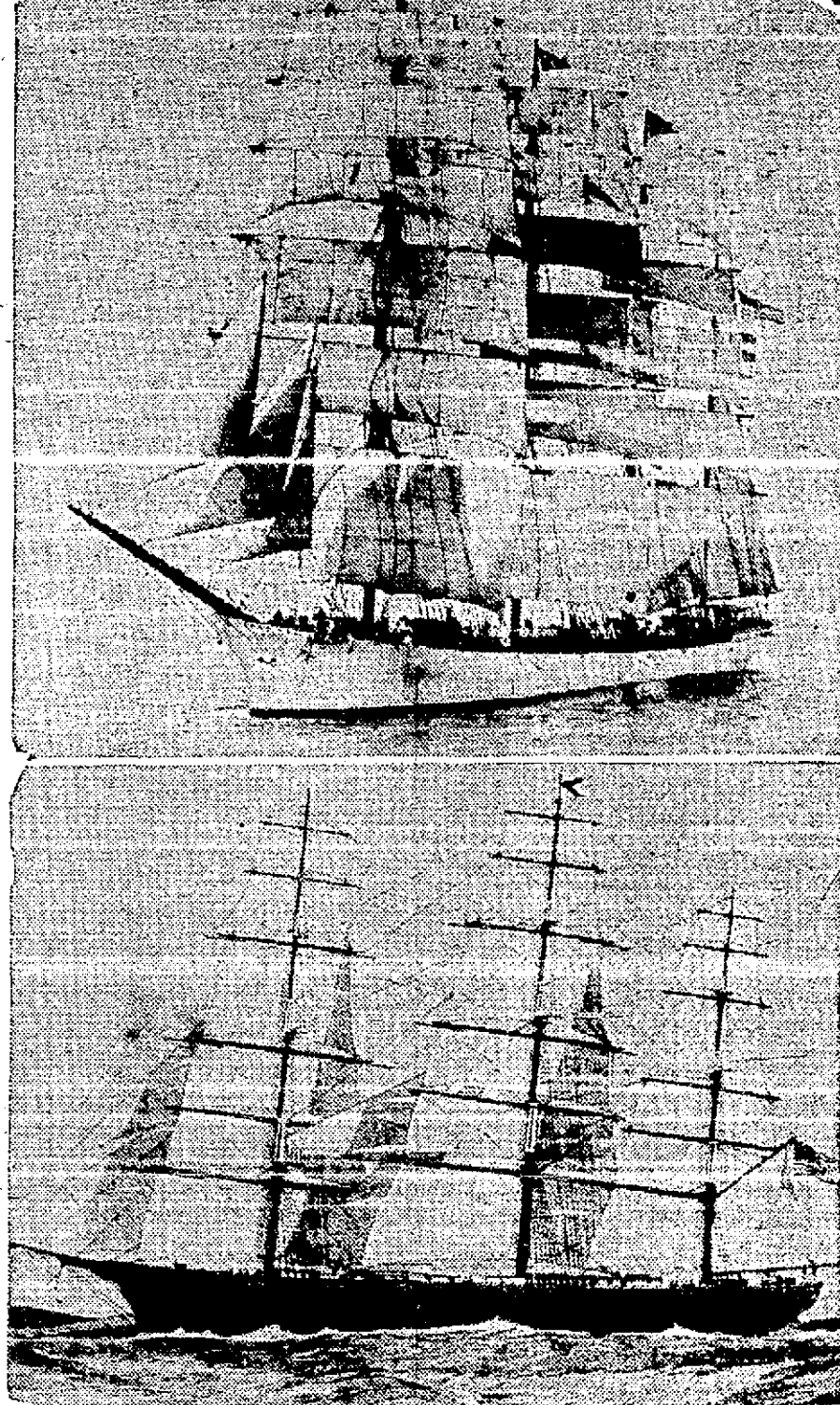
It fell to the Phoenicians to carry off the palm as the champion long distance sailors of the early days. In their queerly constructed craft they not only visited all of the Red Sea district but they, too, circumnavigated Africa, spread over the Mediterranean sea, up along the straits to England, and it is even claimed that their keels cut the waters of the Pacific coast off the shores of California and as far south as Mexico and Peru. In the year 407 the Chinese in their high prowed junks, did the same thing.

The Phoenicians held sea honors until the Vikings came down from the north and not only scoured the coasts of Europe in their piratical wanderings but reached out across the Atlantic and visited America 500 years before Columbus made the journey in his cumbersome handled craft. The Viking ship, as were the vessels of nearly all earlier types, were assisted in their movements by banks of oars. This means of propulsion was maintained until the introduction of cannon aboard ships.

This radical change occurred in about 1375. The next decided step in naval evolution was the building of the high pooped Spanish galleon, the type of vessel which was opposed and conquered by Sir Francis Drake in 1588. The rig comprised three masts, fighting tops, top sails and ornate carvings. Drake's victory brought to the fore the three decker English ship. The supremacy of the British seaman lasted until the War of 1812. That war proved to be the finishing school for the men who were to make up the operators of the great American merchant marine and ushered in a period of ship construction and development of rigging such as the world had never before seen.

Shipbuilding was an early art among the American colonists. The first boat built was probably the two-masted Virginia, launched at the mouth of the Kennebec river for the purpose of returning discontented colonists back to England. The Dutch were the first ones to leave a record of American built craft with the launching of the Onrust at New Amsterdam, in 1615. The very first craft to be constructed by white men in the United States proper, however, was the small boat built by the Spanish explorer Allyn, in Florida, in 1526, out of the remains of three of his wrecked ships.

The great industry, however, was given its start with the launching of the Hope of the Bay, by John Winthrop, July 4, 1631. Soon after this small shipyards were springing up at the mouths of nearly all the New England rivers and the farmers were pooling their interests in the building of vessels to carry their crops to market. Becoming more venturesome, larger boats were built and sea trade excur-



White-winged builders of romance. Above, the full rigged ship John Ena and (below) the famous speed clipper Sovereign of the Seas.

sions were made to England. The first American-built vessel to cross the Atlantic made the trip in 1633. Shipbuilders were exempted from military and public duties. The inroads which American ships began to make upon English shipping caused the Mother Country to pass stringent laws and restrictions upon the infant industry. The result was that when the Revolution came along the shipbuilders and seamen were among the very first to take up arms.

The first American-built type consisted of a craft known as a ketch. She was a two-master and sometimes carried a lateen sail. Often she was square rigged fore while the mainmast was rigged like the mizzen of a bark with a square topsail above a fore and aft mainsail. The foremast was set nearly amidships. Another type was the snow which was very similar to the modern brig in rig. The fishing industry developed a host of types schooner rigged; the lugger, shallop, sharpie, bug eye, and smack. Some of these types still persist upon the New England fishing banks.

Soon after the War of 1812 the red, white and blue gridiron flag of the infant Republic was to be found in practically every port of the globe. Our merchant ships dominated the Seven Seas and American whaling craft chased their monster quarry almost from the south to the north poles. It was the ambition of every American youngster to go to sea and become master of a quarterdeck. More men were engaged in maritime pursuits than any other industry outside of agriculture.

The first American ships to cir-

cumnavigate the globe were the ship Columbia, commanded by Captain Kendrick, and the sloop Washington, in command of Captain Gray. They paused long enough on the Pacific coast to discover the Columbia river and give to the United States the magnificent territory of Oregon and Washington. They made the trip in two years and on their return to Boston were greeted with salvos of cannon.

The clipper type had its start in the Canton packet type. Because of pirates in the China sea these vessels had to be fast sailers and their crews had to be fighters as well as seamen. The ship Canton Packet is a good example of this type. She was built in 1832 at Baltimore, and was a beautifully fitted up craft as well as being a fast sailer.

The need for increased speed led to the adoption of the yacht bow to the sailing ship and the first true clipper ship made its appearance in the Rainbow in 1846. She set speed records which stood for many years. She was lost on her fifth voyage from New York to Valparaiso in 1848.

The first three-decker to be built was the Guy Mannering in 1849. She and the Rappahannock of 1175 tons, set the start for construction of large sailing ships. Following these two boats came the long line of famous clippers which showed clean heels to everything afloat. The famous Flying Cloud, most glorious of all California bound vessels, set a speed record from New York to San Francisco that stood for many years. She logged the run in 89 days, 18 hours, by way of Cape Horn. In one day she covered 413 miles. She was built in

Famous Craft of Years Ago Adequately Won Their Reputation; Flying Dutchman's Record

1851. The Sovereign of the Seas, built one year later, and equally famous, tied the daily run, and for three days averaged a speed of 398 miles. She also covered 6425 miles in 22 days. This is considerably better than the average steam driven freighter can do today.

Among the many fine feats of sailing vessels on record was the trip of the Flying Dutchman in 1853. She made the trip around Cape Horn from New York to San Francisco and back again in six months and twenty-one days. On the run back she made it from the Farallones to Cape Horn in thirty-five days. The Trade Winds, another fast clipper, in the same year covered the 13,610 miles between San Francisco and New York in seventy-five days. Several years later the Northern Light made the trip from the Golden Gate to Boston in seventy-six days. A fast trip was made by the Wandering Jew which logged the trip from Hongkong to San Francisco in thirty-three days, practically the same time that passenger steamers make the run today. The record was repeated in 1852 by the Challenge. The Ringleader made the run from Shanghai to the Golden Gate in thirty days.

The Lightning ran true to her name by logging off 436 miles in one day and she made the run from England to Calcutta in eighty-seven days. She made the run from Boston to Liverpool regularly in sixteen days.

The James Baines led the trans-Atlantic speeders with a run of twelve days, six hours from Boston to Liverpool. This was not bettered by steamers until late in the 80's. Flying Cloud and the Andrew Jackson both made the run from New York to San Francisco in eighty-nine days. This trip ordinarily took about 200 days, yet any number of the trim California-bound clippers made the run in from ninety to ninety-seven days.

The famous ship was the Nightengale, the handsomest craft ever launched up to her time. She was named after the famous Jenny Lind. Her builder, however, went broke after expending about \$70,000 on the boat. She was described as a large yacht shiprigged. After a varied career she became a slaver and was captured and used by the navy during the Civil war. In 1866 she was sold in San Francisco to the Western Union Telegraph company to assist in the attempt to lay the first Pacific cable. In 1876 she was bought by Norwegian interests and was abandoned in the north Atlantic in 1893.

Another famous clipper ship was the Red Jacket. She was built in Maine, in 1853, and on her maiden voyage from New York to Liverpool established the record which was never equaled by a sailing ship of 13 days 1 hour.

Many of the old clippers piled up. Such was the fate of the famous Sovereign of the Seas. After a record run from Honolulu to New York of 82 days, she went ashore on the Pyramid Shoals in the Straits of Malacca, and was a total loss.

The last type of sailing craft to make its appearance is the schooner rigged vessel. The first vessel of this type was launched at Gloucester in 1713 and because of the scooping way in which she took to the water she set the title for all boats of this class.

The first schooners were two masted. These soon extended to

six masts appeared everyone predicted that the limit in size had been reached. Soon came the famous seven masted Thomas Lawson, largest type of this craft ever built. She had a spread of 42,000 square feet of canvas and steam power was necessary for handling her sails. She only required a crew of sixteen men, however. The crew, instead of calling the masts by their proper names, named them after the days of the week. The Thomas W. Lawson was too large for efficient handling under fore and aft rig. She ended her career by being lost off the British coast. It is extremely doubtful if the world will ever see another schooner the size of the Lawson.

Geraldine Talks Patriotism

Should Loyalty Be Set in Concrete? Asks Jerry; Neighbors Should Be Helpful to Others, So With Nations, She Says

THIS is a plain little talk on patriotism. It is made by a patriot. There are those who think that the chief duty of a patriot is to refuse to discuss patriotism or permit anyone else to discuss it. I consider such patriots a menace to this country and a shame to its traditions. I am dedicating this article to them. May it make 'em squirm.

What is patriotism anyway? What should it be? Should it be loyalty set in concrete, which knows no adaptation or deviation from generation to generation? Or should it be a growing faith and a vision that moves ever forward on the horizon? Is it for Americans only, or Englishmen only, or Germans only? Or is it a lamp held aloft for all men, to guide the feet of all humanity? And if it fail to light the world, is it permissible to suggest a change in the lighting system?

A Disagreeable Job

It's going to be hard for some folks to answer these questions, because it's a disagreeable job they are going to protest that it's blasphemy to ask them. But isn't it a greater blasphemy to permit them to go unasked and unanswered? Never before in this world has there been so much talk of "patriotism" and so little feeling that did credit to the name.

A newspaper writer has unusual opportunities to judge the trend of the national feeling. It is proven in a multitude of ways—most strongly by the countless letters from the public which fill the daily mail. As a newspaper writer I'm going to tell you an appalling truth. I knew the feeling of this country well before the war, I followed its every phase during the war, and I am close to it now. And never before have I seen such racial prejudice, such intolerance against "foreigners," as I am seeing now.

The Other Fellow

We not only feel that we won the war, but were also inclined to doubt if the other fellow was worth fighting for and to confide our doubts to him if he we chance to meet. We seem to think that the prerogative of being "born free and equal" applies only to Americans—all persons of other nationalities being born hampered and unequal in comparison with the talented, progressive and enterprising lucky citizens of the United States. And so, since God played favorites and started us in holding all the aces, it is proper that we should patronize everyone else and neighbor with them as little as possible. This intolerance some of us call Patriotism.

I do protest that that sort of patriotism is abominable. It's as abominable as anything we fought in the war, and the man who expresses it should be regarded as the worst sort of a traitor to his country.

All men—all men—are born free and equal, whether they be brown, white, red, yellow, black or mongrel. This is not the statement of a visionary. It's biological fact. There is only one human species and the Japanese and Negro belong to it as well as Sam White from Omaha, Neb. We sprang from one central home in our bodily life—from one central thought in our spiritual life. Our water-drinkings have separated us, but only our own greed, stupidity and fear need divorce us from our natural brotherhood.

Real Patriotism

We are not red, yellow, black or white, English, French, German, Italian or American because God mixed the essence of our souls in and temperaments were acquired incidentally on the march. We were born as parts of one great program—we were meant to work towards one destiny which is our heritage, then we have done a false and wicked thing.

There is, however, a patriotism which is a strong and beautiful thing. It is the joy of adherence to a common tribal vision, for the betterment of the world. National lines have served a good purpose in the program of humanity. Roughly speaking, different national groups do stand for varying sociological ideals, and we can better further those ideals by standing together. The Revolutionists fought for liberty and democracy when they

"BEHOLD MY FLAG!"
CRIED EDWARD WHITE,
"AND ALL IT TYPIFIES,
NO OTHER NATION'S
HALF AS BRAVE,
OR GOOD, OR RICH,
OR WISE!"

THEN UP SPOKE
"NEIGHBOR SAMOVITCH,
"YOUR FLAG IS GREAT,"
SAID HE,
"IN JUST THE MEASURE
THAT ITS SONS
SERVE ALL HUMANITY."

"BUT IF CONCEIT AND
GREED AND HATE
SHALL MARCH BENEATH
THAT FLAG
ON HISTORY'S PAGE IT
WILL BE HELD
NO BETTER THAN A
RAG!"



founded this country. It was a fairly new ideal in the world when they shaped it up, and badly needed. The patriotism that forwarded that ideal was a good patriotism. The patriotism that forwards that ideal today is a good patriotism. But the patriotism that insists on tribal superiority, and race bigotry, and which calls these things "virtues" is not a good patriotism.

Helpfulness

No man is a good citizen unless he's a helpful, sympathetic neighbor. No nation is a good government unless it's a helpful understanding neighbor. The man who won't neighbor degenerates into a selfish, sour, stupid outcast.

That isn't the sort of patriotism our forefathers handed down to you and me. That's the sort of thing they hated and fled from and warred against. That's the ignorance and fear of the old tribesmen who hid in caves and protected their holdings by murder and taboo. It's also the viewpoint of the nations who are going down the hill, who have grown so bloated with success that health is no longer in them.

The men who led civilization, the men who founded this country, know no such tribal narrowness. They saw beyond cramped caves and barred cities into that vast domain where all men might share the good gifts of life and have an equal chance. They erected national boundaries only that liberty and truth might have a safe space wherein to grow, not for the hoarding of their wealth. Where do you stand? Do you look with the eyes of kinship on the strangers whom you meet? Do you feel that the trials of all the world are yours and all men who travel thereon your brothers? Or are you a skunk in caves, snarling if a shadow falls across the sill?

Must Girls Smoke?

Must a girl smoke to be popular at the U. C.?

Must she tell risque stories? Will you "nearly always find a bottle of gin or whiskey" circulating in the darker corners at the University "petting parties"?

Here's "Co-ed '26" who says that such conditions prevail in the big school next door and that if a girl doesn't adapt herself thereto she "doesn't know her own mind." This last lively phrase is, I confess, new to me. And I will also add that if the following ructions are to be classed as "eggs", a little cold storage wouldn't do 'em any harm!

Is it all true or isn't it? I do not know. But even if it is true, I doubt if it betokens any permanent degeneracy in the rising generation. Thanks to the activity of the Reformers, many things have become adventures which were hitherto regarded upon merely as manifestations of bad taste or vulgarity. Ten years ago the boy of twenty who would have carried a flask of gin to a party, and confessed his need of such stimulant would have been greeted with jeers of derision. Youth looked with something akin to scorn on those doddering wrecks who depended on their little shot of hooch. There was bigger game to kill—when one was young. But now the Bootlegger has become as romantic a figure as Villion of old.

I'm not going to try to answer the following questions. Have I very decided opinions on the question? I have. But I'd prefer to have you state what you think uninfluenced by my possible prejudices.

"Dear Geraldine—
"What do you think of the anti-smoking laws recently passed in Utah? You probably know what they are doing—making it unlawful to smoke pipes or cigars in public places, or to smoke cigarettes anywhere? I think it is abominable. I know that many will say—'But the majority must have voted for it or they wouldn't have it.' But anyone who understands politics knows that such legislation was not put thru by the majority of voters, any more than most of the prohibition legislation was put thru by the majority of the voters. Legislators are elected with quite different ends in view and then, in order to put thru pet legislation of their own, they pass freak laws suggested by a fanatical minority. It isn't actual bribery, but the result is just the same and the whole thing violates the spirit of American democracy. Unless people come to understand the conditions under which such laws are put thru, and arouse themselves to their peril, they are going to drift into actual slavery. We'll have antimoking laws right here in this state if we don't watch out. I am not a smoker myself, but I do think that such laws are outrageous. Won't you help fight them Jerry?"

EDGAR S. L.
All right, my friend, I hereby open the column to this discussion. Let's see for ourselves what the people really think about it. I agree with you that we will shortly have such laws in California unless a determined stand against them. But do the majority of Californians really want to make a determined stand against them?

Smart indeed is he who can outwit the prowling sleuth. And youth is youth. It has ever courted danger, ever delighted in doing the difficult and forbidden thing. If it had not so delighted, the world would have come to a sorry pass long ago. When the Holy Grail was the shining goal of humanity's endeavor, Youth sought for it. When frontiers were to be conquered, Youth flocked to them. When wars are to be fought, Youth dies in them. And when Moonshine is the supreme test of achievement, Youth achieves it right speedily and prances forth with loaded hip.

Lawbreaking Heroic

Whose fault is it? The fault of Foolish Fanatics who try to fit human natures to laws, instead of laws to human nature. I hold no brief for intemperance. I simply insist that the fanaticism of intolerance does as deadly harm as any bootleg that ever burst a bottle. And if the youngsters of the University are making a high adventure of vulgarity, it is a natural and understandable recreation. By our stupidity we have made law-

breaking heroic instead of stupid and troublesome. And who would not be a hero at twenty-one?

"This Is 1923"

"Dear Jerry: I am writing to verify what Eighteen had to say. I want to tell you right now that there is more truth than poetry in what she says. I am in my first year at U. C. and I have a brother who is now a Senior and he belongs to the Phi Sigma Kappa Frat. Up until this year I didn't go out much with boys, that is none except High school boys.

"Anyway my chum was very popular while I was always the wall flower and I couldn't understand it. But Jerry she never did invite me out with her. When I went to college I had bids for everything and most of the boys were Phi Sig's, my brothers frat men. And Jerry they would take me out once and then they wouldn't come over and I couldn't understand it. Finally my brother said to me 'See you don't know your eggs. This is 1923, not 1895, so snap out of it' and I asked him what he meant and he said to live up and 'smoke and make myself agreeable,' and my chum said that I should have been born 50 years ago. Now Jerry I am pretty popular, but I crack jokes with the boys that I shouldn't, I smoke and I put on lots of petting parties and they don't seem to think I'm bad at all, just a darn good sport. And I hear them criticizing some girl saying that 'she was slow and that she was the rocks, etc., etc.' and they never go see her any more. And if a girl is rather speedy they praise her and say she is wonderful. Now Jerry right between you and I I'll say that I don't care a bit about acting that way. And now I am independent where before I was just hanging on to my boy friends for fear I would lose them.

Girls Who Swear

"Now I hear you saying BUNK, but Jerry I just wish you would go on one ride with any of the High School girls or Co-eds. They nearly always have a bottle of spirits, smoke, swear, tell dirty jokes and put on petting parties. To see them at the dances you would think they were tin angels, but they are not.

"Another thing I am pledged to a very good sorority, but my folks think that I should wait a year before I go in. I am in pretty thick with the girls because they like my brother and his crowd of boys. Just last nite I was at one of the girl's houses playing bridge and she remarked about going out with a certain boy, saying she would never go out with him again ending with 'He's slower than a snail, doesn't even smoke, imagine any of us traveling with that slow!' and when they were playing bridges they cracked all sorts of jokes.

"There are some nice girls going out to college. One of the most popular girls went with my brother for awhile and my brother told some of the boys and myself that she was a 'smokeout,' but she ought to go with a minister instead of a live boy. Now she never goes anywhere except when the Phi Sig boys give a dance and they trade dances with her sorority or her sorority gives one and she invites



Hot Dog! A Canine Feast

by Frank S. Bernhard



Photo shows the author (right) in ox cart on way to dog feast in Philippines, described in story.

Roast Canine Real Delicacy in Sloppy Bottom; "Natural Stuffed Hot Dog" Elaborately Made

HOT DOGS! Get 'em while they're hot; ten cents a piece."

This cry, coming from the vendor, in his spotless white as he spears the frankfurters, has often brought back a scene where the same cry of "hot dog" announced that something unusual was in progress, but of a slightly different nature.

The scene shifts to the Orient. The crowd, instead of the gaily-decked holiday crowds of America, is that of his Filipino brother, who gathers on special occasions just as his American friends do, and makes merry.

The white flannels of the city dandy are represented by a "G" string. This is worn by the young men, while the women either wear a very short skirt made of grass or a plain piece of cloth about as wide as a man's handkerchief and probably twice as long, wrapped around the waist.

The dog roast, which is the occasion for merrymaking and feasting, is started without any provocation whatever. I witnessed these a number of times in the vicinity of Angelus in the province of Pampanga, as well as in the barrio of Sapong Batou in the same province. I am not sure of that last name, as the Americans coming to that section had given the village the name of Sloppy Bottom and that was what it was called on all except state occasions.

The average lowlander in the Philippine Islands has for some time been beyond the dog-roasting stage, but there are others more reluctant to adopt civilized methods who still cling to this old custom.

Aside from being repulsive, the method of preparing the dogs for the roast is done in the most barbarous method imaginable. I was invited by my companions one day to witness one of these feasts in a small barrio near Angelus. When we approached the scene a large group of natives was gathered around the master of ceremonies, who was just in the act of carving up a roast. At first I did not believe that it was a dog that was being eaten or that it had been prepared in the way that was described to me, but I later discovered that it was the absolute truth.

As the man with the knife carved sections from the animal I noted that the natives ate it with what appeared to be a stuffing.

But let me tell you just how this "natural stuffed hot dog" is prepared.

One thing always noticeable when entering a village in the Philippines is the drove of half-starved looking dogs that hang around. One of these dogs is caged for a week or so before he is to be feasted upon, and is given practically nothing to eat. The mountaineer likes his meat lean and this also helps

When the time for the feast arrives the dog is fed upon cooked rice. Not having had anything to eat, the animal naturally gorges himself on the stuff. Then he is slowly beaten to death. This is usually accomplished by tapping him on the head with a stone. Then the entire body is beaten as a means of preparing the meat for the roasting. I was told that the animal is killed in this way in order to leave the blood in the veins, as it is supposed to be better that way.

After the preliminary preparations, without removing anything from the body of the animal, the two front feet and the two hind feet are tied together. A stick is passed between them and the body is hung over a fire to roast.

After the dog is thoroughly

roasted it is cut up and eaten "as is" by the natives, who regard it as a relish. Not a morsel remains after the feast is over except a few bones.

Another choice dish is a biscuit made from grasshoppers. Shortly after the beginning of the rainy season the grasshoppers become very plentiful, so numerous, in fact, that the authorities in an attempt to rid themselves of the pest launch yearly campaigns. The grasshoppers are driven into



trenches before they have had an opportunity to grow large enough to hop far and the trench is then filled in with earth. I have seen these trenches several hundred feet long filled to a depth of twelve inches or more with these small grasshoppers.

When the season is at its height the native who wishes to make a feast of the pests takes his net and a closed basket and gathers in a bushel or so.

Two ways are used from this stage, one of which is to throw the whole grasshopper into a hot, dry receptacle, where it is baked until it is dry enough to grind into a meal, while the other way is to separate the two large hoppers from the body and use only these. The grasshopper, whether the whole body or just the legs are used, is thoroughly dried and then ground into a meal, and from this meal a biscuit is made.

In spite of his crude table manners the native Filipino mountaineer is an interesting character. He seldom travels around alone, but usually in a group, taking with him his wife and family and a number of kinsmen.

A small pipe, at times artistically decorated with carved figures, is cocked behind one ear. A small pouch made from woven grass, or split bamboo, which contains a few

an old-fashioned tin and steel and the like, is often attached to the G string. It is practically impossible to strike a bargain to purchase this pouch, as it constitutes his only personal property and he is reluctant to part with it. When the offer, however, becomes too strong to resist, he will present you with the pouch "for friendship sake," but then he also expects you to give him your highest offer "for friendship sake."

The men as well as the women chew "beetle nut." Although called beetle nut, it is the beetle leaf which is chewed. Half of an acacia nut is wrapped in a beetle leaf, lime is sprinkled over it and the combination is chewed. The mixture makes the lips of its users a bright red, while the teeth become a rich purple or black.

A native will not eat food which has been prepared in a village other than his home until he has had an opportunity to see what effect it will have on other people. To refuse to eat, however, when it is offered to you is to incite the enmity of your host, for he takes it that you think he has poisoned your food.

The natives insist that every visitor take part in their ceremonies and feasting. To refuse means immediate expulsion from the village.

In the days of tribal rule the old men of the village made the laws. This is practically still the case among the mountain people except in instances where it would interfere with the rule of the government.

The people demonstrate a willingness to learn that is quite remarkable. About five years ago the first school was established in Kallaga; now there are thousands of children attending school in that section.

They are especially congenial to the American doctors, and one person cured will often appear a few days after his release from the Missionary hospital with a large number of his tribesmen who are in need of medical treatment for everything ranging from indigestion to a mused broken bone. The chiefs frequently visit the doctors when they have much illness in their villages and make impossible promises in payment for the requested medical service.

Feet and funeral customs. One of these consists of setting the corpse upright in a bamboo chair. Food is then placed before it and a feast is held by the deceased person's tribesmen.

In another section the corpse is set up in a chair and smoked.

The ceremonies sometimes last twenty or thirty days, depending entirely upon the wealth of the deceased.

The feasting or smoking always lasts just as long as the property of the deceased holds out. The smoking process assists in preserving the body in the tropical climate and according to the natives "keeps their friends with them longer." The government now prohibits the keeping of the body for a period of more than three days. After that an effort is set up while the feasting continues.

The Bangquets and the Bontocs are famous for their dog feasts. Incidentally, the Bangquets are the only tribe of mountain people who have never been head-hunters at any time.

The children of these two people are not kept at the homes of their parents, but go to a common center provided for that purpose. One place is kept for the girls and another for the boys. This place serves both as a playground and sleeping quarters. At the end of the day the children curl up where they have been playing and go to sleep in dread fear of the "spirits," which they have been taught to fear by the older people of the village. They boys' and girls' houses are never together and as a rule at opposite ends of the village.

The homes of the people are constructed for the accommodations of only two people. In one large room the food is prepared and the general work of the house is done, and in another room there is a crude fireplace with a sleeping place provided on each side. No chimney or opening is provided for the smoke from the fireplace. On one side of the fireplace is the sleeping place of the man of the house, while on the other is that of his wife. This part of the house is usually built tight with rocks and bamboo, "to keep out enemies and spirits."

The pigpen is one of the most important features of the house, usually built right inside of it. In other sections where the houses are above the ground four or five feet, the pigpen is underneath. These shacks are usually built of bamboo and various kinds of grass.

The rain dance, in which the natives frequently indulge, pays homage to the great spirit, "Cadaclan," to whom the dance is given as a supplication to send rain. The dance is continued until the participants are tired. Then a feast is held, after which the dancing is resumed. This is kept up until it actually rains.

One of the objects of frequent worship is a stone god. Three times each year a live pig is brought before it and sacrificed. A bamboo knife especially prepared for the purpose is used to kill the offering before the idol. The blood is caught on leaves of certain plants specified by the ritual and taken to the homes of the people so that the god may see who is making the sacrifice to him.

One tribe, the Ifugaos, are the only people that use anything other than their fingers in eating their food. This tribe uses a spoon. A spoon is carved from a hard wood. One the handle of this spoon there is an image of the god the tribe worships. It is considered that every time the spoon is used in eating, homage is being paid to the god whose image appears on the handle.

A unique method of trial is used. The prosecuting witness and the defendant, in the presence of witnesses, and at a specified distance, throw stones at one another. The defendant is first placed against a tree, while the prosecutor throws a stone at him. If the prosecutor misses, he exchanges places with the defendant, while the latter takes a try at the stone throwing. The one who is hit first is considered in the wrong. If the prosecutor is the one hit he is sentenced for bringing a false charge, while if it is the defendant he is guilty of the crime charged. The old men of the village make out the sentence.

The usual form of punishment is that the party adjudged guilty is ordered to kill one or more of his pigs or caribous, the number depending upon the seriousness of the crime of which he has been found guilty. He is ostensibly permitted to sell the meat, but as the part which he is unable to sell is divided among the old men of the village who were his judges there is no meat for sale.

Another method of trial is to make those suspected of a crime chew a handful of dry rice. After a specified time they must spit it out upon their hands, where it is inspected by judges. The suspect's rice which is found the driest is adjudged the guilty party.

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Peculiarities of Blackbirds

Frank A. Neach



Remarkable Fact About Birds Is That Those So Similar Should Be So Distantly Related

BBLACKBIRDS are more demonstrative in anxiety, fear and anger than is noted among the majority of other birds in this section of country.

During the nesting season they seem to seek localities for breeding purposes in which at other times of the year they are seldom, if ever, seen. They are partial to coniferous and other thick foliaged trees in which to make their nests and very clever in secreting them. They begin to pair off in March some little time before they begin the construction of the nests. The male with its jet black shiny coat and the female in dull black dress are easily distinguishable.

At this time of the year the gregarious habit so noticeable in the species at other seasons is temporarily suspended, and more than a pair or two at a time are seldom seen together.

The couple appear to be very solicitous of the welfare of each other and exhibit very jealous dispositions upon the intrusion in their affairs by a third bird, especially if the visitor is inclined to show any attention to either one of the pair. In such instances it is likely to be pounced upon and driven away by both of the offended birds. At the Diablo Country Club grounds it is a common sight in the months of April and May to see the mated birds walking around on the green swards (they seldom hop), hunting for food or nesting material.

The nests of the blackbirds are among the most substantial of all bird's nests. The inner wall is plastered with a material that looks as if it were obtained from a cow yard, which gives a firmness to the construction. Then this is covered with horse hairs neatly woven into a smooth surface, giving a workman-like finish to the domicile.

After the young are hatched and reared they, together with the parent birds, soon disappear from the nesting localities. They congregate in great flocks, feeding in the fields and pastures at a distance from the habitations of man, as if they no longer needed the protection of such places afforded during the breeding season, but find security from ordinary enemies in assembled numbers. Woe to the incautious hawk, cat or other animal that attempts a capture of one of the band, for it instantly becomes the object of attack by the entire flock of angry birds, which generally succeed in causing the pirate to beat a hasty retreat.

The favorite roosting place of the blackbirds are the tules or marsh lands bordering the bays, sloughs and rivers. From my observations I think that these places are in some instances located more than twenty miles from the feeding grounds. I would not be surprised if the distance in some cases could not be shown to be even greater.

The flight to the roosting places begins about sundown or a little before. When a flock arises for this purpose it quickly assumes a regular formation that is maintained until the destination is reached. The order of flight is a thin line from front to back of about a dozen birds, but of indefinite length and numbers the other way or at right angle to the direction taken. If their course is into or against the wind they fly at low altitude. At other times when flying to a great distance I have noticed them so high they were scarcely visible and their



presence overhead would not have been discovered but for the peculiar cackling noise they generally make when on such flights. Once a route to the roosting grounds is selected it seems to be followed

spring time instincts breaks up the flock. Flock after flock can be seen following, one after the other, over the same route going towards the tules at night, and in the early morning the same flocks will be seen flying in the opposite direction, returning to their feeding grounds.

It is not an uncommon thing in the fall and winter seasons when coming across a large flock of blackbirds to see among them a number of birds entirely black in color except for the shoulders, which are red. When I first noticed this peculiarity, as there was nothing in their actions or habits, calls or notes that I had observed to distinguish them from the ordinary blackbird, and by reason of their intimate association

with them, I supposed the little patch of high color was a freak of nature and the birds were all of the same species. But not so, the red wing, while a member of the same family which includes blackbirds, orioles and others, it is classified by ornithologists as belonging to another genus. Moreover, the genus embraces six species of red wings, differentiated principally by the shape and size of the bill, length of wings and tail, and the addition of whitish and buffy wing-coverts to the red shoulder patches.

Three of the species only are credited the northern part of the State. I have never seen the nest of a red wing, but writers who have describe it as being quite different in the character of material used and the way the stuff composing it is put together. The eggs of the two birds are distinguishable; besides the blackbirds and red wings select unlike places in which to nest and rear their young. As already stated, the former chooses trees in places near to human habitations, while the latter utilizes the reeds or low brush in or about the marshes. So there is abundance of evidence even from a layman's point of view, to justify the variation in the classification.

It is somewhat remarkable that birds so much alike in appearance and habits should be so distantly related, but it seems more remarkable that birds of a different genus should maintain so close mutual relations. For the preservation of species nature has caused a dislike in all forms of animal life for others than their own kind. This dislike is excited in various ways, by form, colors and odors. The effect of the latter has been frequently noted in the behavior of insects, and its influence in human associations is a matter of common knowledge. A peculiar feature in relation to mankind is that while the members of the different races of men emit an odor that is distinctive of the race to which they belong, and is offensive to the olfactory organs of individuals of other races, they are unconscious of the existence of it in themselves.

Although the blackbirds and red wings live a good part of the year in close communion, no hybridizing, or conduct suggesting it, has been noticed when the time comes for mating and breaking up of the flocks.

If frequent bathing is the badge of cleanliness among birds then the blackbird stands among the foremost of his kind in possession of the virtue. Whenever water is accessible for the purpose, whether it be a pond, stream, fountain or spray from sprinkler, the blackbirds are commonly seen in it splashing the water with their wings and taking a "header" with every shake. Other birds of the kind may be seen near by preening and smoothing their feathers after their dip. All appearing as if they were enjoying the greatest of enjoyments, like a lot of boys in a swimming hole. One rarely, if ever, witnesses any show of ill nature among these birds when "in swimming."

Blackbirds are hearty feeders. Besides grains, seeds, etc., they consume an enormous quantity of worms, slugs and insects in mature and larva form. I am informed that in rice growing districts of the State the birds are serious pests, where at times the farmers are compelled to employ men with guns to drive them away. It is easy to understand how in such localities the presence of the birds work an injury, but in other localities where their necessities compel them to spend to greater extent upon insect life for food, their presence is great

How a Flock of Birds Came to Call of Distress When Nestling Fell, Then Forgot It

numbers is beneficial rather than injurious. To appreciate this one has only to contemplate the quantity of grubs and bugs consumed daily by each bird, probably not less than a hundred on an average, which multiplied by the thousands of birds that make the flocks gives a result most surprising in numbers. Others than students and observers of animal life might justly wonder where such an amount of food comes from. But mother earth is teeming with insect life and were it not for the blackbirds and the hundreds of other birds, together with the insect-eating animals, and predatory insects that prey upon their kind, the land would be so overrun with flying and creeping things as not to be habitable for mankind.

Sometime ago in writing about the intelligence displayed at times by birds I referred to their capacity to recognize the cries of distress uttered by members of their kind, and the quick response usually made in answer to sounds of that character. Since then I was witness to an incident the details of which so fully confirmed my original statement and were so interesting I thought them worth recording.

It was a cool morning in the month of May. While walking through some heavily wooded grounds my attention was attracted to a fledgeling blackbird that had apparently fallen to the earth from a nest in the tree branches above. As soon as I moved towards it the parent birds manifested great agitation, fluttering around my head and uttering harsh notes of anger or alarm. In less time than it takes to tell it, a half dozen or more blackbirds came—nobody knows where from—and joined in the melee. Although flying and dashing rather near to me, I did not think there was any danger in their menaces until I picked up the young bird and it began to squawk. If the old birds were excited to war-like demonstrations before they were made doubly so by the harsh cries of fright by the nestling, and recognizing that this was an occasion where it was well to observe that "discretion was the better part of valor," I placed the bird on the ground and retreated to a safe distance, yet near enough to observe the actions of the excited birds.

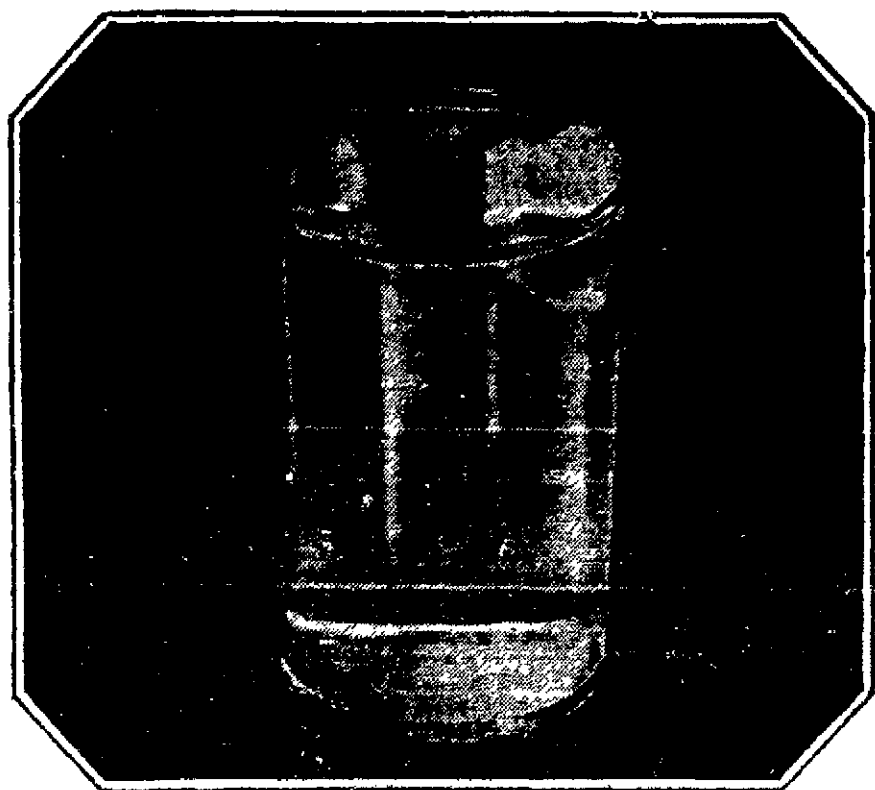
The commotion started by the distressed parent blackbirds was augmented by the arrival, and participation in the affair, of a half dozen orioles, some woodpeckers, a titmouse or two several finches, and a few other small birds.

Maintaining a distance of eighteen inches or so from the nestling it would flit and hop around as if its purpose was to make careful note of conditions and circumstances. From some points, where it hesitated for closer inspection, it would stand and twist its head first one way then the other, using both eyes in turn in satisfying its curiosity, swinging its body round and round with ease and nervous rapidity as if pivoted on a swivel.

What its real purpose was in making the closer inspections than the other birds, even the parents, no one could tell, but I could not help admiring its courage and the active interest it manifested in the misfortune of one of its own kind, and was sorry when it flew away.

I remained on the scene for some time, expecting that when things quieted down that the parent birds would come down from their perches above and would attend to the needs of the youngster. But nothing of the kind took place. The old birds would make considerable fuss if an animal or person approached the vicinity, but that was as far as they went. Finally I moved away to a distant part of the grounds and did not return to see what had become of the unfortunate one until two or three hours later, then I found it lying on its back quite dead, and no parent or other birds about the place. It was probably badly hurt in the fall from its nest and was unable to survive the sudden change from a warm nest to exposure to the cold damp wind which prevailed that morning.

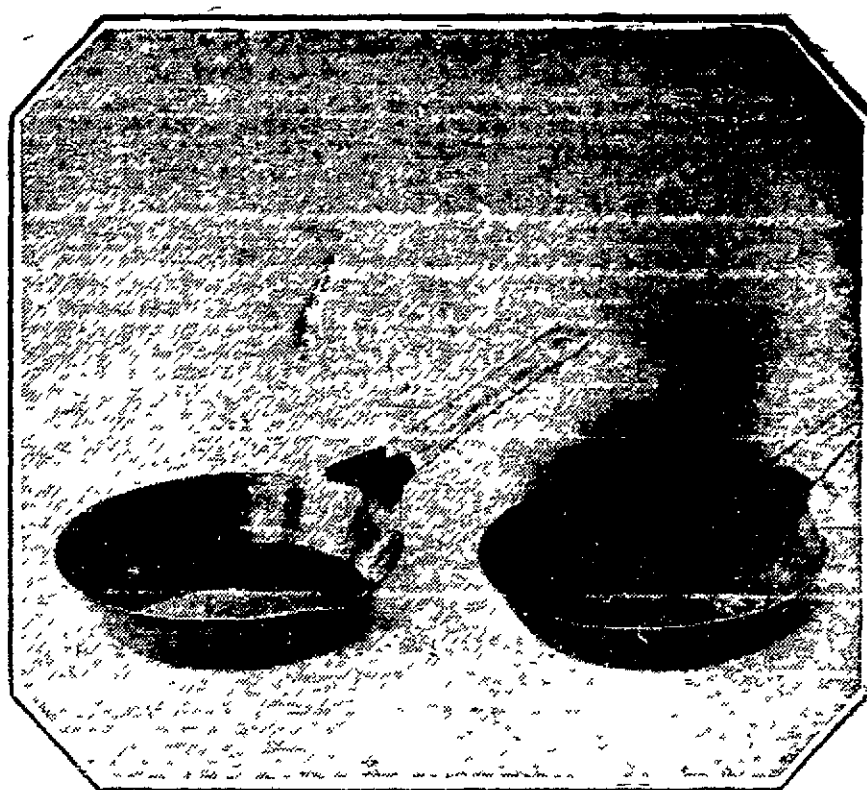
That which interested me as much as anything else connected with the incident was the difference of the attitude of the parent birds while the nestling was alive and when it was dead. In the first place they exhibited attachment, anxiety and distress, but when its life was extinguished their interest in their offspring likewise seemed to be ended.



TEST NO. 1

Low melting point. Easy digestibility!

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other fat. With a spoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food and not energy that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98.25 degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you in establishing Crisco's superior digestibility.)



TEST NO. 2

Avoid smoke and odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke at this proper frying temperature. You will find that frying with Crisco will be very helpful in keeping your whole house fresh and free from the odor of cooking fats.

How these 2 tests concern:

—your children's health

LIKE ALL WELL-POSTED MOTHERS you realize, of course, that fats are a vital necessity in supplying childhood's energy. You know that boys and girls would lose their "go" if deprived of fat in foods.

On the other hand, you doubtless question the digestibility of many fats.

Your children need fats! But many fats are considered indigestible! This situation causes much motherly anxiety.

Do you wish finally to settle the question: "Will my boys and girls easily digest foods made with my shortening?" Would you welcome care-free assurance of easy digestion in the foods your little ones crave?

We suggest, then, that you make, in your own home, test No. 1, explained in detail above.

—your housekeeping reputation

AS you enter an otherwise inviting home, how often the odor of cooking fat gives you intimate news of kitchen activities!

Wouldn't it be gratifying to have the assurance that your own home will always be sweet, fresh and free from the odor of cooking fats?

You can have that assurance.

Test No. 2, explained above, will show you how. We suggest that you make this simple test.

The twofold reward of a few extra pennies

After you have made the above tests you will understand why Crisco is a trifle higher in price than shortenings whose digestibility is very doubtful; than fats which may carry kitchen news to the front door.

But we find this:

When the health of their children is concerned, mothers cease to consider pennies. They would no more deliberately choose a cheap indigestible shortening than they would deliberately buy inferior milk.

When a housekeeper's reputation is involved she rightly considers the slight extra cost of Crisco a good investment in more comfortable hospitality.

Your grocer doubtless sells Crisco. Practically all modern grocers do.

For delicious, digestible cakes
For digestible and flaky pastry
For crisp, digestible fried foods



Digestible Vegetable Shortening

AUNT ELSIE'S MAGAZINE



Since the time when the Prince fitted the tiny slipper on Cinderella's little foot, and Sleeping Beauty woke from her long, long sleep, fairy tales have lived on and on in the hearts of all boys and girls, young and old. Here's another fairy tale, and a nice one.

SUBMITTAL AUNT
3024 Blossom St., Oakland.
THE MIDDLE PRINCESS

Rupert, prince of the Happy Isles was not married and refused to wed Narcissus, princess of a neighboring Kingdom, much to his father's sorrow. The king was growing old, and hated to think of leaving his son to rule the land with no queen.

The young prince tiring of his father's constant pleading exclaimed, "I will seek a princess", and mounting his snow white steed, he left to find a fair bride. He searched from sea to sea, but failed to find the princess of his heart. It was a sad and disappointed Rupert, who, at the end of a year and a day, returned and wearily sank to rest, deciding to abandon his unfortunate search.

Deep in slumber, Prince Rupert lay on his crimson velvet couch—Then to him a vision appeared—she said, "Rupert, your wish will be granted", and Rupert awoke. Thrice the vision came and the third time beckoned saying, "Follow me."—Rupert in a daze followed, walking in the path of light that streamed from the fairy's golden hair.

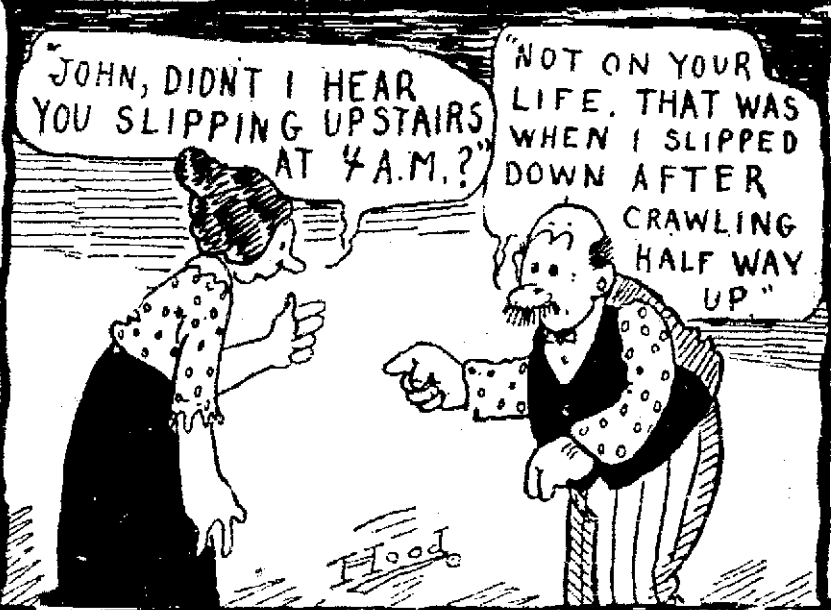
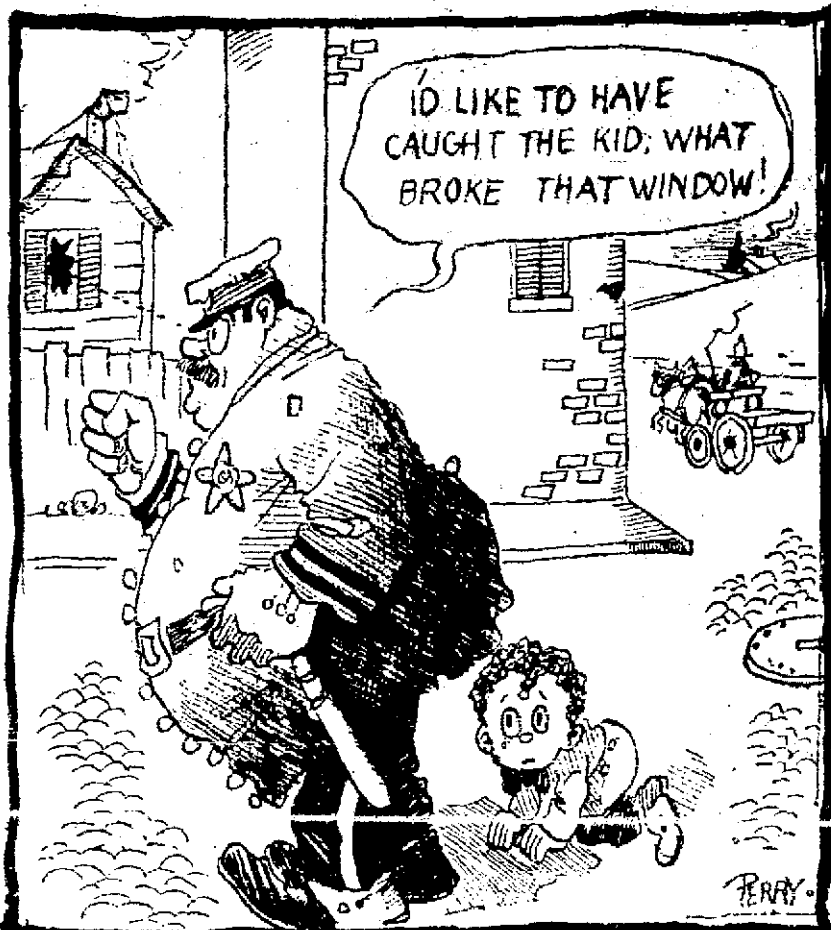
Climbing the flights of marble stairs, the fairy at last gained the highest diamond paneled window in the loftiest tower of Prince Rupert's castle. Throwing wide the casements, the fairy unfastened the shining buckle of her white diaphanous mantle, and sitting on it they sailed away over land and sea to a village lying about the foot of a gray granite castle built on a high crag overlooking a green pine forest. Landing beneath the pines the fairy gave instructions to Prince Rupert.

"Rupert," said the fairy, "I have learned that you desire a bride, therefore I have conducted you here to find one. Follow the path that leads to the castle and enter the door studded with golden knobs. Upon entering wait at the foot of the winding stairs. Notes of a harp, flute, and dulcimer will be heard and a troop of beautiful maidens will descend the stairway. Their beauty will be great, but heed them not. Count them and bring me the middle one. Farewell."

Prince Rupert hastily mounted the steep side of the cliff and at last reached the door of the castle. Throwing wide the portals Rupert entered a magnificent hall, lighted with waxen tapers, which cast forth a mystic glow on rich tapestries, and soft Persian rugs and divans. As Rupert stood there, strains of fairy like music came wafted on breezes perfumed by attar of roses. At the same moment a crowd of radiant damsels descended the stairway, lighting it with a glow which shone from them. Dazzled by their loveliness Rupert could not count them. The moment he looked up, a fairy came about his neck. Their embrace strangled Rupert, his head swam with music and the heavy fragrance of roses over-powered him, till he fell into a deep sleep.

After what seemed years of happy stupor, the airy fairy carried him away and awoke him. The next night Rupert was directed to the door with silver knobs. There the hall was less richly furnished but was still lovely. Soon strains of the lyre and flute were heard and another crowd of beautiful damsels descended the stairway, beautiful, but still not as lovely as the maidens of the first night, for there were not as many.

This time Rupert was cautious and was careful to count the damsels, but the middle one was Narcissus and he cried, "What, did I come the distance just to find Nar-

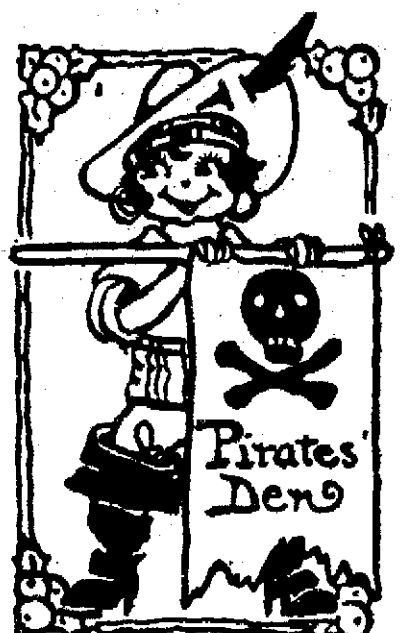


cissus? NO", and snatching up one of the other maidens he strode wrathfully out. But LO, when Rupert reached and threw wide the heavy door the maiden turned too a coal black swan and beating her heavy wings she flew to a lake on a mountain uttering harsh cries. Oh but the fairy was angry when she learned of Rupert's disobedience. Angriest she turned on him and thrust into his palm a skein of silken cobwebs. "Go", cried she, "tonight enter the door studded with brass. When the maidens descend to this floor I will among them."

to one end. The thread will tangle itself around the middle princess who will lead you to me." So for the third time Rupert ascended the crag and at last reached the third and last door. This hall was but poorly furnished, and alas when the maidens descended their beauty was in proportion. However Prince Rupert bravely tossed the skein among them. He could not see the maid that the thread entangled for she was suffused with a rosy light. BUT when he led her to the fairy he found her to be, not a lovely

(Continued on Next Page)

FOR ALL THE
GIRLS & BOYS



NORMAN CLARK,
3280 Briggs Avenue, Alameda.
This is a pippin:

Chapter 1.
"TRAT WATCH!"
"Swede" Johnson was the owner of a dollar Ingersoll watch, of which he was excessively proud—no!

He hated that watch more than he hated his greatest enemy. But that was not all. Try as he might, he could not get rid of it. When playing poker, he would put it in the "pot" in the hope of losing it, but he invariably won.

Chapter 2.
Once, when walking on the street, he tried to throw it into a clump of bushes, but a small boy found it and returned it. Swede tried to offer it to the boy, but the poor orphan ran off, thinking he was crazy to offer a "real watch" to such a poor boy as he.

Chapter 3.
Swede Johnson even tried to throw it in the stream rushing beneath the bridge he was standing on. He was sure this would rid him of it.

But alas! When he threw it in the water the rusty nicked chain on it made it snap back, nearly upsetting him. This made him discouraged, and he decided to resort to other methods.

Chapter 4.
He went West, and hired out as a cow hand, but he got into a quarrel with the foreman, who pulled out a "six shooter" and shot at him, and hit—

Chapter 5.
"But why have the hero killed in the end of this story?" you will ask. But Swede Johnson is not the hero, as you should know by now.

The watch is the hero. I will explain why. When the foreman shot him, Swede thought he must have been hit a glancing blow, for he felt no pain. He put his hand over his heart where he was hit, and right then and there he knew why he was not dead.

Chapter 6.
Swede pulled out of his vest pocket the battered remains of what once was an Ingersoll watch, and in the center of it was a splintered piece of lead which came from the .45-caliber bullet. His greatest enemy, the watch, had saved him!

"By golly, that's some watch after all," said Swede.

NORMAN CLARK,
JACK PLUMMER JR.,
447 62nd Street, Oakland,
(19 Years.)

A WILD CAT IN OAKLAND
SUNDAY.

We had just finished our evening meal when Mrs. Carness, our next door neighbor called on the telephone, saying Mr. Carness had a wildcat and wanted to know if I would like to see it before he took it away.

Mother, Father and myself immediately went over to see the little pet and saw a very fine specimen of an Oakland wildcat, about six months, as near as we could judge.

Mr. Carness weighed her and she weighed fifteen pounds.

Mr. Carness intends to tan the skin and make a small rug.

I have seen wildcats before at the circus, but this is the first time I ever touched one.

I am very glad that Mr. Carness let me see this wildcat, and hope the next time he brings home a coyote, and if he does, I will write you all about it.

JACK PLUMMER JR.,
FRANCIS NAMBO,
No Address.

THE KING AND THE BOY.
Once upon a time there lived a king. The king was very cruel to everybody.

One day a boy visited the king and the king did not like him and the boy didn't like him, either.

(Continued on Page 5)



(Continued from Preceding Page)

maiden but an old hag. Glancing at the faery he saw her solemn face as she said, "Rupert, if you had followed my advice and controlled your impulses, the first night or even the second, you might have had a lovely bride, but now you must choose between this or a lonely old age."

Sadly Prince Rupert turned away and started the hard journey home, and as he traveled thro a gloomy wood the caw of a musty crow broke the silence. As he traversed the road thro the forest, Prince Rupert became a sadder and a wiser man. Soon a loud cry attracted his attention and he observed an unequal combat between a dove and an eagle. Rupert suddenly felt great pity for the weaker bird and he beat off the eagle with a stick. Feeling within his pocket he found the remaining crumbs of his lunch and fed them to the apparently famished dove. Imagine his surprise when before him stood the faery. From her Rupert learned that she had decided to grant him one more chance to show his metal. Once more they floated away on the faery's cloak and landed at last in the tower. The Prince lay down on his couch immediately.

When he awoke the next morning he expected to be asked many questions about his absence, but no, his father only smiled pleasantly asking, "Did you sleep well, Rupert?" The prince choked in his confusion at his father's casualness as he replied in surprise, "Er, what did you say sir? Oh yes certainly." Embarrassed greatly by his own stupidity he blushed deeply and looked down at his plate. The king was much amused at the young prince and chuckled long before he told his son that he had decided to put his foot down at last, and that night he had made arrangements for Rupert to wed Narcissus. To the old king's intense wonder his son replied most joyfully, "Oh MAY I father?"

The next month there was a wedding between Prince Rupert and Narcissus. After the old king's death the rule of good King Rupert became famous far and wide for it's kindness and justice for KING Rupert still remembered one night's experience which PRINCE Rupert underwent and benefited by it.

SOPHRONIA AOKI

ELIZABETH GINNO
1151 Oxford St., Berkeley
CRIPPLED JEAN.

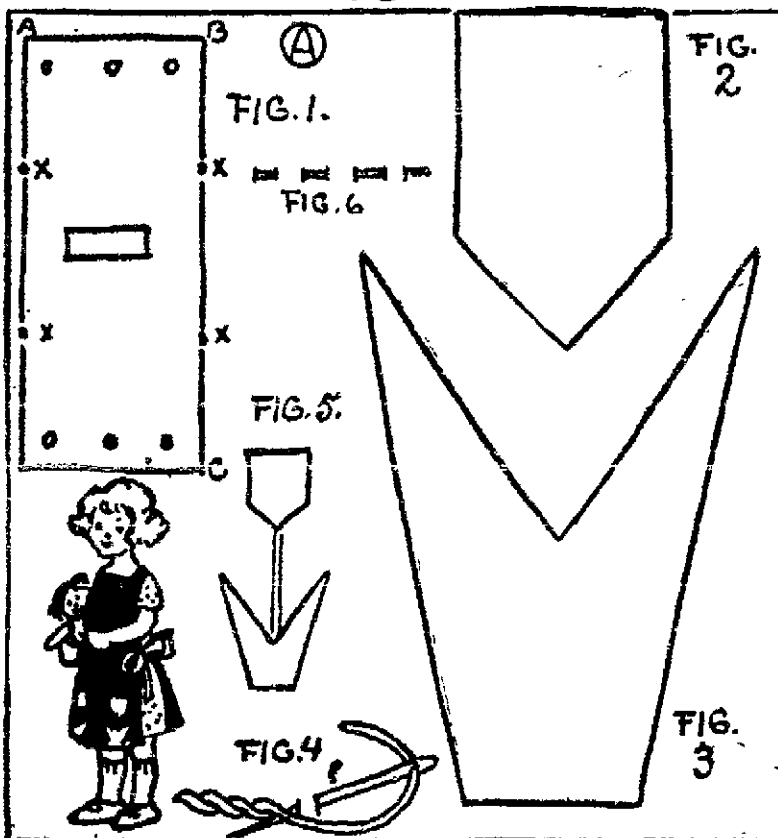
Far, far away a faint glimmer caught the attention of Jean; poor crippled Jean Kleth, who was afraid of the mocking and jeerings of his playmates. They could not be called playmates, because they neither played nor stayed with him, except little Marion; she did not fount nor mock Jean. A warm feeling crept into his heart as he thought of Marion. She sat with him in the sunshine while the sun shone through her golden hair and lighted his red copper gleam; he loved to see it. A throb and an overwhelming sadness overswept the feeling in his heart. She was gone now. She had left without a word, not even saying, goodbye. Her friends said she and her family had left for California. He did not know where.

The faint gleam of light in the distance grew brighter, and its reflection on the water drew Jean toward the small houseboat where Jean sat watching the larger boat and its light grow nearer. He thought of home. The word brought only the thought of a hard cold woman, his foster-mother; of the crowd of small dirty children always running about the small untidy house.

Once a great doctor had seen him and said he might be cured if he could live in California. Jean had thought and thought, how, if he saved his money, he would go to California and be free. No longer would he be afraid; no one would look, stare and jeer at his crooked leg. Jean had exactly five dollars and eighty-nine cents. He had been given the five dollars by his uncle, an itinerant preacher, who was passing through that part of the country, New England. He was going to California. Jean had



MERRY MAKINGS
BUILT FOR YOU BY AUNT ELSIE



Betty had learned to do three embroidery stitches all by herself, so of course she wanted to make something to wear.

"Let me help you," said Mother. "No, I'd rather do it all by myself," smiled Betty.

So she did, and the minute you see it your eyes are going to turn a bright apple green with envy. The "something" was a play apron to wear over her warm dress after school. Mother said she might choose her own cloth, so Betty chose black sateen. First she cut a long, straight piece like Fig. 1. From A to B it was just as wide as Betty's shoulders, from tip to tip. From B to C it was TWICE the length between Betty's shoulder and her knee. The oblong hole in the middle was just large enough to slip nicely over her head. She was careful not to cut it too large at first.

After she had measured and cut her cloth, she turned the cloth in a way that she wanted. This she fastened down with plain stitches in bright green wool, as shown in Fig. 6. She made these stitches on the right side of

the cloth. The neck she finished in the same way. Now she was ready for her decorations.

"I'm going to plant red tulips on my apron because they look so giggly," said she.

And indeed they did look giggly when they were done. Figs. 2 and 3 give the patterns for the tulips and the leaves. The tulips were cut from bright red sateen, the leaves from bright green. Three tulips stood in a row on the front and three on the back. The little circles at the ends of the strip where they should go, Betty pinned them in place, the flowers quite a bit higher than the leaves as shown in Fig. 5. When they were all even she fastened them near the edge with tiny basting stitches. Then she took bright yellow wool and made a heavy outline stitch (Fig. 4) all around both flowers and leaves. The stems were made of two rows of outline stitch in yellow. Last of all she fastened green ribbon ties at the points marked X on the strip. Then in she hopped, the proudest little Betty in the land. (Copyright, 1923.)

begged to be taken along. His uncle refused. He was sorry, he said, and gave him the money. The rest he had hoarded. Twenty-five cents he had found. A kind man and woman had tossed him forty cents. The remaining sum Marion had given him when some people had promised to take him to the fair. But no one had come; so he kept the money. That completed the vast sum of money on which he was going to California.

A sudden scream was heard, and Jean saw the light ahead of him rock. A crash, and silence. As his little boat quickly drew up be-

side the larger he heard splash and a scream near him. Out in the dimness he saw something. He limped to the old rope which lay on the deck of the "Little Jip." With every nerve tense and mustering all his strength, he threw the rope out in the direction of the something. A cry, and he saw a white arm clutch toward that which he had thrown. Another cry. Jean Kleth, quickly fumbling in his earnest haste, leaped and tied the stout rope on a projection on the deck. One deep intake of breath, and then, with courage, Jean had said:



Here's the way to draw a picture for your page, and the ONLY way: NO PICTURES WILL BE ACCEPTED UNLESS THEY FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS: NEVER USE A COLORED PAPER.

Draw on white, smooth, firm paper which will hold ink well. The picture must be either 4x4 inches or 6x6 inches.

Odd sizes will not be accepted. MEASURE CAREFULLY.

USE EITHER SIMPLE PENCIL OUTLINE, WITHOUT ANY SHADING, OR DRAW YOUR PICTURE WITH HIGGINS BLACK DRAWING INK. DO NOT USE ANY OTHER KIND OF INK, AS WE CANNOT PRINT FROM IT.

Do not use any colored crayons or colored inks.

ALL DRAWINGS MUST BE ORIGINAL. NO COPIES OR TRACED DRAWINGS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Aunt Elsie cannot promise to print all drawings—as all kiddies cannot draw well. But she will print the best ones.

the cold river. He called. Reaching blindly out, he grasped a something very limp and nearly sinking. Pulling it, he tried to fasten it on to the rope. His strength was fast failing. He was sinking, sinking, but still his frozen grasp held on to the still form beside him, the other hand grasping the rope. He would not sink, yet he was going down, down.

II

Jean Kleth to go to California, Jean GOING to California! going with Marion! His mind could not yet fully comprehend it. Yet he had heard Marion's rich uncle and kind aunt talking, and planning. How he had saved Marion after a small accident on a ship which knocked her overboard; how the sailors had come to the rescue just in time. Jean GOING to California to be free! He was no longer afraid. ELIZABETH GINNO.

MYRTLE DAVIS
1502 Henry St., Berkeley.
11 Years.

THE HAUNTED ROOM
(PRIZE STORY)

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen. They were very unhappy because they had no children. One day a boy was born to them. They were very happy but that night the king had a dream. He dreamt that a fairy came to him and said, "Do not let your son touch the earth or floor until he is seven years old." Then the fairy disappeared.

The king remembered what the fairy had said to him and kept the boy off of the ground. Then on the day before the prince's seventh birthday, when the nurse was holding him, she heard a scream. The nurse dropped the prince on the floor and ran to the window, looked out and there was nobody out there except the guards, and the stablemen.

So she ran back to where she had dropped the prince. The prince had disappeared. The nurse began to cry. Then the king came to the nurse and she told the story of how the prince had disappeared. The king was very sad indeed, and so was the queen.

Fourteen years had gone by and one night the king and queen heard strange noises in one room of the palace. They thought it was their son, so the king said whoever could get his son out of the room would get \$3,000 reward.

Many people tried to get the reward, but they failed. There was a widow who had three daughters. The eldest one went to the palace to try her luck. The king said she could so that night the girl went to the room. She asked for a fire to be put in the fireplace, a bed to sleep on and a dinner set on a table.

At twelve o'clock a young man came to the door. He was the prince. He asked the girl, "Who is this dinner for?"

"Myself," said the girl. "Who is the fire for?" asked the prince.

"Who is the bed for?" again asked the prince.

"Myself," came the answer. The prince looked sad. He waved his arms and disappeared.

The next morning the girl told the king what had happened so she got a reward of \$2,000,000.

The next girl tried her luck and the same thing happened. Then the youngest daughter tried her luck but when the prince came in he asked "For whom is this dinner?"

"Myself, but you have it," and the prince sat down and ate the dinner. Then he asked "For whom is this fire?"

"Myself, but you can have it." The prince warmed himself, then



(Continued From Page One)

The king called his soldiers together and asked them to keep the boy a prisoner. The soldiers obeyed and they took the boy and put him into a room.

I forgot to tell you that his name is John. I couldn't tell you where his mother and father are because I don't know. The boy looked for a place to escape. He found a window open. He ran to the first house he saw. He went and saw his father and mother. They kissed him and hugged him and lived happy ever after.

FRANCIS NAMBO.

"UNKNOWN,"
Pinole, Calif.

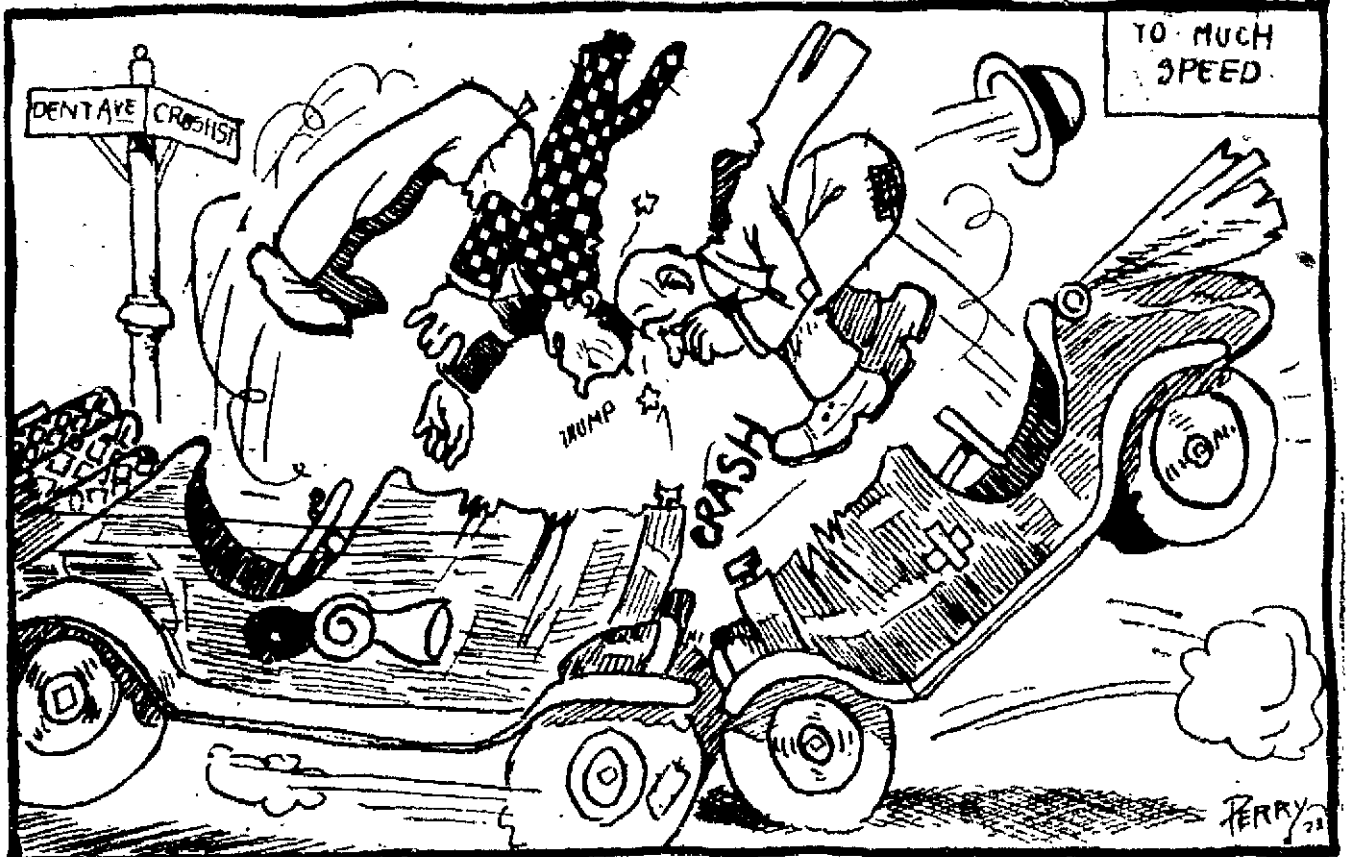
Brrrr—also Whrrrr! This is a hair raiser that no stay-comb can withstand.

MYSTERY.

Dr. Hurd touched a button in a very hidden place. A large panel slid open and he walked in. The panel shut after him. He walked by several large iron doors and stopped at one of them. He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked the door, locking it after him. A terrible roar came from the cage within. The door and room were sound proof, as no noise could be heard before he opened the door.

There was a terrible looking animal in the cage. It looked like an alligator but was about three times as big and had a roar like a lion. Dr. Hurd put two hands on his brow and mused a while.

Suddenly he said to the animal, "You won't be yourself, very long



now." Then, "Oh, why don't they hurry?"

Suddenly a buzzer sounded and he closed the door and hurried out.

Dr. Hurd was a scientist of note and was about to perform the first operation of its kind. He was going to transform an animal to a man, by taking the brain from the human and putting it in the animal's head.

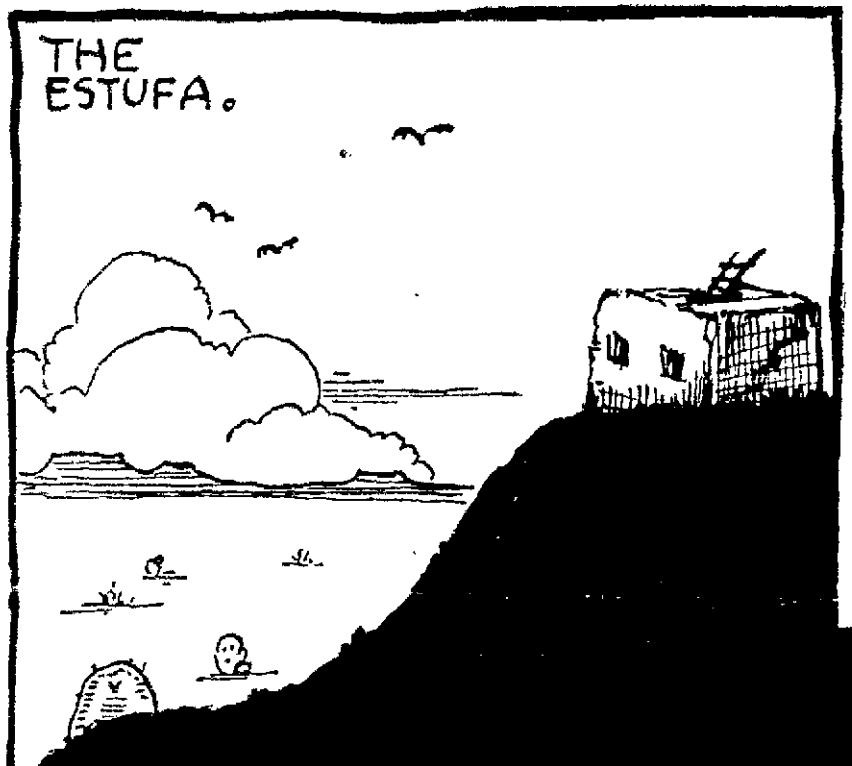
As he went out into the main part of the house a man ran up to him. He said: "We got de body, boss. Are yuh ready?"

"Yes," said Dr. Hurd. "Come this way."

He walked to the panel and there appeared another door. He opened it, and it led into a fully equipped laboratory. "Bring the body in here."

He had had the thugs bring the body, and was going to put the brain into the animal's head, but would the animal live? He and several assistants pumped oxygen into him and Dr. Hurd felt for his heart beat. He felt none. His

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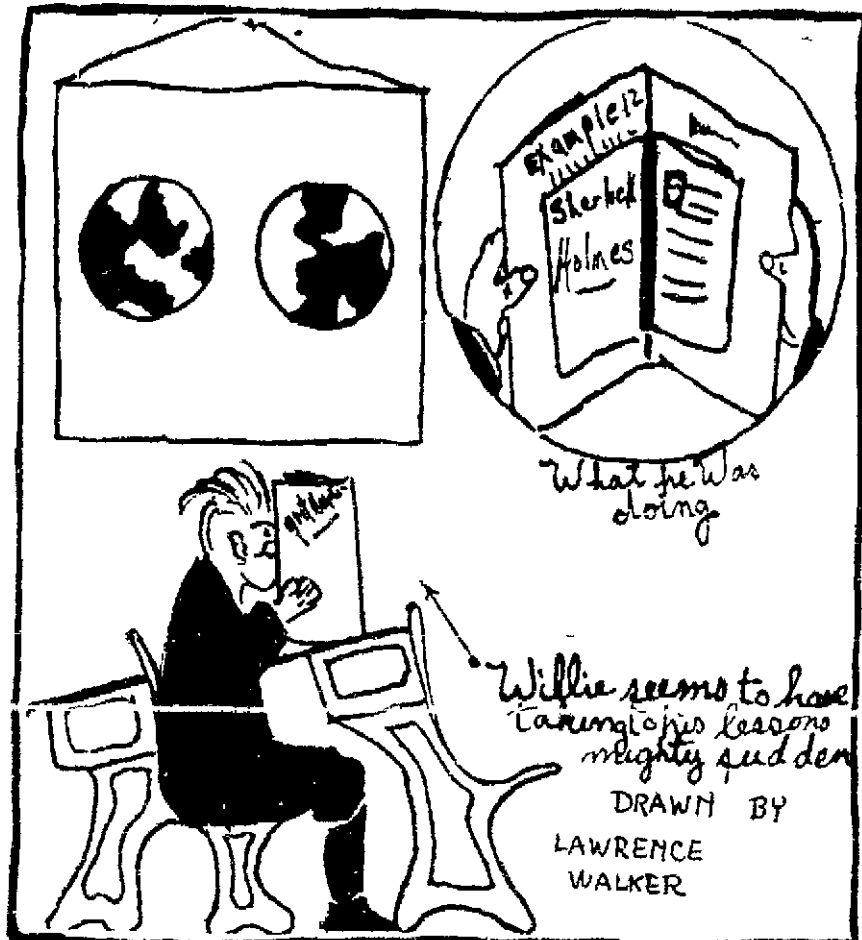
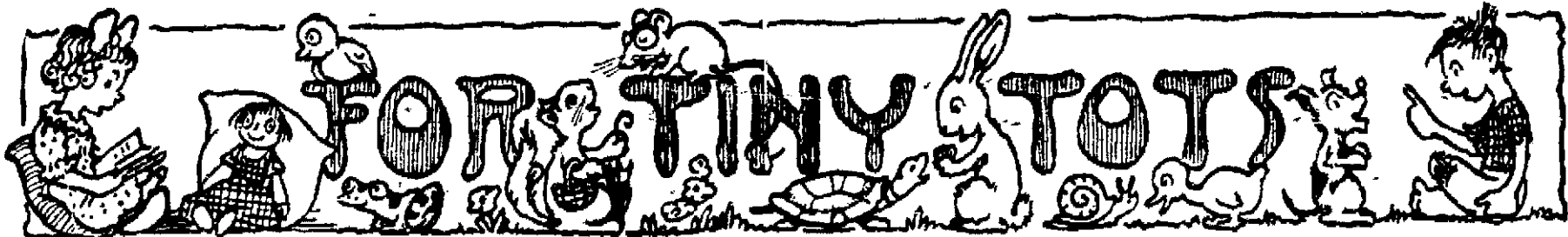


"Indian Joe" had been working for Uncle Ben, blazing trees in the wet lot which the lumbermen were to cut, because Indian Joe knew more about the value of saw logs at a glance than most men could tell in a day's study. His work finished he was taking the boys down in the woods to show them a den of porcupines that he had discovered.

After the cousins, Ned and Ted, had crawled up and watched the porcupines and Joe had wrapped his coat about a stick and suddenly shoved it at one to see if the beast bristle up and let the quills in the cloth.

back. Joe paused, "blaze" on a tree. He didn't notice it, grown over. Joe distance and

"Old lum," he told the trapper, learn expl



LENI STEIN JANOSCHIK,
9916 Holly St., Oakland.
JOHNNIE'S KINDNESS.
(PRIZE WINNER)

Little Johnnie was playing in the yard with his new wagon which he received for Christmas. The week before he was merrily playing when all of a sudden his eyes caught sight of a little bird falling from the tree. How pitifully it sounded as it lay on the ground.

"Oh, poor little birdie," said Johnnie, carefully picking it up. "Your wing must be broken!" And he repeated these words—

"Poor little birdie fallen from the tree,

He's looking with pain right up at me,

How he fell I can not tell,
But I'm going to keep him till he is well."

He then carried the little creature into the house. "Oh mama, I have a little bird," said Johnnie as he entered the room. "It lay on the ground crying and mama my heart nearly broke to hear it so I thought I better take it till it is well."

"That is very thoughtful of you," said his mother, looking tenderly at the little bird. Johnnie made the little robin as comfortable a place to be on as he could and then went quietly away. In a couple of hours he came back. But oh what a sad sight. Little robin was dead! Johnnie felt very sad. He came to his mother with tears in his eyes but his mother comforted him saying that he had done his part by taking such good care of it.

SPRING'S HAPPINESS.

Spring is so joyfully coming,
The sun is so bright and so hot,
The flowers are rapidly blooming,
There is fragrance in all the air.

No more of the frosts and the snow storms

No more of the winds that blow
But only the brightest sunshine
With faces all aglow.

Why are we ever unhappy
Why do we have any care?
Oh come little lassies and laddies;
Pick the flowers so bright and so fair.

On list to the sound of the robins
As they sing their happy lay,
They never are dishearted
But sing the long spring day.

So let us too be happy

Oh welcome to thee thou brightest day,

Oh welcome happy spring
FRANCES JANOSCHIK
Age 11 Grade 7A

DORIS VAUGHN,
Vacaville, Calif.
(10 Years)

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Chapter One.

It was the day before Christmas and Hene was very happy. She was a little girl eight years old with big, blue eyes and long, brown, curly hair.

Today was the day that Santa Claus would receive her letter, and that is why she was so happy. In the toy shop of Santa Claus everybody was busy even Mrs. Santa Claus. Mrs. Santa Claus always helps Santa every year on Christmas eve, when there is such a rush to get everything ready for his long journey.

Santa Claus himself was very busy putting squeaks into toy lambs, when jumping Jerry the cat, came in with a cry. "Here's a boy's letter."

letter from a little girl named Hene. She wants a doll with red hair."

Well," said Santa, "that's nothing to be surprised about."

So he told one of the toy makers to start to make the doll.

When the doll was finished, all except putting on the hair the toy maker told Santa Claus there was a red hair so Santa said that Hene would have to go without a doll with red hair. This was about eight o'clock at night. At the time when Hene, at her home was getting into bed.

Chapter Two.

On Christmas morning Hene awoke bright and early. She sprang quickly out of bed as soon as she remembered it was Christmas and dressing herself, ran into the room where the Christmas tree stood. There she saw a beautiful dolly, but not with the red hair.

The doll had brown, curly hair, just like Hene's own hair. Hene ran over to the dolly, picked her up and hugged her and said, "Oh, you wonderful doll, you couldn't be prettier if you had the reddest hair in the world. Santa Claus knows more about color than I do any way."

Then Hene opened her other presents, and while she liked all of them, there was none that she loved as well as her brown-haired dolly. Just then her mama and papa came in, and they all wished each other a Merry Christmas, which is just what I wish for all of you.

DORIS VAUGHN

PAULINE WOOD,
659 Thirty-first St., Oakland.
MARY AND MARGARET.

Mary and Margaret were very good friends. One day they were talking about clubs, Mary belong to Aunt Elsie club, but Margaret did not. Margaret said I don't think aunt Elsie is a real friend just a news paper friend, Mary was so astonished that she said, oh how could

you say such a thing, and then Mary said why would she give the wonderful parties for you and write letters to every one, aunt Elsie Magazine and help you in all your troubles if you write her. Margaret said oh I understand now, I will write a letter to aunt Elsie to ask her if I can join her club. Aunt Elsie wrote back telling her what to do in join the club, Mary and Margaret are now happy because they are members of aunt Elsie club. PAULINE WOOD.

MARIAN GOODRICH,
1633 Fairview St., South Berkeley.
(8 Years)

STORY OF A FLOOD.

Once upon a time there was a dog named Prince. One day She got three puppies. One was named Tip, and one Nip, and the last Tup. One day there was a dreadful flood. The puppies were afraid for the top of their house came off, and the rain came in. It was carried away by the water, and was swimming back. Nip had almost fell off too and Tup was the bravest of all. He dug in his claws and stayed on the house. The mother dog is howling for help. But she sees a man in a row-boat and they are coming nearer and nearer.

And this is why the puppies are named Nip, Tip and Tup. Tip tips over jars and everything. Nip nips everybody and Tup is always on top of something.

ALBERT AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER.

Once upon a time, there was a little boy and his name was Albert. He had a little brother and his

along happily, for he knew he would get some money when he got home. When he was coming home, Albert met his little friend Billy. Billy teased him to play, but Albert said he could not, but Billy still teased, so at last Albert played with him for a little while. At last he skipped along home. His mother said he was an honest boy for telling that he stopped to play. Albert got more money than he would have got because he told the truth. Another day his mother asked him to go to the store again, but this time when he was coming home he met the dirty boy Hans. Hans took his rice away from him. But Billy's house was right across the street. Albert ran as fast as he could and told Billy's mother. Billy's mother came out and Hans tried to run away, but she made him give Albert the rice.

MARIAN GOODRICH

MARIAN GREENE.

59 Tenth St., Oakland.

THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

Once in a forest lived a little pine tree he was very small but he soon grew to be a large tree. He had heard of other trees coming from the forest to become Christmas trees and he wished he could grow big enough to go.

One day some men came to the forest and cut down the pine tree and took him to the city. He had been there about a day when a lady came and bought him. He was taken to a large house and a stand was put on him and stood up. The next day many pretty decorations were put on the pine. Then one night when the three children of the house were asleep a lady put many toys and playthings on and under the pine.

In the morning when the children woke up and found the toys they were very glad that Santa had not forgotten them. The pine tree stood in the room but two weeks then it was put out in the yard to be taken away. BUT the little pine tree was not sorry he had been taken from the forest he was glad he had made some-one happy.

I wish all the Whishes and Prates a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. MARIAN GREENE.

DOROTHY ADAMS,
No Address.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PRINCE.

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen with one boy. His name was Bobbie, and he was two years old. He had everything he wanted to eat, but didn't have many toys.

Chap 2

One day as he was having his dinner he said, "I always have the same thing to eat and I want something different."

After two weeks had gone by he was seen playing in his playroom. He put on his coat and cap and sneaked out of the palace and went down to the village.

Chap 3

There was a boy that he liked to play with, and he stayed to play with him. Just as they were having a good time one of the King's men came down and said "Your mother has a surprise for you."

So he went right home and found a pretty sister. They lived happy ever after.

DOROTHY ADAMS



name was Jack. One day Jack and Albert were playing. Albert's mother called and asked him and his little brother to go to the store for her. Albert said he would, but Jack did not want to and said no. So the mother said that Jack did not have to go. Albert skipped



Mr. and Mrs. -

By Briggs



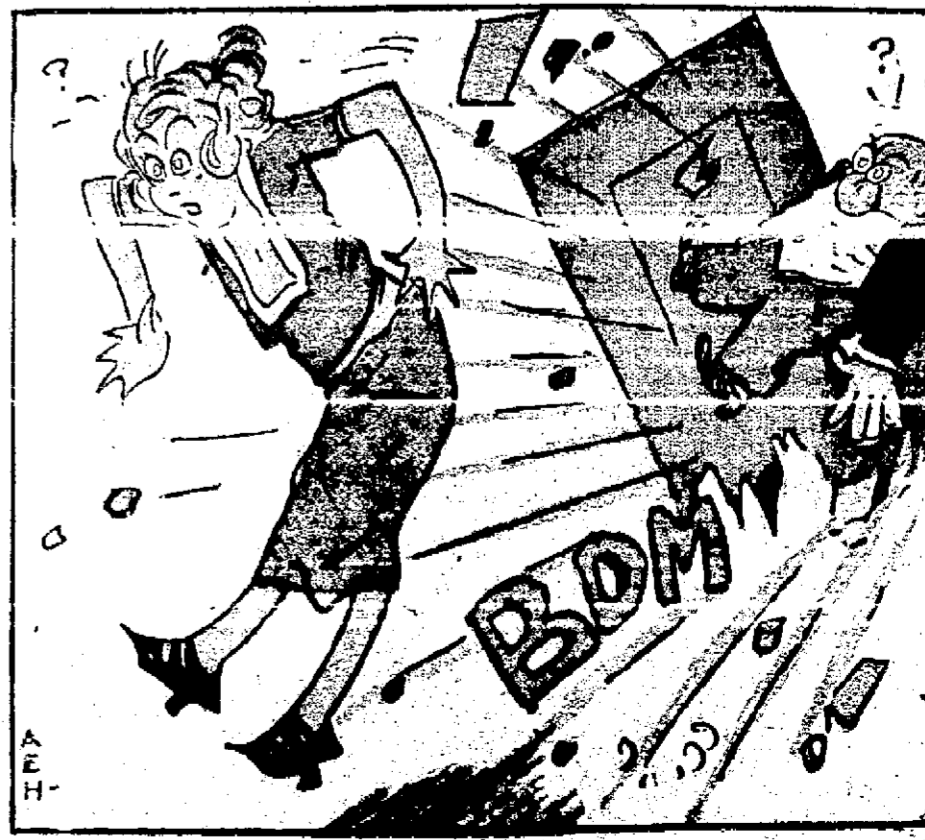
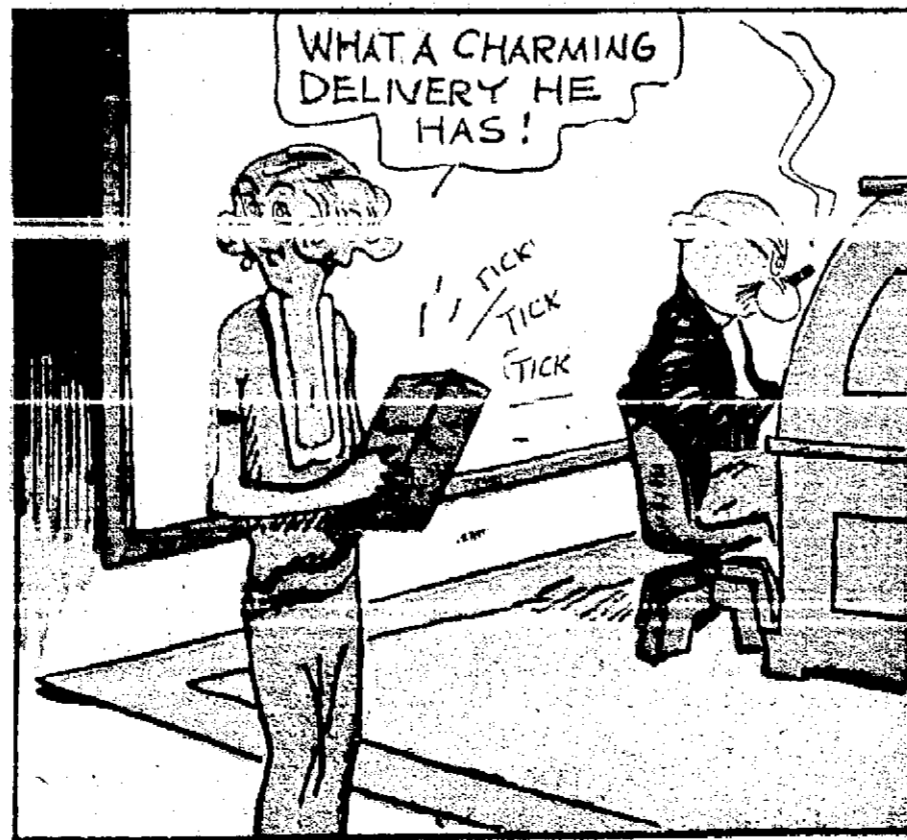
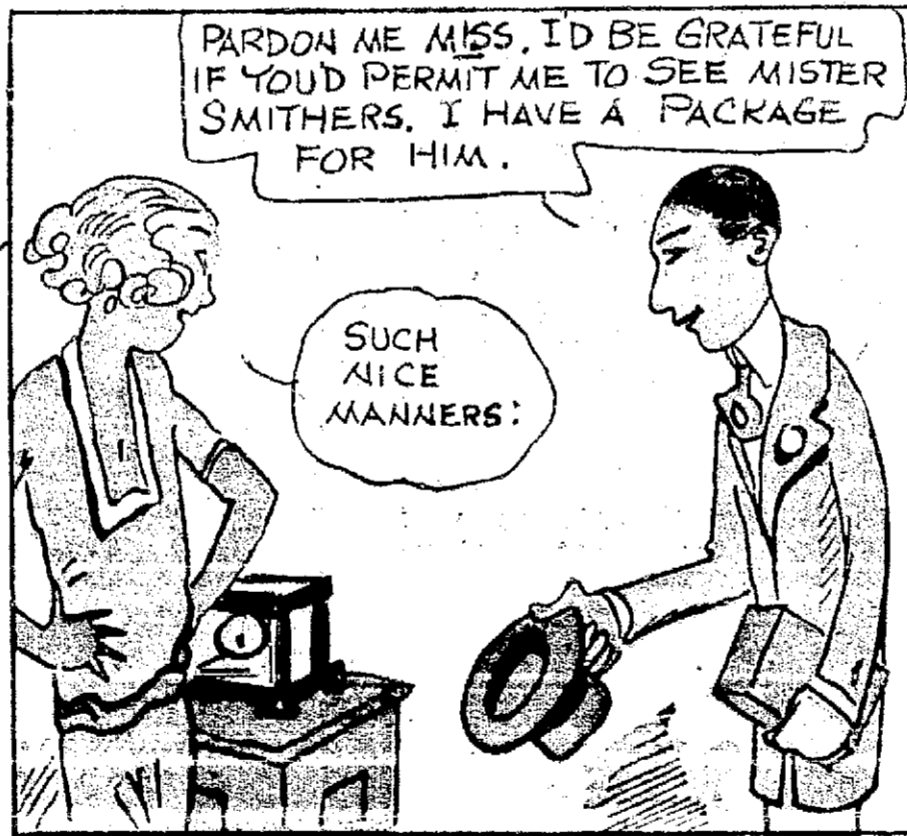
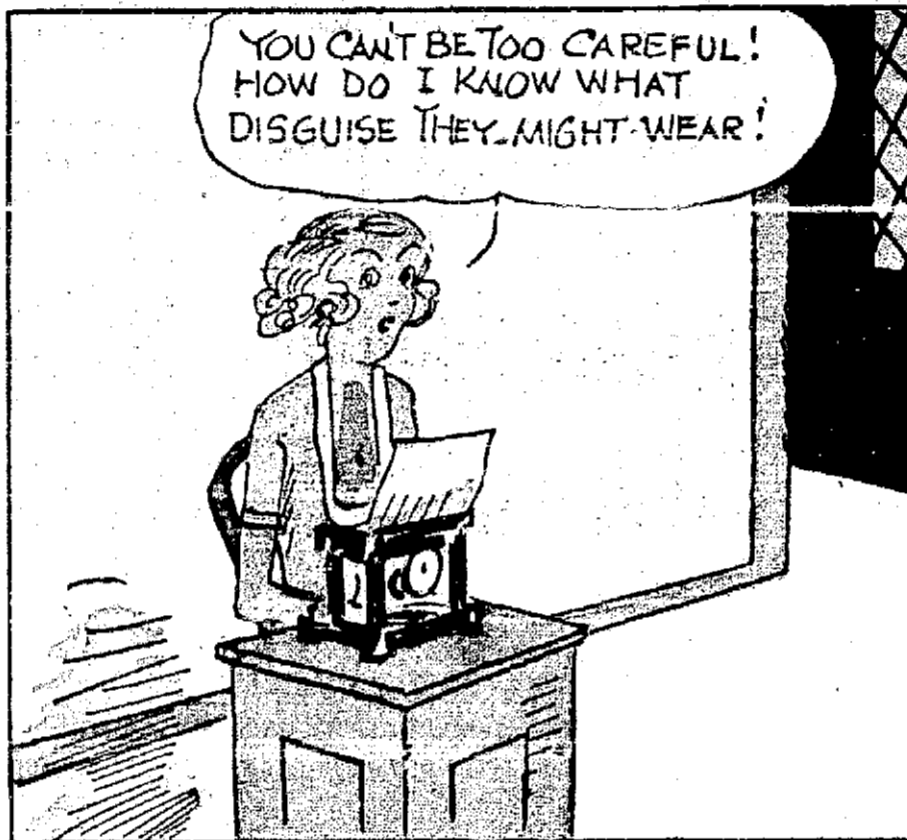
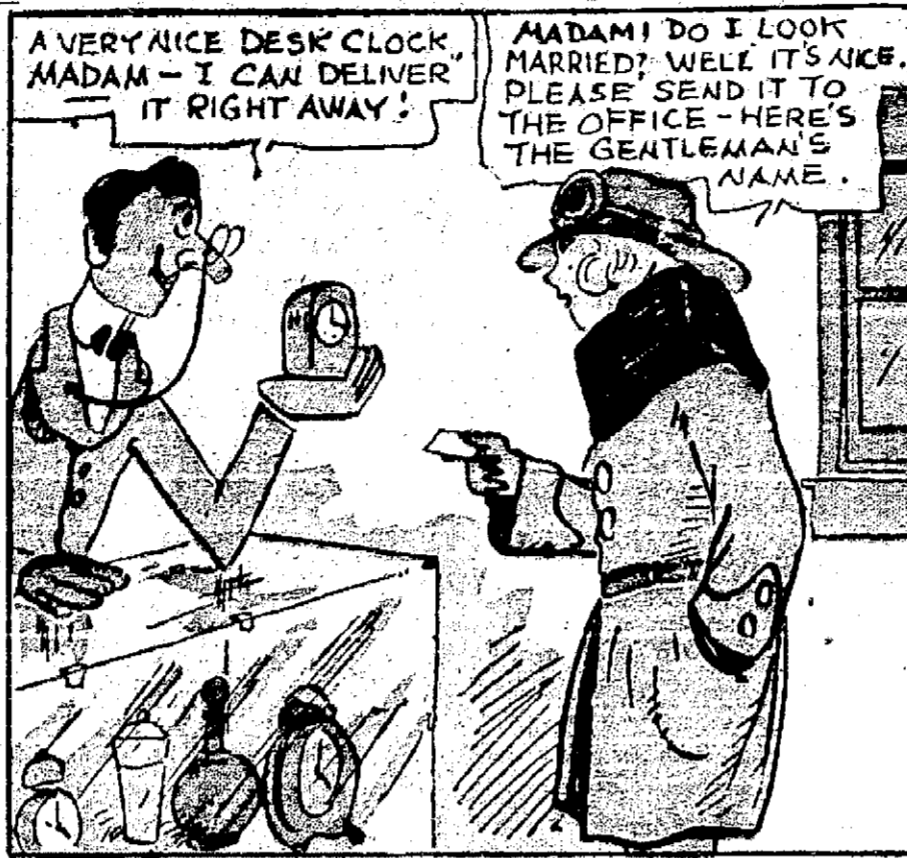
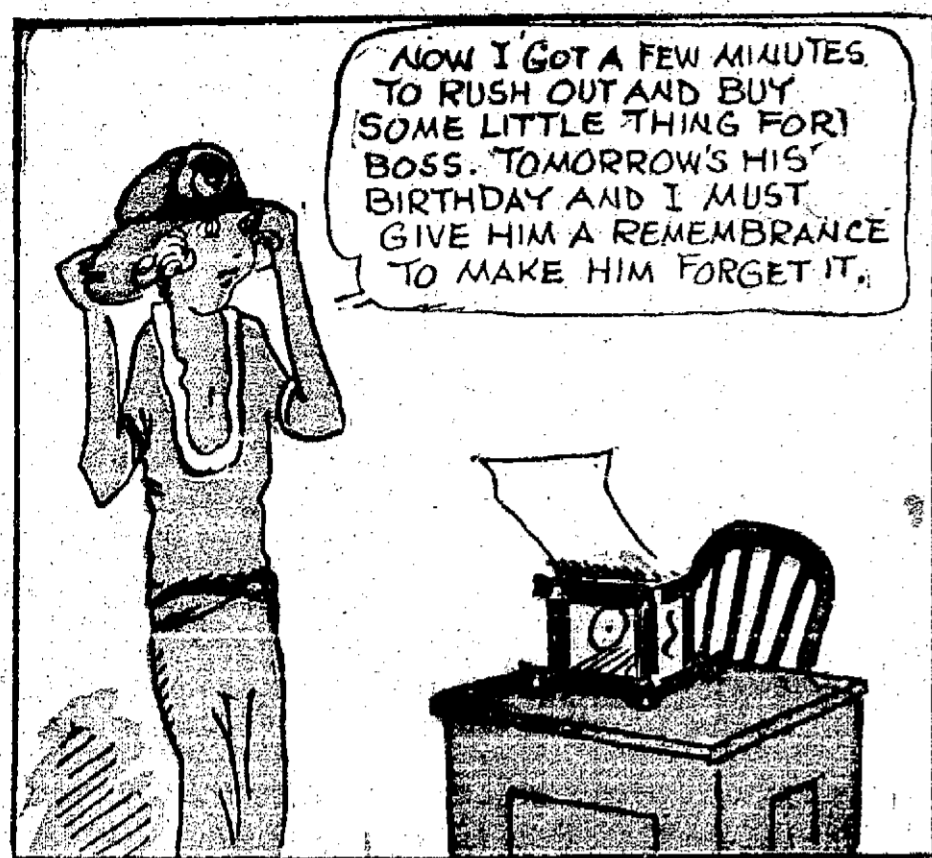


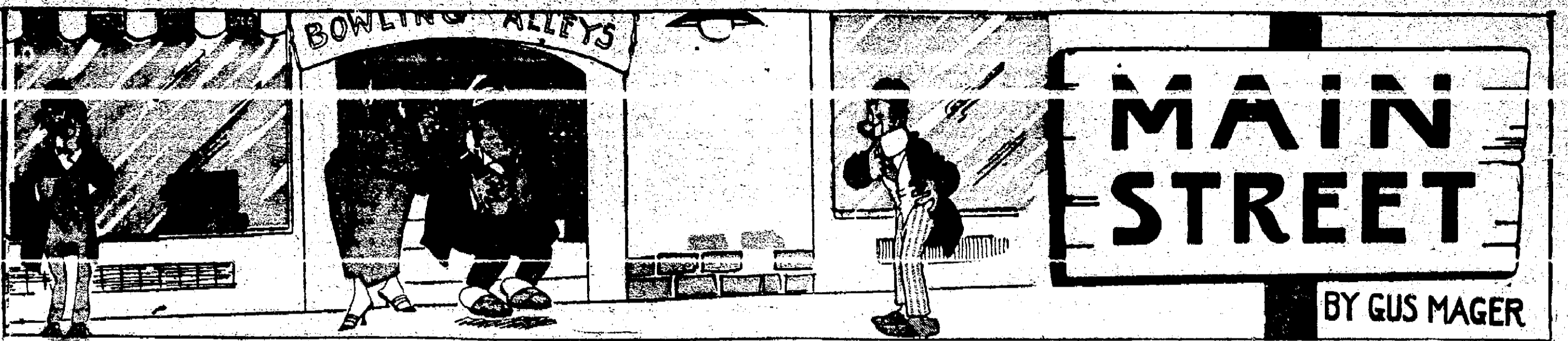
SOMEBODY'S STENOG

By A.E. Hayward

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

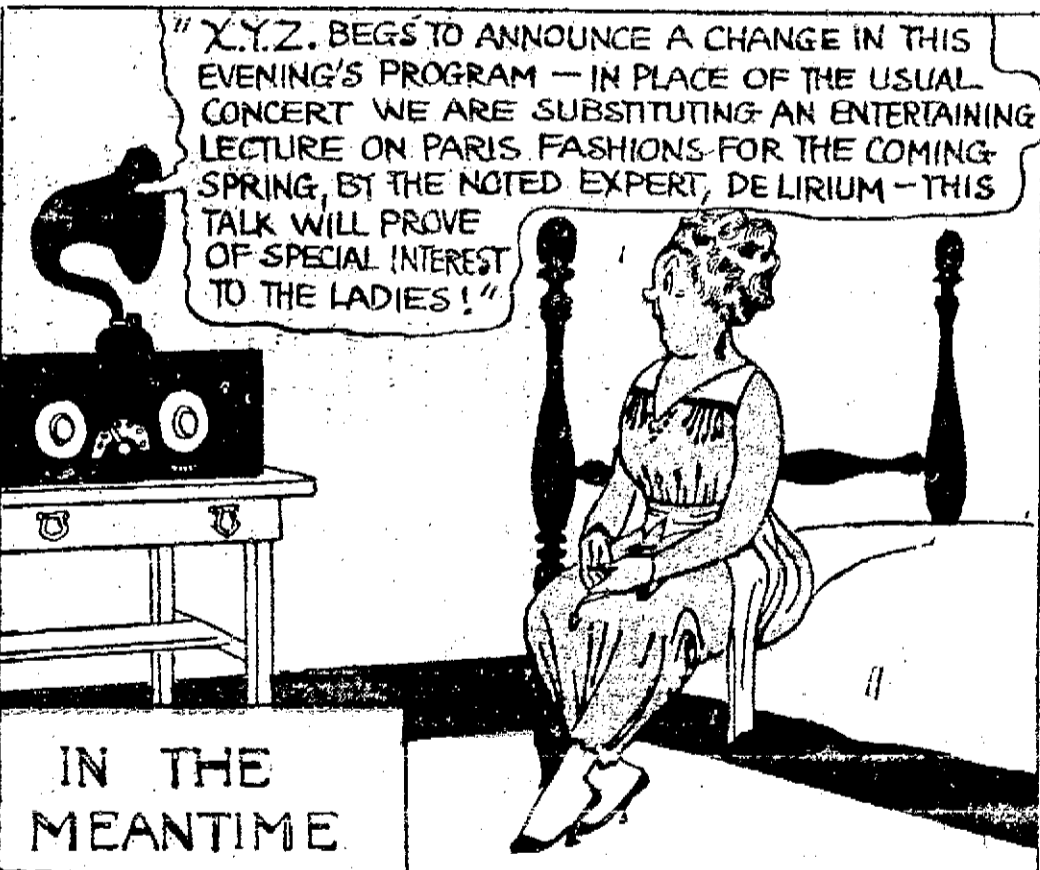
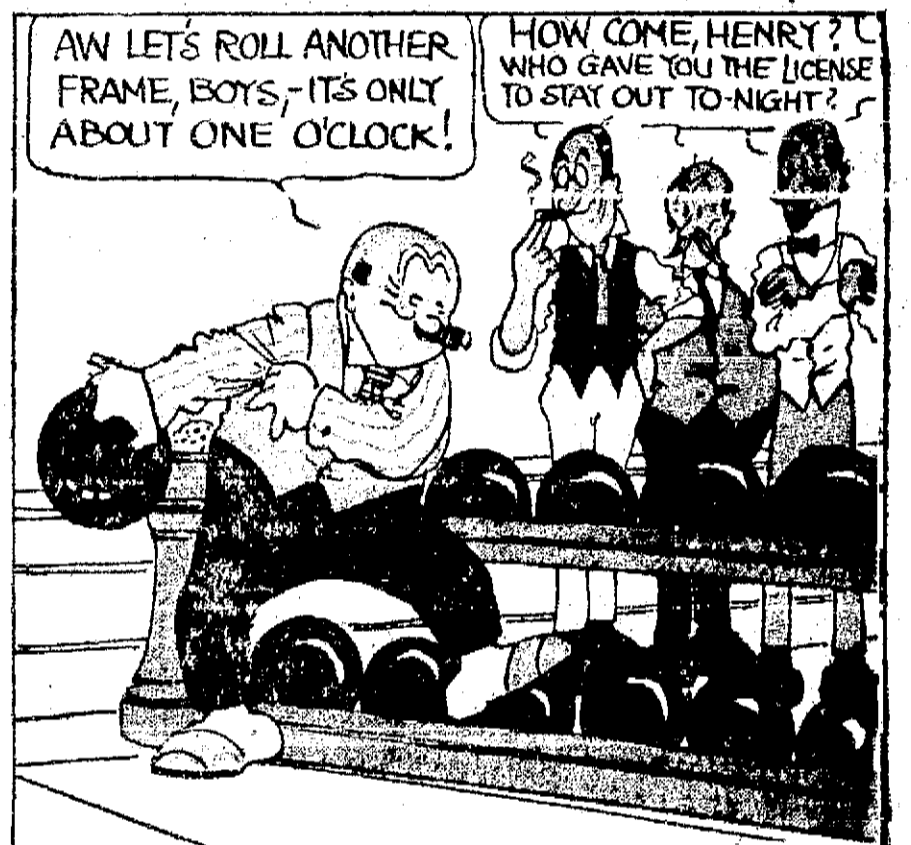
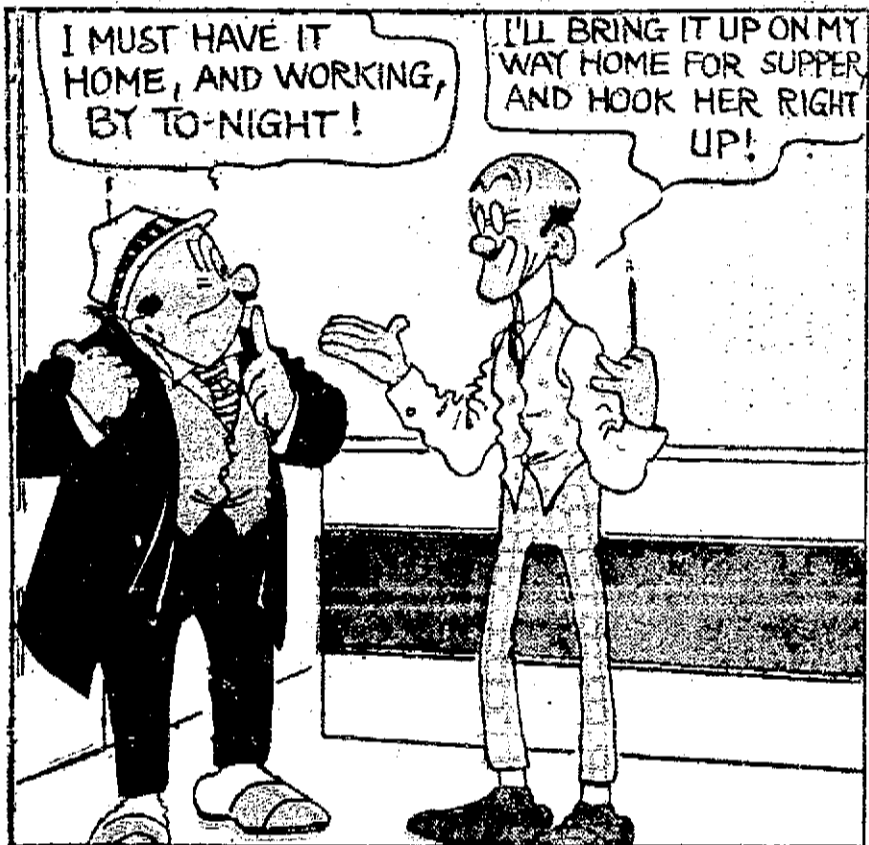
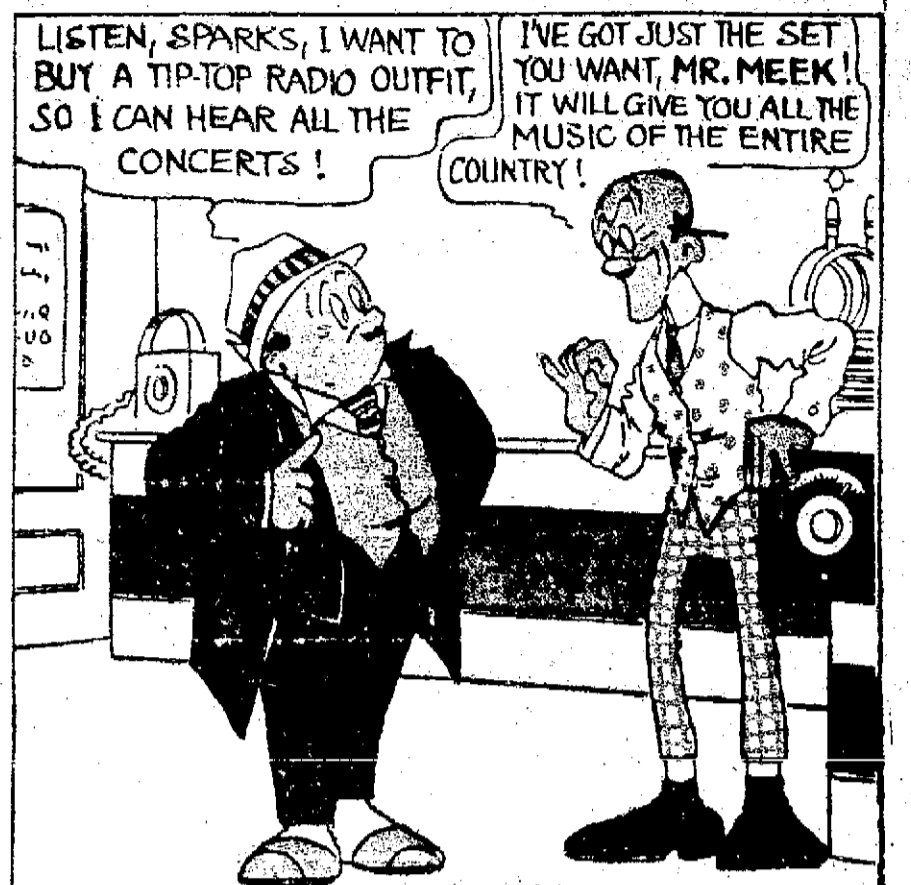
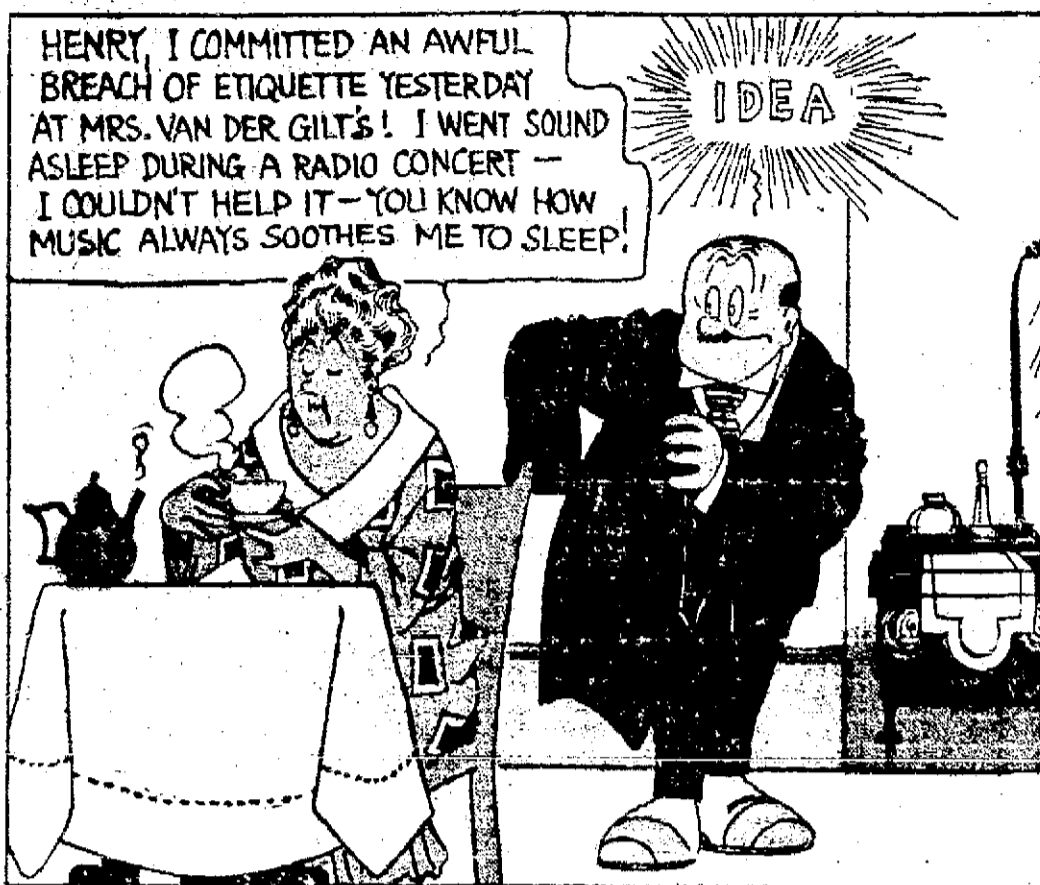
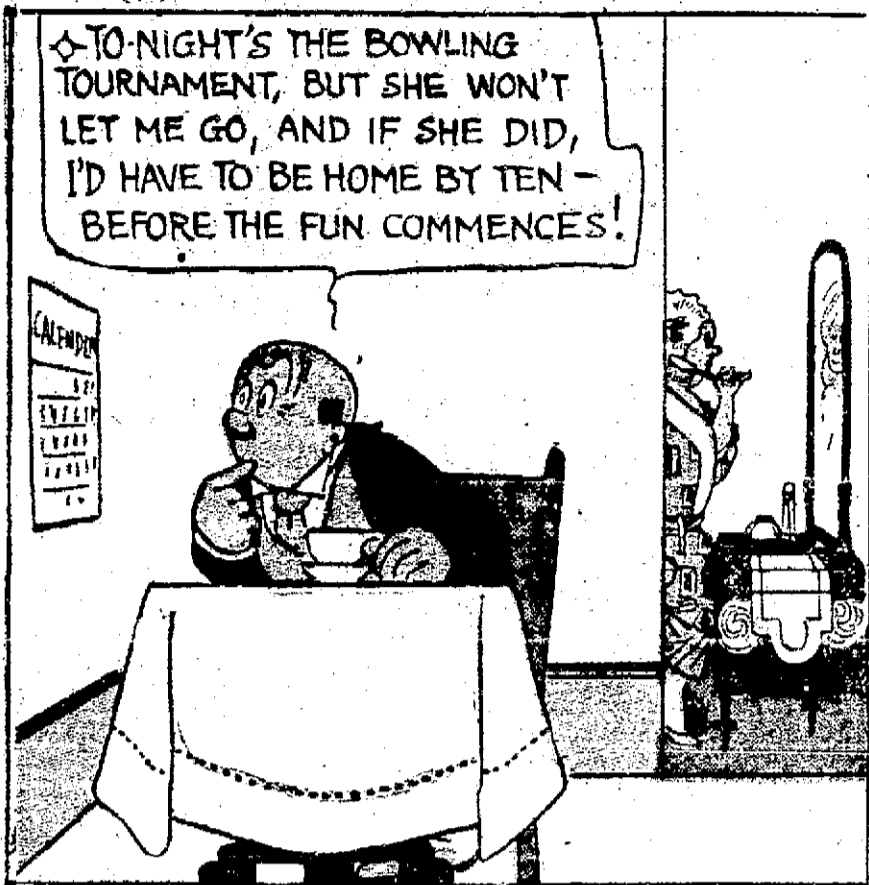
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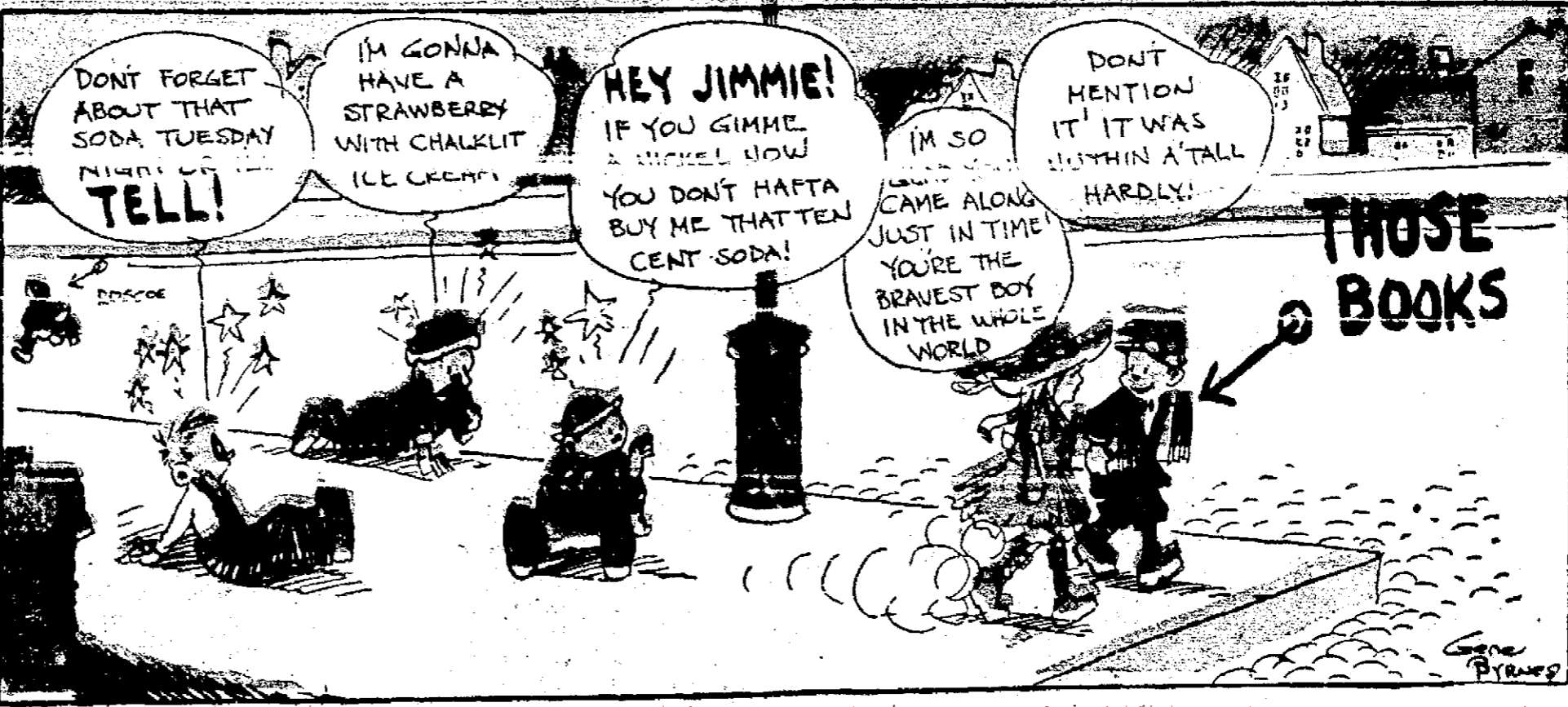
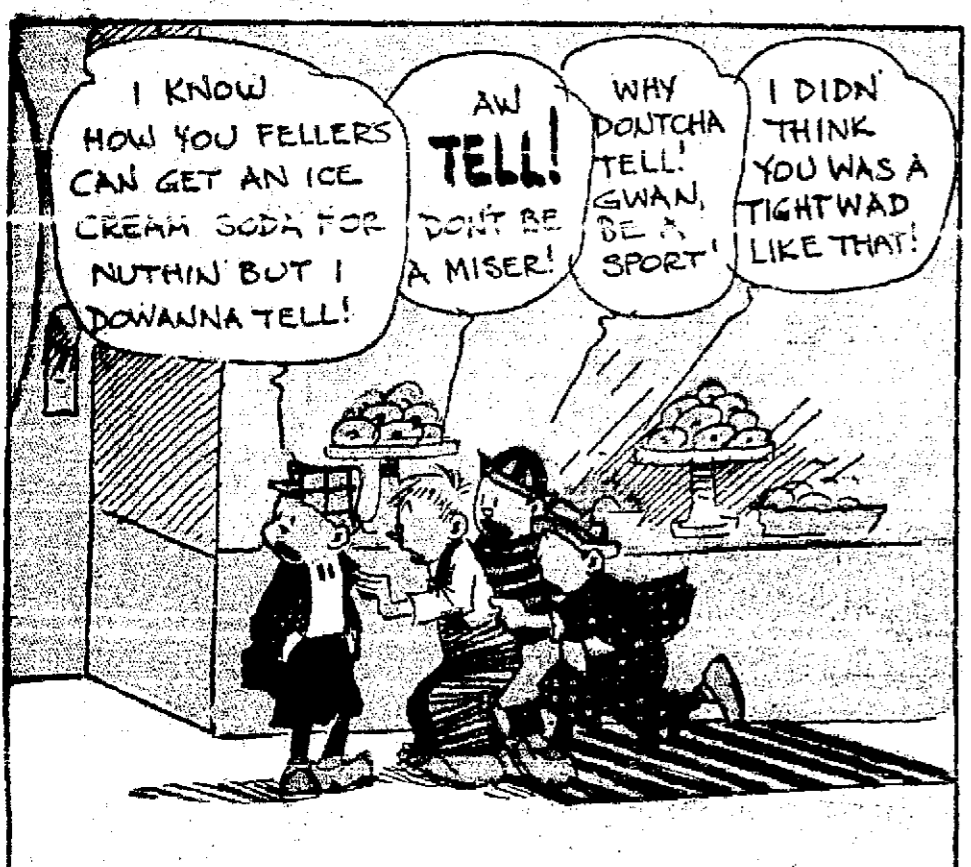
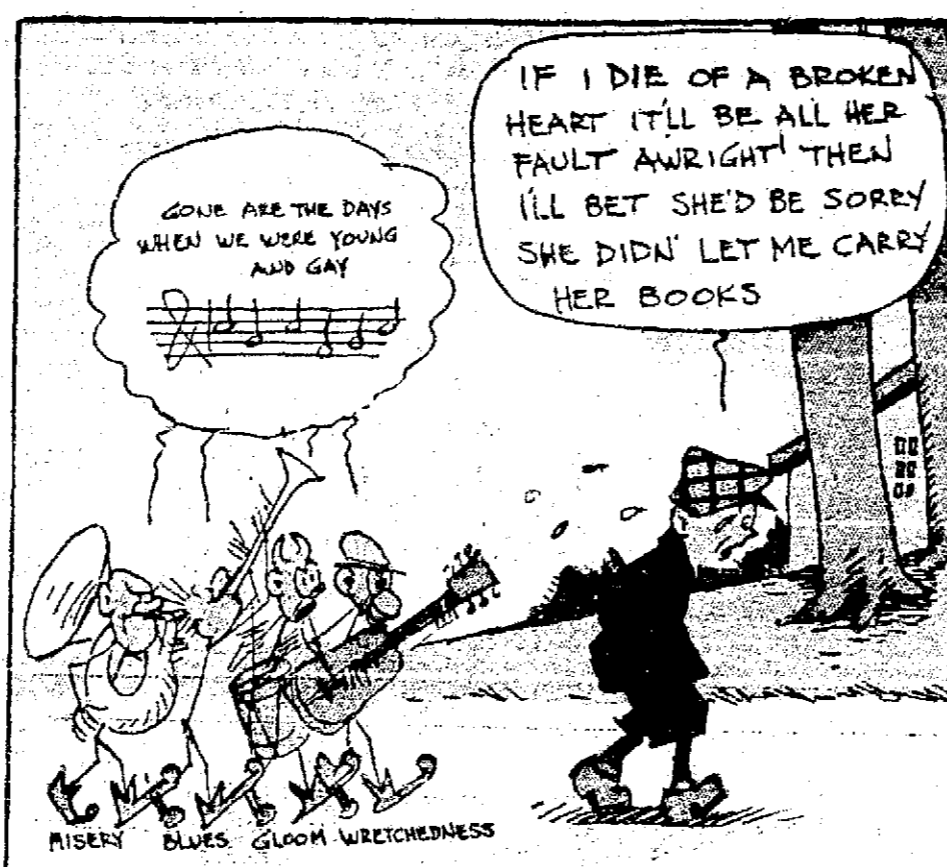
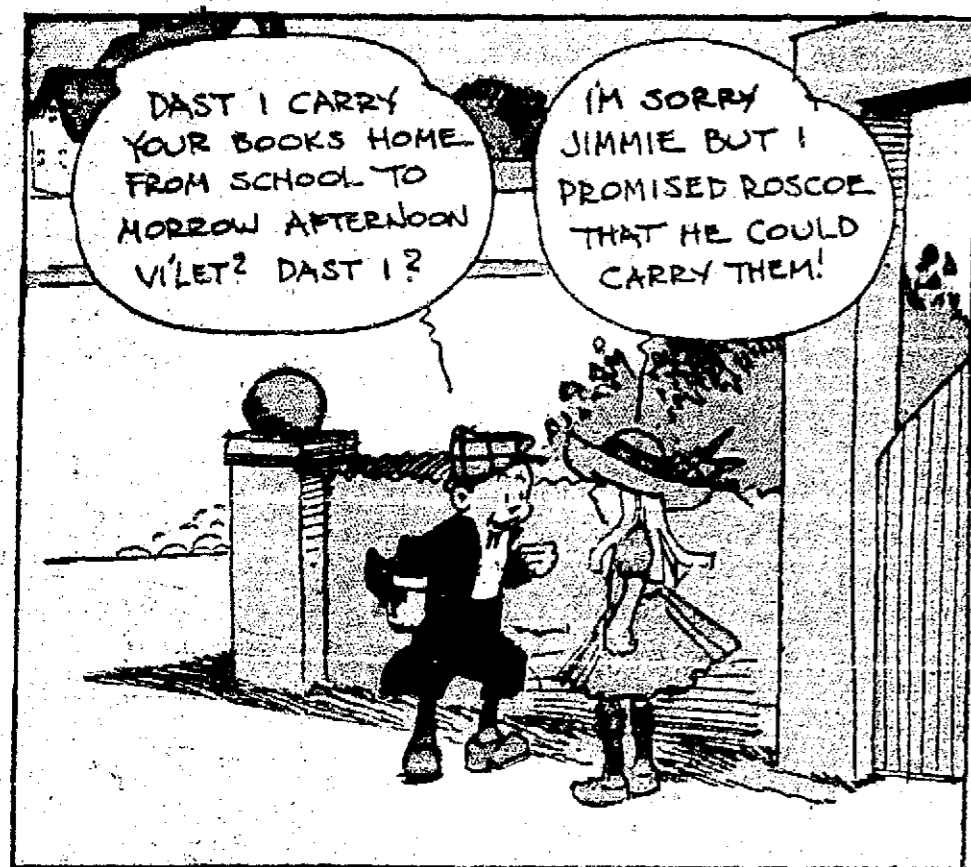




MAIN STREET

BY GUS MAGER





PRELIMINARY PLANS FOR OAKLAND SPEEDWAY ANNOUNCED

TRACK OF 1 1/2 MILE LENGTH IS PLANNED

By JIM HOULIHAN.

Articles of incorporation were filed in Sacramento last week by the Oakland Speedway, Inc., a company organized to erect and operate a mile and a half of speedway on a site near San Leandro and Hayward, the location of which its promoters declare, may be announced this week. The concern names its total capitalization at \$250,000 of which \$100,000 is in cash. J. Francis Connor, one of the directors, is already paid in. The group of men backing the entire includes stockholders of the Cotati and San Carlos speedways, who have pooled their interests with Jack Prince and Fred M. Johnson, the latter an official of a local lumber firm. It is the aim of these promoters to have their track finished in time for an opening speed carnival 250 miles on Labor Day in which the fastest 122 cubic inch racing cars in America. This is the new small type creation which is to make its bow for speedway racing at Indianapolis on Memorial Day and the vehicle which will plant the 183 cubic inch motors in the accepted design for the next year or two.

Ample backing to assure the track's success is claimed by the promoters to be available and the coming race and business men of the Eastbay cities are to be induced to show their interest in the track's welfare by having an opportunity to buy \$100 Life Membership tickets, redeemable in the form of \$10 per year.

WILL SELL LIFE TICKETS. A selling campaign will be inaugurated under the direction of Stanley according to a statement made Thursday by Connor and this will continue for sixty days in which period it is believed 1000 of these life tickets will be sold.

Presidency of the corporation is offered to R. C. "Cliff" Durant. According to a wire sent the other day by Al Waddell, Durant is to become financially interested in the local venture if life membership tickets are sold, deprecating his belief that there are tough capitalists in Oakland who can be secured to back the project or the amount needed.

Another stipulation of Durant's is that A. M. Young who has made a success as manager of the Los Angeles Speedway be chosen to direct the racing programs on a local oval and that he Durant so would have the right to name an engineer who would build it. Commenting on these objections Connor argues:

First: The sale of Life Tickets is a wise move in that it will assure the track having at least 1000 permanent backers whose personal interest will assure the speedway's success. They can be counted on to attend each meet themselves and to bring a group of friends.

Auto Industry Next to Farms In Total Value

By JIM HOULIHAN.

IN total value of output, the automobile industry is now second only to agriculture. Its estimated output for 1922 was \$2,725,000,000. The industry required 80 per cent of all the annual production of gasoline and 81 per cent of the crude rubber imported. Of the 12,700,000 employees supported by industry and transportation, 13 per cent depend on the automobile industry.

\$5000 Offer For License 1 Refused

Frederick Tudor of Sandwich, Cape Cod, has held license No. 1, in Massachusetts, for 20 years. He recently refused an offer of \$5000 for it from C. H. Davis of the National Highway Commission of Cape Cod.

Motorists Last Year Paid \$400,000,000

Motorists in the United States paid more than \$400,000,000 last year in excise taxes, registration fees, gasoline taxes, wheel taxes and various other levies put on by different states and cities.

Governors to Halt Auto Speed Proposed

Motor Vehicle First Invented 163 Years Ago

THE first record of a motor-propelled road vehicle dates back to 1760, when a steam-operated car was invented by Captain Nicholas J. Cugnot, a Frenchman. In 1845 and 1847 a pneumatic tire was patented by R. W. Thompson, in England. Gasoline was discovered in 1860.

Merced County—a Gateway to Yosemite

This map of Merced county shows the various highways leading east and west. The Wagon Road to Yosemite is partly noted here, as are various other highways which attract many motorists throughout the year. There is much to be seen in Merced county. The car is a Maxwell sent out by the Mustang Motor Company, Maxwell and Chalmers dealers here, and the scene is at the "intake" of the Yosemite Lumber Co.'s sawmill at Merced Falls.

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BODY PLANT INSURED BY DURANT TRIP

Although W. C. Durant spent only a short time in Oakland last week, he accomplished what he came West for, to make arrangements for the erection of a body plant two stories in height, 80x600 feet, occupying 100,000 square feet, and which will employ at the start between 250 and 300, to produce closed car bodies for Durant and Star cars.

The structure will be erected in Oakland just as soon as the engineers are given the final word to go ahead by W. C. Durant.

The possibilities of another factory here for the manufacture of the Flint Six, one of the new Durant productions, was also considered by the magnate, and it is hoped within a year's time, when this car has attained quantity production at the huge Flint (Mich.) plant, it will be possible for the local institution to be built.

Durant also spoke of another automobile, priced at \$525, Eastern points, which he hopes to have on the market in a very short time. Before the year ends, it is expected, this car will be made in quantity at the Oakland plant, in addition to the Durant and Star lines now being built here. Other units, without a question, will have to be added to the present buildings to handle this line properly.

Interesting figures were given out by Durant regarding production in his plants throughout the country.

Durant factories in Oakland, Flint, Mich., Lansing, Mich., Elizabeth, N. J., and Long Island City have a production capacity of 330,000 cars, Durant said, and these institutions combined, he believes, will manufacture 325,000 automobiles during 1923.

When present building operations are completed in the various Durant plants their capacity will be 667,350 automobiles per year.

These buildings are arranged for the production of the various Durant lines, when needed, in the following quantities: Stars, 337,500; Durants, 120,000; Flints, 100,000; Specials, 75,000; Maxwells and King Trucks, 12,500; Truicars, 15,000; Locomobiles, 10,000.

This was Durant's first official visit to the local factory and he spent considerable time in inspection. He emphasized the need of additional space for the company's administration quarters and announced that his survey of automobile conditions here impelled him to send a wire East for additional cars for this month. Dealers everywhere on the coast have been clamoring for cars and indications lead him to believe there is a lot of real good business ahead.

He gave this section of the country a good boost, saying it had splendid possibilities which are aided by wonderful climatic conditions.

AUTO RECORDS OF DEATHS CUT

According to a study just completed by J. W. Perry, general manager of the automotive department of Johns-Manville Inc. in 1915, one out of every 453 automobiles figured in a fatal accident, in 1916, one out of 463, in 1917 one in 503, in 1918 one in 670, in 1919 one in 675, in 1920 one in 750, in 1921 one in 755, and in 1922 one in 800.

Recent investigations have shown that probably as high as 75 per cent of all automobile accidents are due to worn brakes and brakes improperly applied, which is to say that this year 11,000 of the 15,000 probably automobile fatalities could be prevented if motorists would give proper attention to their brakes.

"There are at least a dozen rules on the subject of brakes," Perry claims, "which, if rigidly followed, would do much toward keeping the motorist out of jail or the hospital. If the owners and operators of automobiles in America

A good top dressing, applied at least once a year, will keep the top in good condition, as well as improve the appearance.

AMALIE 100% Pure Pennsylvania MOTOR OIL

GENUINE SPICER UNIVERSAL GREASE

Distributed by

Cazzona-Roll, Inc.

Authorized Ford and Lincoln Dealers, 4800 San Pablo Avenue

RICHMOND-SAN RAFAEL FERRY

WINTER SCHEDULE

Richmond to S. Quay

7:00 a.m. 7:45 a.m.

8:00 a.m. 8:15 a.m.

8:30 a.m. 8:45 a.m.

8:50 a.m. 9:05 a.m.

9:00 a.m. 9:15 a.m.

9:10 a.m. 9:25 a.m.

9:20 a.m. 9:35 a.m.

Durant and Star Officials Greet Master Builder

Officials of the Durant and Star Motors Companies of California, and W. C. Durant, who spent two days in Oakland last week arranging for the building of new plants here. In the group, left to right (upper), are: R. C. DURANT, president of the Durant Motors Co. of California; GEORGE SCOTT, president of the Star Motors Co.; A. L. WARMINGTON, treasurer Durant Motors Co.; W. C. DURANT, who heads the Durant institutions; NORMAN DEVAUX, president Star Motors Co., and C. M. STEVES, vice-president Durant Motors Co. of California. Below, ALBERT E. CARTER, Oakland commissioner (left), MAYOR DAVIE and W. C. DURANT.



'TURNOVER' IN INDUSTRY HIGH

The "turnover" in the automobile industry has been exceedingly high in the last few years, due to lax methods of doing business by some of the lesser known factories and distributors, who failed to follow well-known business principles.

"The man who purchases an automobile these days wants to know that the man from whom he bought his motor car will be in business a year from that time, so that when he needs parts for his car and service he can go to the dealer's place of business and get that service," argues A. J. Rebeck of Benson-Rebeck Co., Stephens distributors here.

"The firms in this city which have done business over a period of years can be easily named, and they are reliable units in the automobile merchandising system. They have adequate service facilities and a stock of parts so that the motorist who needs them can get them without a long wait."

"When motor car owners think of service now, they do not mean that they want something for nothing, any more than the gas company or the telephone company or any other concern, gives service for nothing. Service facilities must be provided so that a motorist can have his car repaired in minimum time and at minimum cost. It means too that there must be special equipment for handling cars so that long, expensive, hand jobs will be done away with as far as possible."

"Modern methods of design and new inventions have made this possible until now the car is put together so it will stay and give adequate service over a long period of years."

Taxis Carry Young Children to School

A taxicab company in Chicago, Ill., has 117 standing orders for cars morning and evening to carry children to and from school. Most of these taxi students are between the ages of 6 and 10.

tion of the power of newspaper advertising.

Friedman has just completed one of the most successful sales he ever staged. Tremendous results were obtained and thousands of dollars worth of automobile accessories sold.

NEWSPAPER ADS. BRING RESULTS

"My only wish is that we had started a large newspaper advertising campaign four years ago. By now we would be sitting on top the world."

This is the way Sandy Friedman, head of the Friedman Auto Supply Company, expresses his appreciation of the power of newspaper advertising.

CAFE SERVICE ON FERRIES CHANGE

With the new proprietors, Messrs. Swartz and Botget, prominent cafe owners of Richmond, in charge last Sunday, the

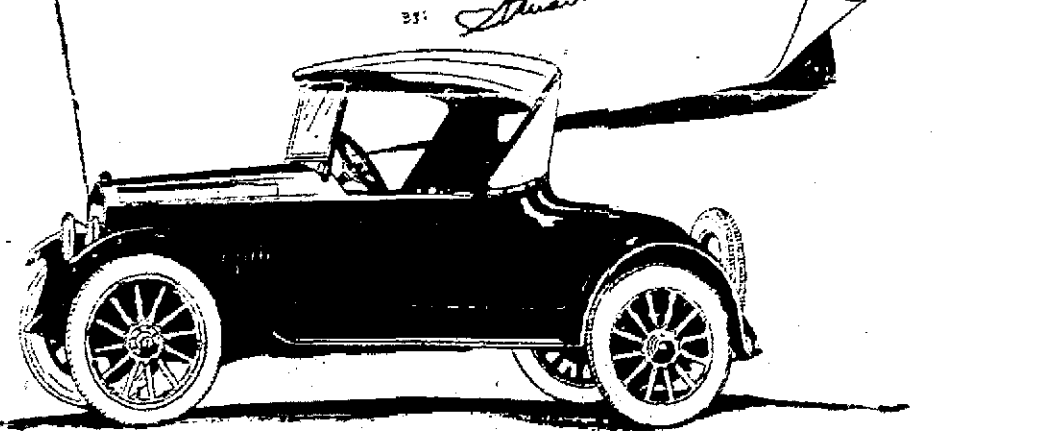
service in the restaurant of the two ferry boats of the Richmond-San Rafael ferry proved to be one of the attractions of the trip across the bay. The place was transformed into garden spot through the efforts of friends of the new lessees who deluged the place with flowers and floral sets. "As a matter of fact the first official meal was quite some attraction itself," says H. T. Gill, secretary of the company who made the contract, "and we received many compliments from patrons as a result of the service."

Care Required in Replacing Valves

When removing valves from an engine for any purpose, it is of the utmost importance to keep them separate and replace them in the identical seats from which they were removed. Failure to do so will be certain to result in leakage and may cause the clearance between the tappets and stem ends to be wrong.

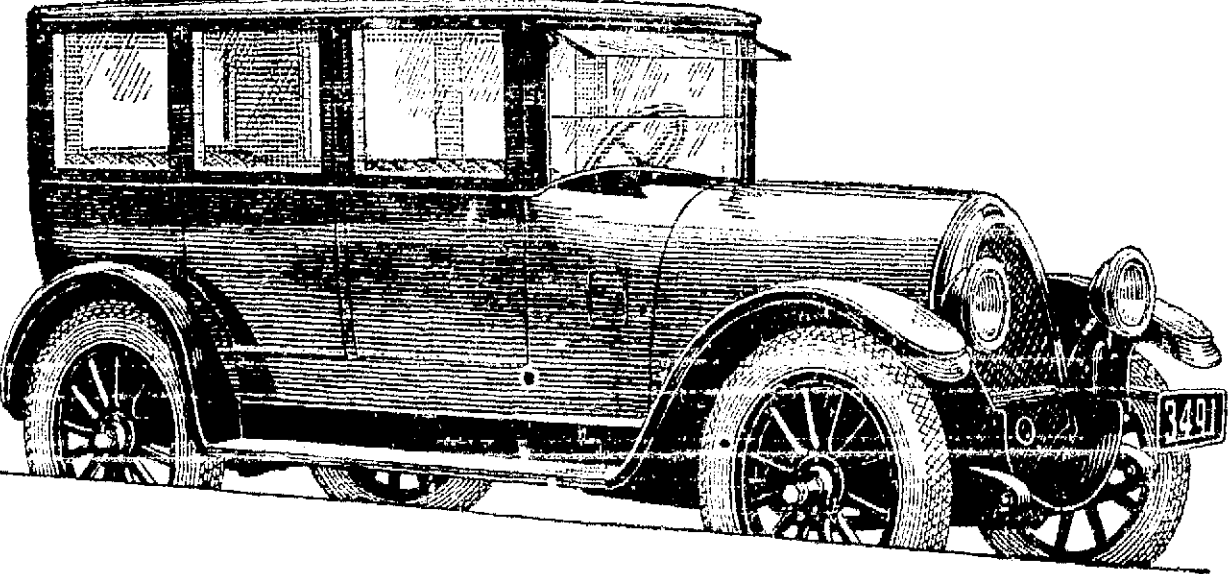
Studebaker LIGHT SIX Economy

34,000 miles with no expense for mechanical repairs! 20 miles per gallon from gasoline! 34,000 miles from factory.



Studebaker Light Six Roadster The Ideal Car For The Salesman \$1190 ~ Here ~ Tax Paid OPEN SUNDAY

W. Weaver & Wells Co. 8321 Broadway Phone-Lakeside 230 Oakland, Calif.



Four Door Sedan \$3195

Beautiful Body Design Powerful New Six Cylinder Motor

From the brilliant new six-cylinder motor to the exquisite broadcloth upholstery, the king of textiles, there is nothing finer in performance or materials. Both engineers and designers set out to establish the highest standards in this car. Through the new air-pressure cooling system perfect motor performance is guaranteed even under conditions that would stop any other engine made. And the new body, introducing a full-vision straight windshield, is quite as snappy and

tiful lines but also greater riding comfort. The new Franklin has met with substantial approval everywhere. Sales are wonderful.

The Touring Limousine, a Franklin chauffeur-driven closed car, instantly adaptable to cover driving, and possessing all the performance characteristics of the Sedan.

FRANKLIN

OPEN SUNDAY 10 TO 4 FRANKLIN MOTOR CAR CO. B. W. HAMMOND, Manager 2560 Broadway, Oakland, Calif. Lakeside 4400

Other Franklin dealers in this vicinity: San Francisco—Franklin Motor Car Co. Stockton—Cutting & Luskman Modesto—John Liebendorfer Berkeley—L. C. Weigle Sacramento—W. L. Laughland Ukiah—P. C. Crawford

MARCH WILL CLOSE WITH NEW RECORDS

Enough automobiles can be obtained from the factory the Weaver-Wells Company, Studebaker distributors, will this month do the biggest business of its history, according to E. Wells, general manager.

In the fact that this will be the biggest month in the history of our business, providing that we can get the cars from the factory, there should be cheer and optimism for the business man and wage earner alike, said Wells.

An analysis of the unprecedented number of car sales this year shows a faith in the immediate future of business that is shared by all classes alike. A very large part of all automobile sales are made on some kind of deferred payment plan and holds good with both the man who buys a low priced car and the man who buys the more costly car. Their faith in the immediate prosperity that will allow them to meet the deferred payments when due is an indication of the very healthy state of business conditions generally.

The sales of automobiles in the past has been an almost unflinching barometer of business conditions. It is as accurate as it has been the signal of unusual prosperity. If this condition is true today, and I believe it is, business men and wage earners are facing a stretch of prosperity that should loosen purse strings and spread good cheer.

PROPHESIES SHORTAGE.

Many of us, despite the great increases in the production of automobiles this year, have in the past few weeks prophesied a shortage of automobiles. My feeling is that the shortage will be realized very soon. Many who are delaying the placing of their orders for new cars will be disappointed at a time when they need the cars most.

Of course, it is true that the enormous increase in the sales of automobiles is in a large measure due to the fact that automobiles have passed from the pleasure or luxury stage and are now universally considered a necessity. But this alone does not account for the great increase at this time of the year over the same period in previous years. Last month our business showed an increase of 100 per cent over the same time of last year and business to date this month an even greater increase over the period of last year. The only thing that can possibly stop this month from being the greatest month in our history is our inability to get cars from our factory to deliver to customers.

**Ex-Editor Joins
His Former Paper**

Ray W. Sherman has resigned as merchandising director of the Automotive Equipment Association to again become connected with the Class Journal Company as business counsel. Sherman resigned the executive editorship of the Class Journal papers about two years ago for his recent connection with the E. A. merchandising committee. He now returns to the same company, but will be connected with the business department instead of in editorial work.

**Hot Water Radiator
For Closed Autos**

A small hot water radiator has been designed for closed automobiles. The heat is supplied from water of the circulating system of the motor.

Famous Monument Attracts Motorists
A Studebaker special six roadster before the Francis Scott Key monument in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Scott Banner.



Lubrication Problem at Last Solved Pressure Oil System Is Developed

Proper lubrication of automobile chassis parts has long been one of the greatest problems the automobile industry has had to face. Many systems are in use on many different types of vehicles, and most of them are good systems. Engineers have pointed out that the failure of the manufacturer to provide proper lubrication systems that are easy to operate has led to carelessness on the part of the motorist so that he allows his motor car to go without proper lubrication because he finds that the easiest way.

Franklin experts, after long investigation, practically eliminated the use of grease in chassis lubrication, and substituted oil, which their experiments showed, was a more effective lubricant because of its lessened tendency to harden or "freeze," claims Ben Hammond of the Franklin Motor Car Company.

"Oil, too, has a greater tendency to penetrate to the bearing surfaces and lubricate them properly. The new series cars are now equipped with a pressure oiling system, convenient for use and most effective. Pressure is first developed in the oil gun by turning up the handle. When the gun nozzle is placed in the oiling connection, the pressure is automatically released, forcing the fresh oil into the bearing surface and flushing out all the old oil or sediment which may have collected.

Owners, finding the matter of lubrication thus simplified, will pay more attention to this part of the upkeep and keep his car in better

Filter Used Oil Through Sawdust

To separate dirt, metal and dust from used oil, a filter can be made by fastening a piece of muslin or cotton cloth to a metal or wooden ring large enough to fit over the top of a can or other vessel. The cloth should be left a little slack, and into the shallow box so formed a quantity of sawdust is placed. The oil to be filtered is poured through and leaves its foreign matter behind in the sawdust.

Loose crank and camshaft bearings will increase the distance between timing gears, thus allowing these to mesh unevenly.

VISITOR LAUDS

STATE'S ROAD
STATE'S ROAD

Alvin M. Macauley, president of the Packard Motor Car Company, paid his first visit to California in fifteen years, and was amazed at the progress made here. The last time he came West there were no good roads and this time he traveled over concrete highways for over a thousand miles.

Macauley was the guest of Marie C. Anthony, Packard distributor in California, who took him the length of the state in Packard and showed him the progress made here in graphic fashion.

Macauley was accompanied by Henry E. Bodman, member of the Packard board of directors. Macauley said:

"It is no longer any wonder to me what California does with all the automobiles she buys. I am never going to be surprised after this by any record for buying cars that California may establish. The good roads and the great distances between your big centers of population give people a stronger incentive to buy automobiles here than anywhere else I have been."

"The entire development of your magnificent state highway system has come since I last visited California. It is certainly to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to interfere with its proper maintenance and development. With California registrations close to the million mark for automobiles that means that you have almost a billion dollars invested in automotive transportation. With that much of an investment in 'rolling stock' you can well afford to spend money on roads."

Assistant Manager Now Vice-President

H. L. Hurst has been elected vice-president of the General Motors Truck Company. He has been assistant manager for some time, having been with the company for ten years.

Alvin Macauley

President of the Packard Motor Car Co., who visited this part of the state.



Detroit Auto Storage Space All Filled

Almost all available storage space in Detroit, Mich., is stocked with automobiles awaiting spring deliveries. Thousands of cars are placed in garages, barns and buildings of all sorts.

GOVERNORS WILL

ATTEND MEETING

LOVELOCK, Nev., March 17.—(Special to The Oakland Tribune.)—Governor Mabey of Utah, Governor James Scrugham of Nevada, and Harvey M. Toy, chairman of the California highway department, and also the highway departments of Nevada and Utah, will attend the sixth annual meeting of the Overland Trail club, Nevada division of the Victory highway, to be held at Elko, on March 22-24.

A definite program has been completed, and final details arranged for what promises to be the largest and most important two-day session ever held by the organization, as any matters pertaining to the highway construction will be taken up and disposed of at once, according to W. H. Goodin, president of the club.

The county commissioners of the various counties through which the Victory highway passes, will be present at the meeting, so final arrangements of every nature can be completed. Frederick H. Meyer, president of the Utah-Nevada-California Highway Association, and chairman of the highway committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, will be one of the principal speakers who will be in a position to immediately set aside certain funds for the assistance of some of the weaker counties, in matching Federal funds for the immediate improvement of this highway.

San Francisco and Sacramento are taking an interest in this meeting.

Arrangements have been made for a special car to come from San Francisco and Sacramento, according to advice received from C. C. Cottrell, manager of the Good Roads Bureau of the California State Automobile Association, by W. H. Goodin, president of the club.

Dirt Causes Woe For Auto Drivers

Dirt and water are the worst enemies of the mechanical units of a car, and the more intricate the machine the greater is the damage. When dirt or dust gets into the gears and other parts, mixed with lubricating oil, it makes a dangerous grinding material. Worn bearings, loose parts, lost motion, knocks and breakdowns are the result.

Prussia Heads Auto Lists For Germany

Of the total 1922 census, embracing all types of automotive vehicles, Prussia claims 57.9 per cent, or 95,717; Bavaria, 12.3 per cent, or 20,163, and Saxony, 11 per cent, or 18,185.

To drive a car with oversized tires does not require any more power than cars equipped with regular-sized tires.

What They're Doing!

Mr. P. C. Frederickson,
Fuel and Feed Dealer,
1025 Fruitvale Avenue, says:

"GARFORD TRUCKS are in a class by themselves for economy of oil and gas consumption, and service as rendered by Morse an additional and much valued factor in their transportation efficiency."

GARFORD TRUCKS

are giving perfect satisfaction to their many Local Users.

W. C. Morse, 4270-76 Broadway

Southeast Corner from
Technical High School

Phone Pied. 950
Night Service, Berk. 7402

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS



In town driving the characteristic features of Lincoln performance bring a new conception of convenience, security and comfort.

The ease with which it is controlled afford complete mastery of every traffic emergency. The instant and willing response of the motor puts the accepted position of the car itself at the head of the traffic line.

And the smoothness with which all requirements of sudden stops or starts are met eliminates all sensation of fatigue from the driver.

For town service the Lincoln is offered in a wide selection of body types, individual in design, and luxurious in appointments.

AUTHORIZED EAST BAY LINCOLN DEALERS

Here's your Car!

Come in and Drive It Away

So sure are we of the ability of FIELD & LEE'S Pre-Serviced, Adjusted CHEVROLETS to sell themselves to you that we are willing to rest our case

You are welcome to come into our Show Rooms, select your Model, step on the gas and drive on out with your car.

THE CAR WILL SELL ITSELF

YOUR CAR TAKEN AS PART PAYMENT ON A FIELD & LEE PRE-SERVICED CHEVROLET

Come in and let's talk Cars

FIELD & LEE

Sales Built on Service

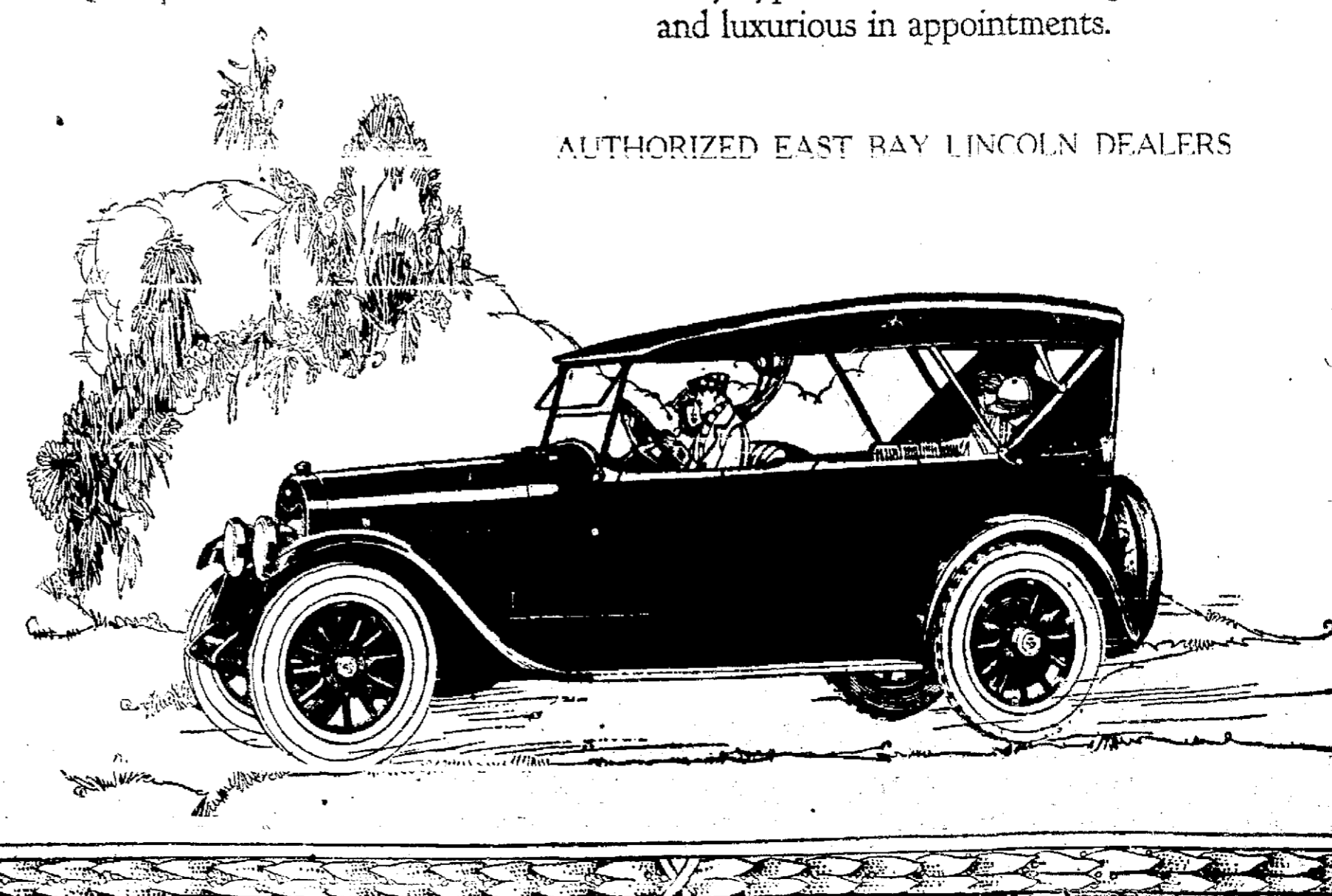
3865 East 14th Street

Oakland

Open Nights and Sundays



Telephone Fruitvale 2504



LEA MADE FOR ROUND CURB CORNER

City planners and engineers throughout the country are beginning to realize that square sidewalks and corners are poor places for automobiles and that rounded corners, at an acute angle instead of at a right angle, are far easier to negotiate and allow more room for turning motor cars.

Berkeley has done good work in eliminating several bad spots on its streets by rounding off sidewalks.

James Dick Purser, head of the Purser Oakland Motor Company, Oakland dealers here.

The most notable example is at Bancroft and College, where the sidewalk has been narrowed and the street turn made more gradual.

By eliminating these hard turns motorists can swing round them easier and not go so far into the middle of the street.

Oakland could follow this example with great good for motorists throughout the city. It is a hard task to swing an automobile around a right angle turn without getting into the middle of the street.

With the thousands of motor cars being sold every month traffic problems are growing apace, and anything that can be done to lighten out tangles will make it that much easier for all of us to travel.

Demand for automobiles is growing so fast that many of the factories are unable to supply their dealers.

In the last month we have sold more cars than in many months last March will certainly be a record-breaker.

RUBBER INQUIRY OF U. S. RAPPEL

The recent decision of the government to spend \$500,000 for an investigation of the crude rubber situation means a plain waste of that much of the people's money.

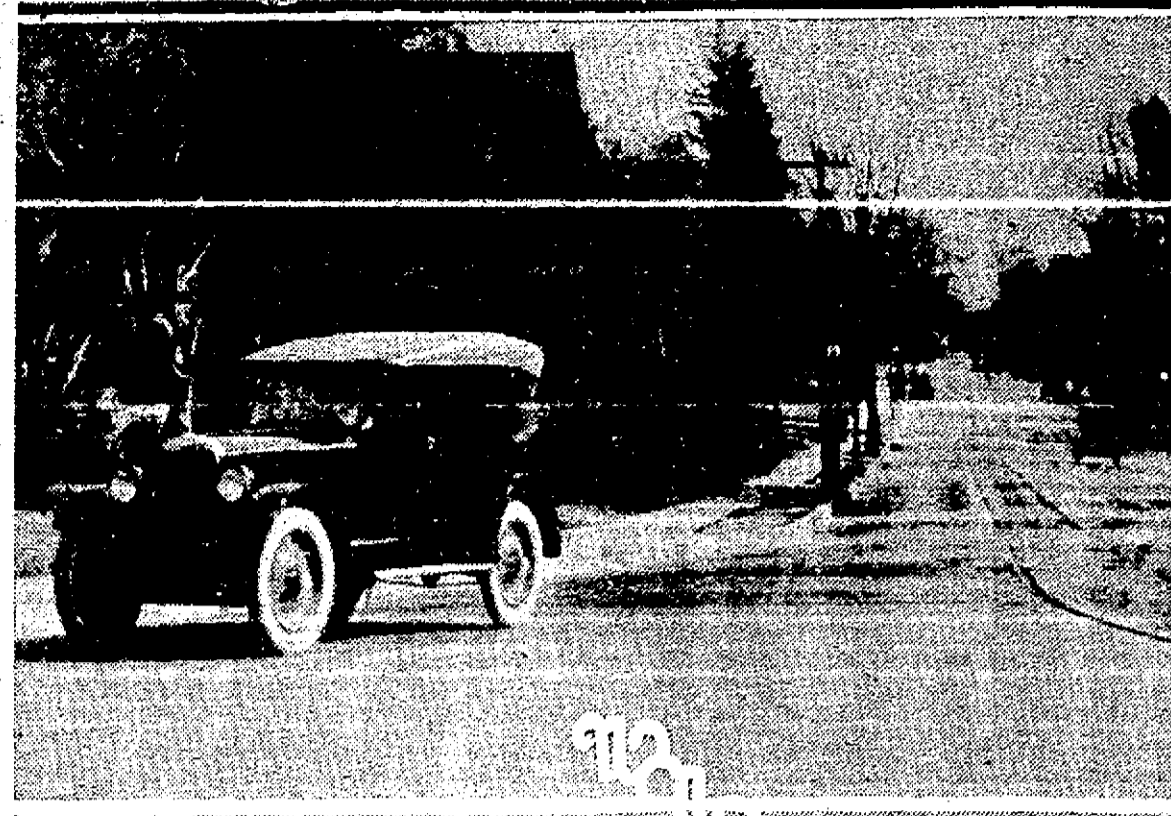
James Wm. O'Neill, vice president and general manager of the General Tire and Rubber company, in statement he recently made.

O'Neill is a director of the American Rubber Association and is said to have given the subject careful study, and is a member of the committee of four American rubber men who recently conferred with representatives of the British rubber growers. His statement follows:

"Much as every American would like to see the production of crude rubber dominated by Americans, and all the rubber necessary for American use grown under the American flag, the fact remains that it is not practical as an economic proposition. The subject has

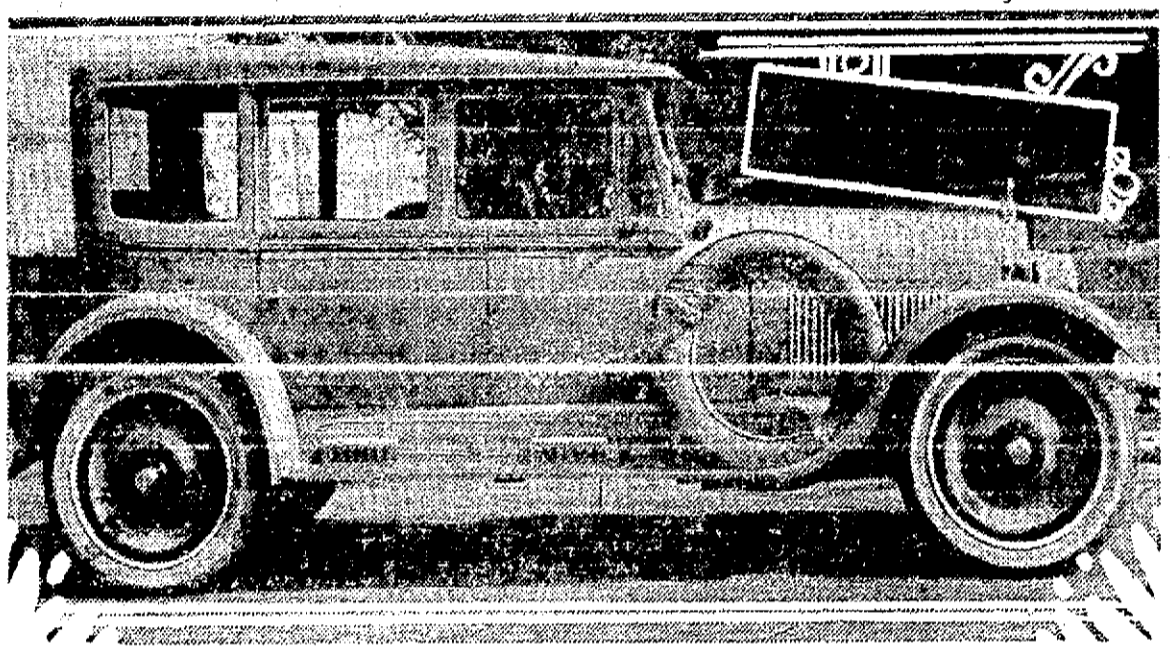
Rounded Curbs Help Motor Traffic

An Oakland six at the corner of Bancroft Way and College Avenue, showing how the curb street that are necessary with cars when rounding right angle turns. The Oakland was sent there by the Purser Oakland Motor Company.



Make Sport Models Even More Sporty

This nifty looking closed job is a specially built Larkins top in one of the attractive 1923 Buick sport touring cars. It is one of the most distinctive looking automobiles of this type ever turned out. It is now being displayed in the San Francisco branch of the Howard Automobile Co.



long since been investigated very carefully and thoroughly, and the results are available in dozens of responsible places, so that the recent decision of the government to spend \$500,000 for investigation means a waste of that much of the people's money."

A gripping clutch has a tendency to spin the rear wheels and wear the tread on the tires.

WINTER SETS RECORD FOR AUTO SALES

The past winter has been the most active selling season in the history of the automobile industry. Instead of cars being shipped here to be stored awaiting the usual spring rush, there has been a steady demand for them, with the result that despite the heaviest mid-winter shipments of Buicks since C. S. Howard entered the ranks of distributors, there has been a constant shortage of new models.

Trainloads of cars were shipped from Flint, Mich., in addition to the regular carload shipments, but even the arrival of these proved inadequate to supply the wants of the buying public.

C. S. Howard managed to prevail upon the sales manager at the factory to divert to this coast hundreds of cars from Eastern points where the grip of winter still is upon the country, which has resulted in matters considerably. In discussing the subject, Howard said:

"During the eighteen years that I have been identified with the automobile industry, never have I seen such a buying fever in what is termed the off season. This winter we have had shipped to us more automobiles in solid trainloads than by the regular carload shipments, according to our allotment, than ever before, and only recently have we been able to catch up on peculiar thing in connection with the winter sales is the increased demand for open car models. What generally is deemed the closed car period has developed into just as much of an open car selling season."

"When we ordered our first big trainload shipment it was considered so unusual that it attracted world-wide attention, but this winter five solid trainloads of Buicks were sent to California in the space of several weeks and nothing was thought of it."

Iseminger Joins New Sales Force

Dan W. Iseminger has joined the sales division of the Winton company, Cleveland, O. Iseminger was more recently with the Columbia Motor Company of Detroit, and previous to that with the Lincoln Motor Company.

USED CAR EXCHANGES IS PROBLEM

By JOHN C. WETMORE
(Veteran Auto Editor)

There is one big problem in the business that as yet the automobile industry has as a whole far from solved—used car exchanges. It is an easy guess that the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers and the National Automobile Dealers' Association would each have no trouble in raising among its members a million dollars to hand over to a Used Car Columbus, who would thus become the wisest of the wise guys in the motor car business.

To be sure used car market reports are sent out by the National Used Automobile Association and various local bureaus. They are interesting, but really of little value to the dealer, who after all has to figure out this problem for himself according to his local and individual conditions, and that's what they practically universally do.

The plan just adopted by the Automobile Merchants' Association of New York, however, would seem to be a step nearer to the solution of the problem, or anyone likely to help its members a whole lot.

USED CAR BUREAU.
It has established a user car bureau, to which its members make confidential reports of all sales made. Each month a bulletin is issued setting forth the local prices for various makes and models based on these sales.

This bulletin is placed in the hands of salesmen for their information as to local used car prices. Better than that showing the local prices to buyers seeking to make trades naturally will go far toward convincing a buyer of the limit to which a dealer can go in making a trade allowance. No restriction, however, is placed on members as to allowances they make or the prices they establish for sales.

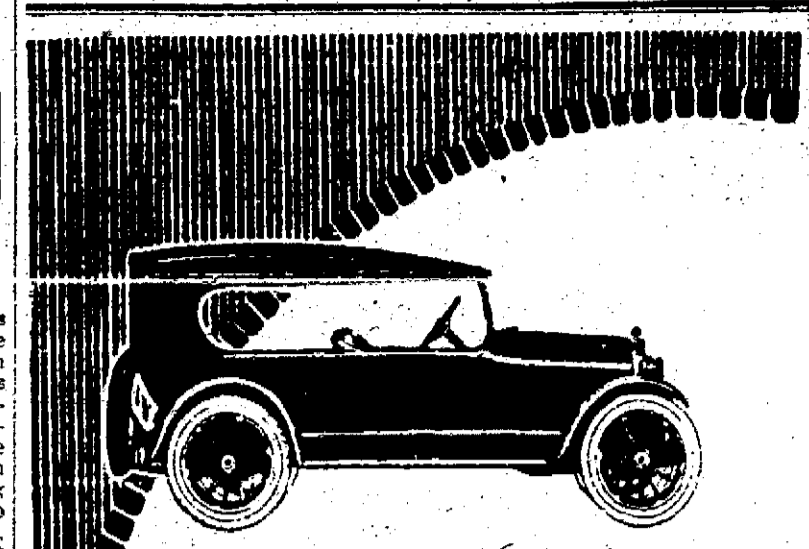
In a word accurate information as to used car prices is alone furnished, which would seem likely to help both sides a whole lot in deals involving the exchange of used cars in part payment for new ones.

New York's is not a new scheme, however. It is rather an attempt to localize the national one, so as to make an impractical general one more locally practical.

LEADS ALL OTHERS.
In his recent talk to his Southern California distributors at their annual get-together luncheon, John

N. Willys, after reminding them that the automobile industry now led all others in the United States with \$2,800,000,000 in sales last year touched briefly on the traffic problem the great and increasing number of motor cars presented.

"Westward the course of empire winds its way." Not only is John N. Willys seeking a site for a Willys-Overland California plant; but Klingensmith is also working for a Pacific coast location for a number of motor cars presented. (Gray Motors factory.)



OLDSMOBILE

You have the opportunity whenever you seek it to prove by demonstration that the Oldsmobile Four touring car at \$1165 is the biggest dollar-for-dollar value offered today. Its great value is made possible by a combination of the skill of its pioneer builders, and the engineering, research and purchasing facilities of General Motors Corporation. \$1165 is the lowest price quoted by Oldsmobile since 1904.

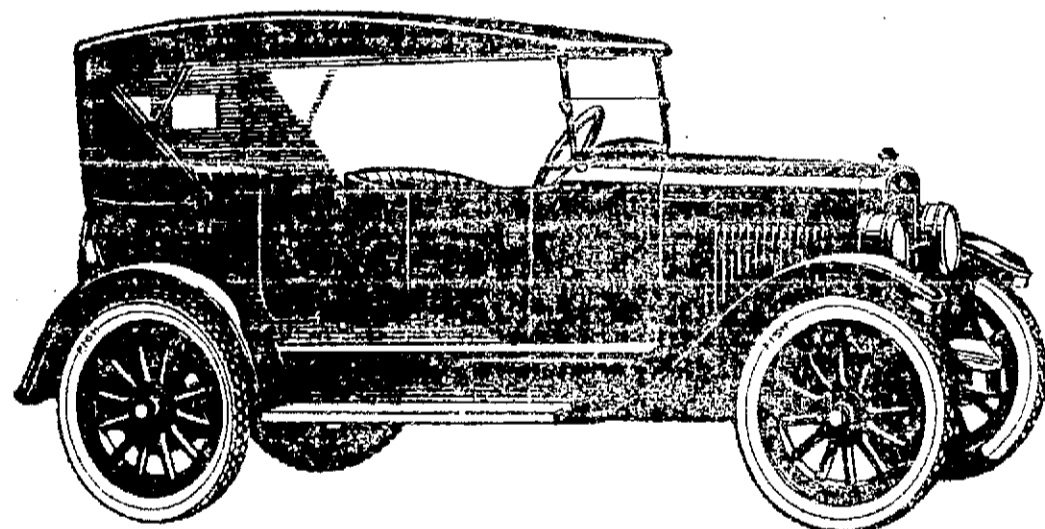
H. G. MARKHAM & CO.

2901 Broadway, Oakland

Lakeside 5472



A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL MOTORS



Great Favor Well Earned

More people are talking and thinking and buying the new Overland than ever before—because it is the greatest Overland ever built. It is better looking, better to ride in, better to drive, better value—at the lowest price in history.

The new Overland gives the decided advantage of an all-steel body, finished with baked enamel. Notice the higher hood, the longer body lines, the pleasing improvements in appearance. Tires are Fisk first-quality oversize. Triplex Springs (Patented) give riding comfort equalled only in other cars of much longer wheelbase. And the dependable Overland engine achieves the extraordinary economy of 25 and more miles to the gallon.

See the Overland Advertisement in the March 17th Saturday Evening Post

The New
Overland
Touring \$666

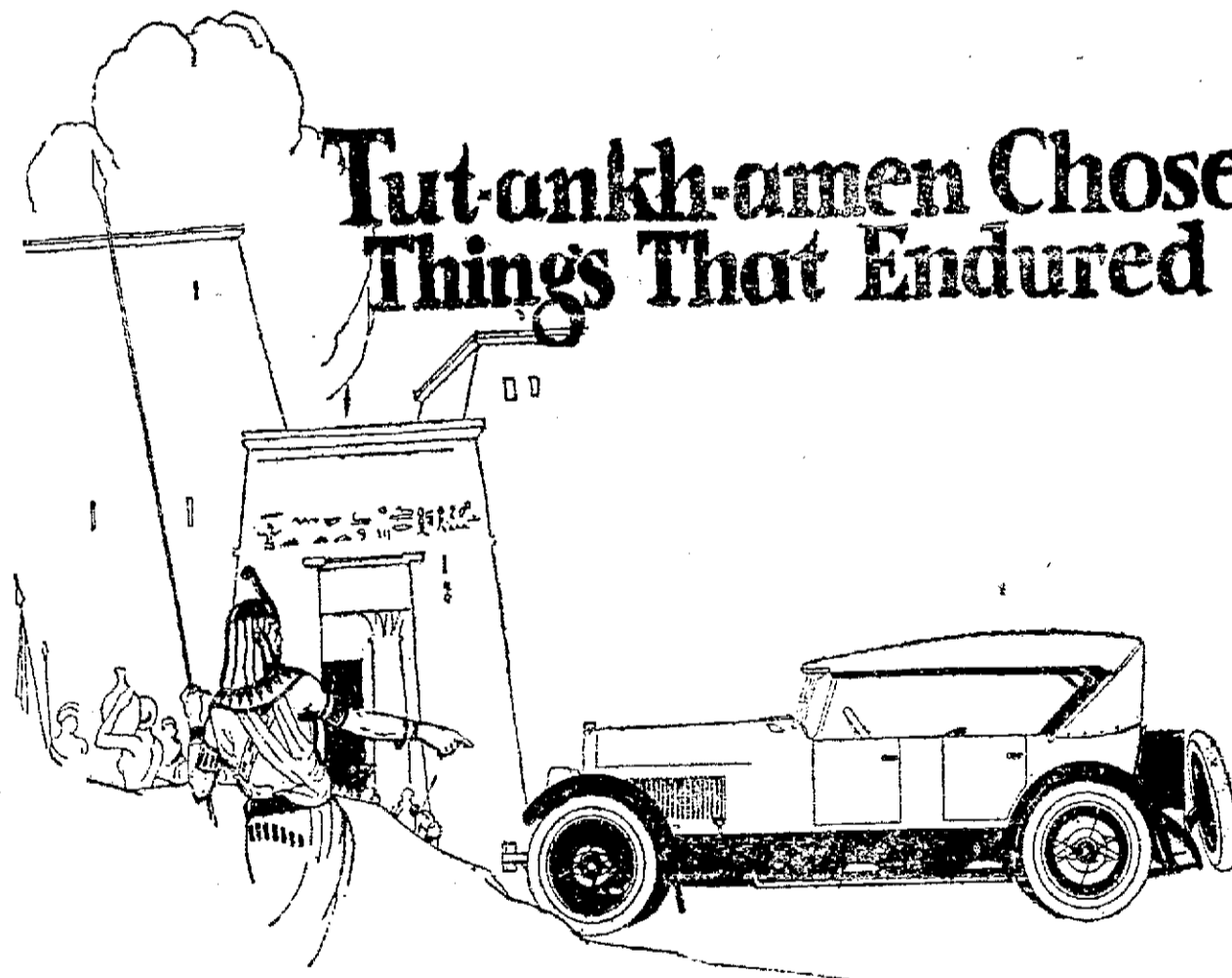
Sedan \$1035 Roadster \$666 Coupe \$960 Delivered Here

Bell and Boyd

BROADWAY AT TWENTY-NINTH STREET

DRIVE AN OVERLAND AND REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE

Tut-ankh-amen Chose Things That Endured



So It Is Today

King "Tut-ankh-Amen" revealed to us through the tomb that he chose with discerning care the things that were worth while.

Had this great Pharaoh lived today his royal judgment would naturally have been focused on the exceptional worth of the Stephens Six. For here is a finer motor car that epitomizes quality, that satisfies the most

fastidious taste and in performance offers all the attributes of economy and enduring quality at prices that are remarkably low.

The Stephens five-passenger Touring at \$1545, delivered, is representative of the exceptional value-giving features that make for perfect low cost transportation.

Displaying seven body types.

Benson-Beckett Co.

3068 Broadway Oakland
Oakland 658

STEPHENS
Motor Cars

NAT'L PARK HAS 46 AUTO CAMPS IN IT

Superintendent of a national park with an area larger than the state of Delaware in which nearly a hundred thousand transients have to be taken care of in four months of the summer is no sinecure and requires a lot of hard work and much traveling.

That is the work out for Horace M. Albright, superintendent of Yellowstone National Park every year. In addition, Albright is assistant to Stephen T. Mather, superintendent of all national parks, and has to look after the welfare of the whole system.

"Some job, that, and one that requires a combined diplomat and executive," Mather told newspapermen at a luncheon last week arranged by B. J. Rosenthal and Harry Elliott of the Harry Elliott Advertising Service.

"Yellowstone is the most wonderful of all the national parks and the best developed from the standpoint of the visitor," said Albright. This park is the oldest in the chain and more money has been spent on improvements for that reason.

"You can camp anywhere you want in Yellowstone, as long as you do not pollute the streams and start fires. There are forty-six free automobile camps in the great park and over 300 miles of improved roads, half of which are sprinkled twice daily.

88,000 VISITED PARK.
"Over 88,000 visited the park last year, of which over 50,000 camped out. There are four definite centers of population in the park. At each place there is a first class hotel, a permanent camp, with tents and wooden houses and a central dining room and a well equipped automobile camp. These automobile camps are free and have sanitary arrangements, water piped for use of the motorists and other conveniences, such as free firewood.

"It is the aim of the national park service to make all other national parks as complete for visitors as Yellowstone. This park has had over a million dollars spent on its roads in the last five years.

"The road system of the park has been developed to a point where there is not much need for further large appropriations. Now we concentrate our attention on fighting for funds to build roads and improve other parks of the national chain.

"Nearly 4000 Californians visited the famous park last year and this year we expect many more, than that.

"The National park system is hampered by lack of funds. Former Director of the Budget Dawes had incorporated over \$7,000,000 for roads and improvements in the national parks in the last budget, but resigned before Congress acted on it and his successor threw out the appropriation.

"We hope to get the appropriation in the budget for the 1924 season and are trying to get the people of the nation aroused to the pressing need of money to improve the roads of the national park system."

Assistant General Manager Resigns

S. Whitworth, for the past five years assistant general manager of the Stutz Motor Car Company of America of Indianapolis, has resigned, and has as yet not announced his future plans.

More than \$47,000,000 has been expended on the improvement of the Lincoln Highway during the past nine years.

American motor vehicles are now shipped to 114 different foreign countries, including Iceland.

THE SUNDAY MOTORIST

An Abridged Magazine for Car Owners

EDITED BY WILLIAM ULLMAN

The most expensive thing about a motor is maintaining it on oil and grease.

PROBLEMS FOR SOLUTION.
Now that the automobile industry is running along with such a well-greased chassis, it's about time the manufacturer looked to the removal of some of the thorns which continually grew the way for motoring with punctures.

Inadequate storage facilities for cars is one of them. The unnecessary over-regulation of traffic in some lines and the deplorable lack of regulation in other directions is another, while bad roads, unsafe and uncharted, represent a third.

Also something should be done to minimize the theft of cars, collisions (through better brakes), and pedestrian accidents as a means of lowering automobile insurance rates. These are a few of the things the industry will soon have to look into seriously. Solving cars' ills isn't a question of making people want them. Everybody wants 'em, but it isn't everyone who can see his way clear to using a car.

OUR MOTOR LEXICON.
Isn't it about time to re-name some of the important units of the car so that they will mean more to motorists? Take the "tail light," for example. Most drivers come to know this as the "trouble light," so why not change the motor lexicon accordingly. For a lot of drivers the "accelerator" isn't very far removed from a "third rail," and it might go better revised accordingly. There's no particular kick coming about the "vacuum tank" for it often lives up to its name, but surely it is time to recognize "fenders" as "defenders."

THE OLD MECHANIC SAYS:
"It ain't strictly business-like for me to make such a statement, but I tell you I'd hardly be making ends meet if car owners didn't make so much work for me. They actually manufacture the trouble by overlooking a lot of details. Every time I see a car slippin' past here with a little something the matter I says to myself, 'Here's where I'm due for some more work. It's usually a big job with a big reward bill.' "Take this car I'm workin' on now. About half the valves need replacing and the things all choked up with carbon. By the cherry color of the valve heads, and by the way they're warped, I know that the owner's been drivin' with the tappets too closely adjusted. Some of the valves were slightly held open when the engine warmed up. Just a little readjustment of the valves—probably a matter of an hour's time—would have saved him all this. It isn't so much the bill I'm going to send him as the train fares he's payin' while I'm doing the job.

That other job over in the corner is tied up while the armature of the generator is being refaced. The owner never paid any attention to his generator, so a brush that wasn't fitted properly raised Cain with the whole works. Maybe—if they'd take me seriously—I could make more money tellin' some of these fellows how to prevent trouble. The trouble is, most people don't think there's anything wrong with a car till it stops running."

READABLE LICENSE TAGS.
License plates with perforated numerals is a new idea which is now struggling for recognition. It would take "some" mud to make one of

ventional plates for night driving, for the light is arranged so as to show through the cut out parts.

COPPER AS A COOLER.

call that copper plays an important part in the cooling of the engine of your car and that in the near future it will play an even greater part?

Copper is very efficient as a medium of heat transmission, just as it is a good conductor of electricity. For this reason it has generally been used for the core of the radiator so that the heat carried to it by the circulating water would be quickly absorbed by the air drawn through the radiator. It has been known for some time that if copper could be wrapped around the cylinders the medium of water jackets and the water systems could be eliminated. The radiator

tor could be joined to the cylinders, in other words.

But the difficulty has been in finding a way to unite the copper fins with the cast iron of the

has been discovered, and the copper-cooling process actually in use on one of the 1923 cars, it will be interesting to see how a metal can compete with water as an accessory to air-cooling, for it must be remembered that whether the heat is transferred by water or copper the engine is essentially air-cooled.

DID YOU KNOW—

That at a car speed of sixty miles an hour the pistons of an ordinary engine travel at a speed of thirty miles an hour yet reverse their motion at about every five inches of the way? That this process can continue without audible knocking of the pistons against the cylinder walls or banging of



It's all right to blow \$12.50 on a non-stealable motometer and \$10.65 on a neat little silver-plate whirlingig, for they are out in front where you can see them. But who gets any enjoyment out of an \$18 license tag, back in the dust, with nobody interested in it except the traffic cops?

Economy note: When draining the radiator about this season of the year, be careful to save the alcohol for next winter. If in doubt about how to separate it from the water, ask any friendly bootlegger. They're expert in extracting it from almost anything.

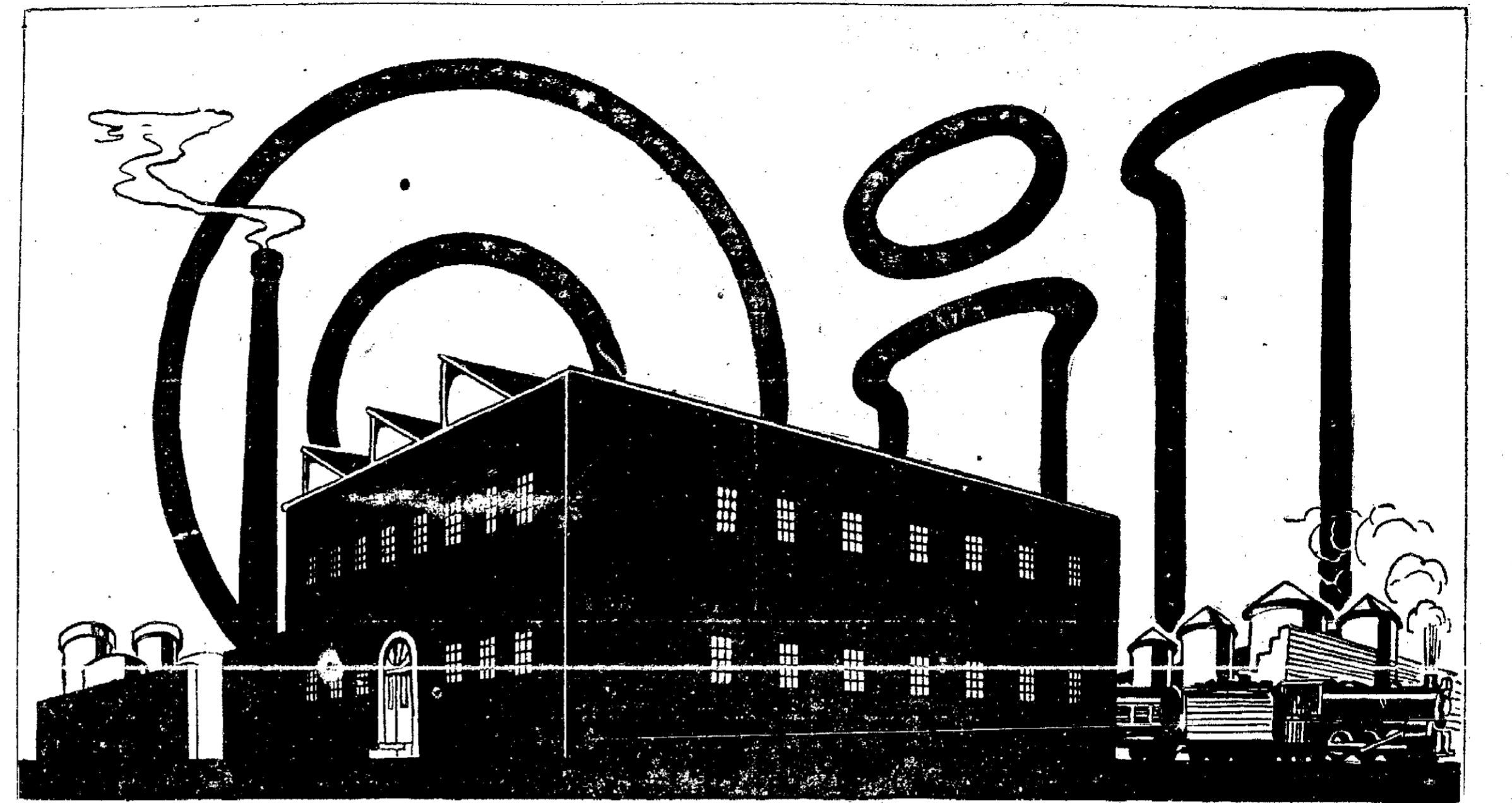
True envy is the feeling that comes over a man with a dead battery when he sees his neighbor backing out the driveway.

Bill Judkins raced the fast express; His folks regret he tried it. From viewing the results, they guess That William merely tried it.

The optimist sees the beautiful avenue of shade trees which arch the country road. The pessimist only observes the muddy stretch which always is beneath them.

One reason—among several—why we don't invest in one of these rakish new cars about twice as long as our flier is that we'd like to park in front of our own bungalow, without lapping over the driveway on each side of us.

UNCLE EB, HE SAYS—
The reason the reasonable man doesn't dim his lights is because the dad-blasted hog coming the other way doesn't do it. Which applies in both directions, as you might say.



here we make "safe lubrication"

Your motor is a valuable investment which demands protection. Its safety, its service to you, its very life depends on the lubrication treatment you give it.

Standardize your lubrication practice, and insure maximum protection to your motor by using Pennzoil, the lubricant on which you can rely.

Pennzoil Supreme Pennsylvania Quality is available to you in uniform, unlimited supply.

Our Refineries in Oil City, Pennsylvania, have been consistently making the highest type of oils from the best Pennsylvania crudes, over a period of forty years.

Our Distribution—through the Pennzoil Dealer—is backed by adequate storage facilities at our many branches.

The Pennzoil Dealer is building his business on the soundest foundation. He knows that to win your confidence, and make you his permanent customer, he must provide you with "Safe Lubrication."

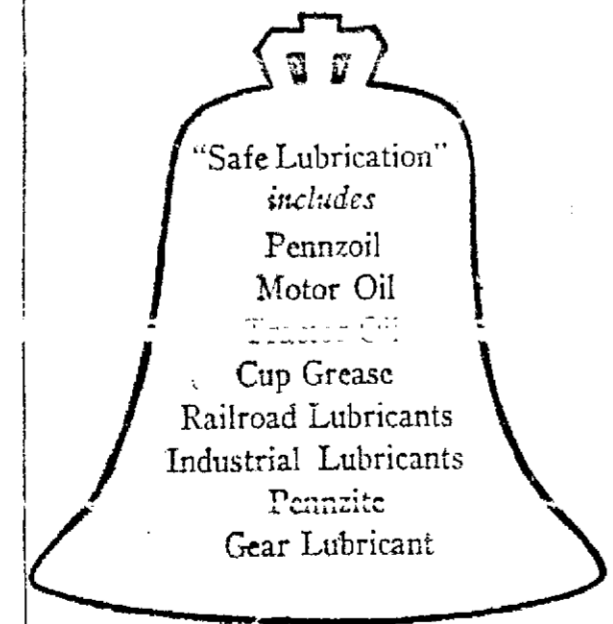
Look for the dealer with the Pennzoil Sign—it's your guarantee of "Safe Lubrication."

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
872 Monadnock Building, San Francisco

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

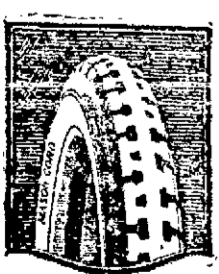


Do You Want TRUE VALUE Tires?

You can pay any price you please for tires, but you'll admit you often take a long chance on value.

Mason Tires are the highest quality it is possible to produce and the prices are True Value prices based on such quality, yet as low as any standard tire on the market today.

Whether you use the Mason Heavy Duty Cord, the Mason Maxi-Mile Cord, or the Mason Maxi-Mile Fabric, you'll find all of the finest quality in their respective classes. Mason reputation for dependability is world-wide and we aim to add to this, local reputation for service which cannot be excelled, so, if you want true value in both tires and service, call us up.



MASON CORDS

S. A. CORGIAT CO.

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTOR
Phone Oakland 1370 2869 Broadway
